

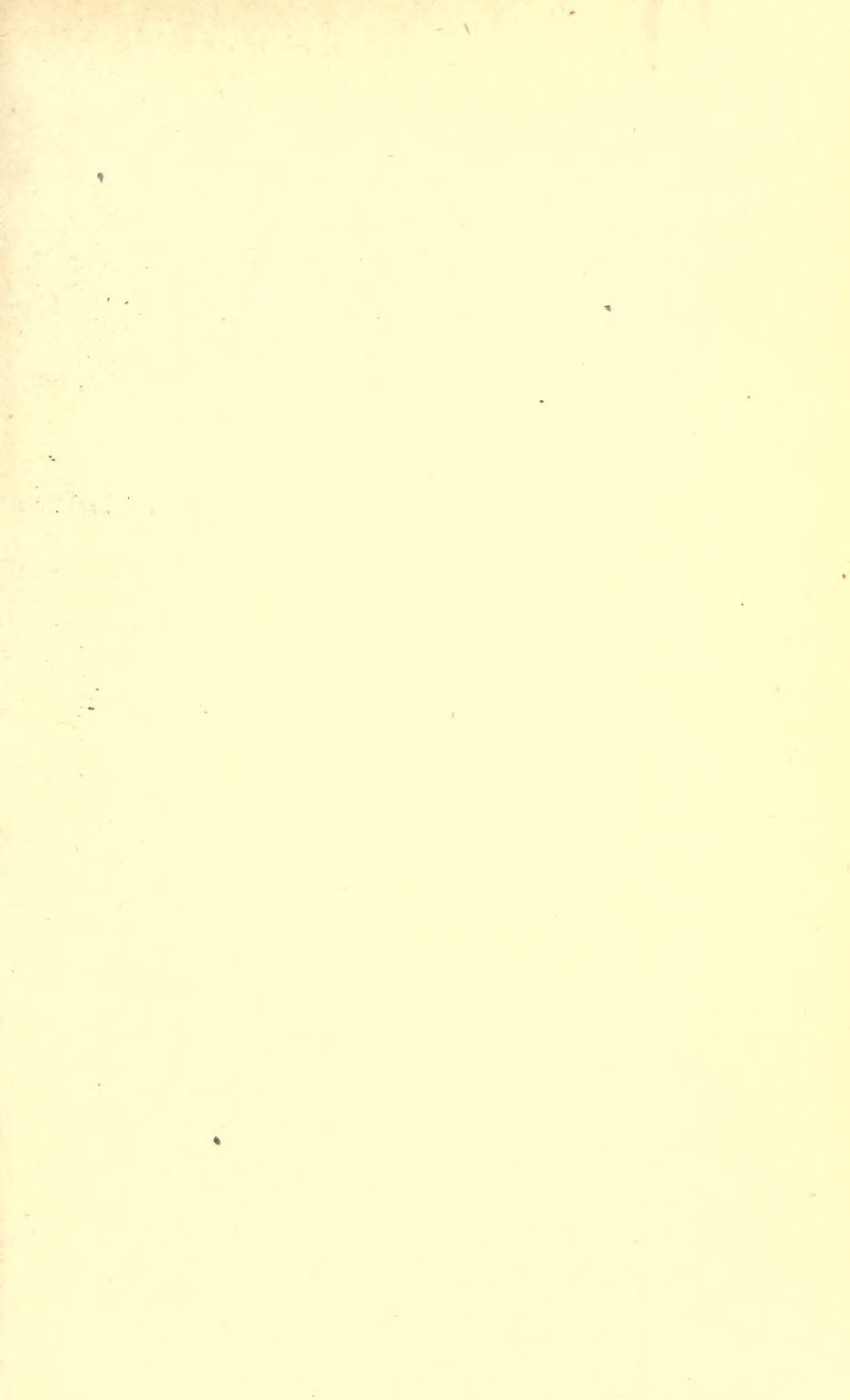


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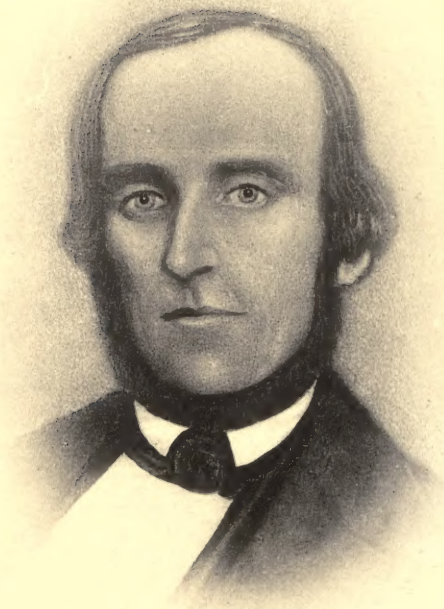


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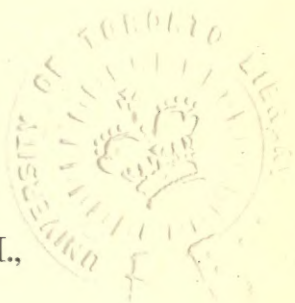
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

AT

IOWA CITY.

VOLUMES IV., V., AND VI.,
1888-89-90.

IOWA CITY, IOWA:
1890.





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IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. I.

JAMES CLARKE.

THE THIRD GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY OF IOWA.



THE Territory of Iowa included the vast region lying north of the State of Missouri to the British possessions, between the Mississippi river and a line drawn due north from its headwaters, on the east, and the Missouri and the White Earth rivers, on the west. It had a political existence of eight years and five months; that is, from the 4th of July, 1838, when it was constituted by act of Congress, until the 3d of December, 1846, when the Territorial government lapsed in favor of the State of Iowa, and the first Governor of the State took his oath of office.

The Territory of Iowa had three Governors, namely, Robert Lucas, John Chambers, and James Clarke. A memoir of Governor Lucas was published in the Annals of Iowa for January, April, and July, 1870. A memoir of Governor Chambers was published in the Annals for July, 1871.

James Clarke, the third Governor of the Territory, was born on the 5th of July, 1812, in the Ligonier Valley, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. He was the third son of John Clarke, who became in the year 1839 prothonotary (chief clerk of the court) of Westmoreland County.

In early youth he left home, and learned to be a printer, finding employment, among other places, at Harrisburg, in an office where the State printing was done. Here he improved his opportunities to observe the ways of political life, and he became well informed as to public affairs and public men. Visiting Philadelphia in the month of June, 1833, he saw General Jackson, then President of the United States, and was introduced to him by Major Gaullagher, of Harrisburg. His mind inclined to the study of law, but want of means was in his way.

In the spring of 1836 he concluded to go west. In the course of his journey he visited his elder brother, John B. Clarke, who was then residing at Madison, Indiana, where he was also kindly received by the family of the Hon. William Hendricks, who was a native of the same town with Mr. Clarke. Mr. Hendricks had been Governor of Indiana, and was then in his second term as Senator in Congress. He was an uncle of the late Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States.

Continuing his journey, Mr. Clarke came to St. Louis, and found employment in the office of the *Missouri Republican*, at twelve dollars a week. He wrote to his brother that he paid three dollars a week for board, and was saving money, and added that there were some excellent openings in the Upper Mississippi, and that if he could manage it he meant to take advantage of one of them.

Upon the organization of the original Territory of Wisconsin, from which the Territory of Iowa was set off two years later, Mr. Clarke embarked with Mr. John B. Russell in the publication of a newspaper at Belmont, in the County of Iowa (now in Lafayette County), where the First Legislative Assembly of the Territory was convened by appointment of Governor Henry Dodge, October 25th, 1836. The paper was called the *Belmont Gazette*. It had four pages, 21 x 14 inches, six columns to a page. It was published from October 25th, 1836, to April, 1837. A bound copy of it is preserved in the

Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. The publishers were appointed printers for the First Legislative Assembly, with the compensation allowed the printers to Congress. In the appropriation bill of that session, they received \$1,589.50 as printers to the House of Representatives, \$978.91 as printers to the Council, and \$75.00 for publishing the laws in the *Gazette*.

Pursuant to an act of the Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory at Belmont, its second session was held at Burlington, Des Moines County, November 6th, 1837. In anticipation of this meeting, Mr. Clarke established the *Wisconsin Territorial Gazette and Burlington Advertiser* at Burlington the previous July. This was the first newspaper published in Burlington. With some change of name at different periods, as the *Iowa Territorial Gazette*, *Iowa State Gazette*, etc., it has had a continuous life for more than half a century, making it the longest established newspaper now existing in the State of Iowa. Mr. Clarke was again given the public printing. He was appointed by Governor Dodge Librarian of the Territorial Library, and arranged the books, says Moses M. Strong, in his History of the Territory of Wisconsin, "in a convenient and handsome style, in a commodious room procured for that purpose." He employed James W. Grimes as assistant Librarian. His father wrote to him from Pennsylvania, January 22d, 1838:

"I am highly pleased with your paper, and am led to think your Legislative body is getting along with as much order and dignity as in the older States, and perhaps a little more. I can hardly file your paper; the people here are so anxious to see it; they seem to consider it as coming from beyond no place, and read it with avidity. I hope you will continue to order your walk and conversation so as to get the esteem and friendship of the good people of this world, and above all to realize a blessed immortality in the world to come, for without this we will have but a thorny death-bed."

Again, he wrote, August 13th, 1838:

"Your relations and friends in this county felt much flattered by your prospect in the Far West, and seemed much pleased and very proud, that a poor young man with originally so small means was likely to rise

to eminence. I hope both for your pecuniary interest, and chiefly for your honor, that their fond anticipations may be fully realized."

An extract from a familiar letter to his father, of July 22d, 1839, furnishes his views of matters of public interest at the beginning of the second year of the Territory of Iowa:

"My own prospects are still fair. Another paper has been started in this place by the Whigs, but it has in no manner diminished our patronage. Indeed, our subscription and advertising custom is steadily on the increase; though, from the constant drain which the entry of lands has been upon the country, money is more scarce than formerly. Over a million of dollars has been taken at the Land Office in this place during the last year. I am pleased with the move of getting up the Whig paper. It will tend, more than anything else, to draw party lines in the Territory, and that is what I want. We, the Democrats, can beat them easily; and in that case our office would enjoy a monopoly of the government patronage.

"Conway, the Secretary, from your State, has behaved shamefully to his political friends since his arrival here. You must have observed last winter the dispute* between him and Governor Lucas, who is as pure and honest a man as breathes the breath of life. Conway's object was to render the Governor odious, and get his place; but his exertions in the end will signally react upon him. Every Democrat of influence in the Territory is out against him, and they will ask of the President his removal. The agents of the general government who are known to and have influence with the President, viz., the Governor, three Supreme Judges, four Land Officers and Marshal, have determined, I understand, to petition for his removal, and at the same time ask that I may be appointed in his stead. If tendered to me I would accept it, though I never expressed a desire to have it. Be this as it may, it is exceedingly gratifying to me to know that I am possessed of the confidence of the men above enumerated. You will mention it to no one. Gov. Lucas also tendered to me the honorable appointment as one of his staff, which for reasons good and sufficient I declined.

Upon the death of Mr. Conway, in November, 1839, President Van Buren appointed Mr. Clarke Secretary of the Territory. He filled the office until 1841, when President Harrison appointed O. H. W. Stull in his place. It was the duty of the Secretary to record the laws and proceedings of the Legislative Assembly, and the acts of the Governor, and transmit copies of the same to Washington. He was also charged with the Congressional appropriation for the expenses of the Legislative Assembly, for printing the laws, and other inci-

*An account of the dispute is in the *Annals of Iowa*, 1870, pp. 156-165.

dental expenses. His salary was twelve hundred dollars a year. On the eve of his marriage, he was annoyed by a delay in receiving from Washington the appropriation for the Territory. The creditors of the government, he says, "being both very numerous and hungry, it would submit me to much censure and blame, should I be absent when the drafts arrive." With the devotion of a true lover, he added, "I have partially made up my mind not to be disappointed, but to take my trip, and return when it suits my own convenience, and let them abuse me as much as they please for it." On the 27th of September, 1840, he was married to Miss Christiana H. Dodge, daughter of the Hon. Henry Dodge, Governor of Wisconsin Territory, at her father's house in Dodge's Grove in that Territory, by the Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli.

The same fall Mr. Clarke called together the members of the Masonic order who were living in Burlington and its vicinity, and the Burlington lodge was organized November 10th, 1840, the first Masonic lodge in Iowa. He was a member of the Territorial Democratic Convention that met at Iowa City, June 26th, 1843, which nominated the Hon. A. C. Dodge as Delegate to Congress for his second term. Such was his general reputation for integrity and fairness that he was elected Mayor of Burlington, without opposition, in February, 1844. He was a member of the First Constitutional Convention that convened October 7th, 1844, whose work was rejected by the people, not on its merits, but because Congress, by act of March 3d, 1845, section 4, made a curtailment of the boundaries adopted in convention a fundamental condition of the admission of the State into the Union. In view of the contingencies thus created, the matter not being finally disposed of by the people until August 4th, 1845, and in respect for Governor Chambers from his personal acquaintance with him, President Polk, at the beginning of his administration, deferred a change in the Governor of the Territory, but in November he appointed Mr. Clarke to that office, who received his commission on the 18th of that month.

In his message, December 3d, 1845, to the Eighth and the last Legislative Assembly of the Territory, Governor Clarke referred to his own recent sickness and to the prevalence of severe sickness in the Territory the previous season; he regretted the rejection of the State Constitution, and promised his hearty co-operation with such new measures as might be adopted to incorporate Iowa into the Union; he spoke of the gratifying increase of the population and of the extension of settlements to within a short distance of the Missouri river, of the removal of the Sac and Fox Indians the past fall west and south of that river, of the pending negotiations for the removal of the Pottawattamies and the Winnebagoes, of the Missouri boundary line dispute; he recommended a change in the disposition of mineral lands, that they should be sold, not leased; also, the improvement of the navigation of the Des Moines river; he deprecated the accumulation of the public debt of the Territory, and closed with a warning against over-legislation. A few extracts from the message will show his enlightened consideration of a question now under discussion, the private ownership of land:

"The system which at present prevails of leasing the mineral lands is justly obnoxious to those engaged in the uncertain occupation of mining, and should be abolished at the earliest possible day. Unlike some of the despotic establishments of the old world, where excess of tribute is extorted from the people under almost every imaginable plea, we have a government in this country which aims at the happiness of the governed; and when this happiness is most equally and generally diffused, then may the government be said to have best performed the object for which it was instituted; then is it strongest. It would be a gross perversion of the spirit of our institutions, were the government as proprietor of our vast landed domain to refuse to sell any portion of such domain to individual purchasers; but, transforming itself into a grasping landlord, require of every settler the payment of a certain per cent. upon the products raised by him as rent. And yet such is the operation of the system now pursued in relation to the mineral lands. The government extorts a heavy tax from all who work them. Instead of aiding and encouraging the enterprise of the citizen, the effect of the policy is to cripple his energies and palsy his industries. I conceive the whole system to be eminently unjust in its bearing upon a large number of the inhabitants of this Territory, and hope soon to have the pleasure of witnessing its overthrow."

Among the appointments made by Gov. Clarke were the following to be District Prosecutors: J. F. Kinney, Lee County; J. C. Knapp, Van Buren County; J. C. Hall, Des Moines County; Wm. Thompson, Henry County; A. B. Hendershott, Wapello County; John Bird, Louisa County; James Grant, Scott County; W. E. Leffingwell, Clinton County; John P. Cook, Cedar County; Gilman Folsom, Johnson County; John J. Dyer, Jackson County; L. A. Thomas, Dubuque County; Reuben Noble, Clayton County.

On the 17th of January, 1846, the Governor approved an act to provide for the election of delegates at the township election in April to a convention, which should meet at Iowa City on the 4th of May, to form a constitution and State government for the future State of Iowa. On the 9th of September he issued a proclamation declaring that the constitution adopted by the convention had received at the general election, August 3d, a majority of votes in its favor, and was formally ratified and adopted by the people; and acting under that constitution, article xiii., he designated the 26th of October as the day for holding an election of State officers and members of the State Legislature. After that election, on the 5th of November, he issued a proclamation designating the 30th of November for a meeting of the State Legislature.

Upon the outbreak of the Mexican war in the spring of 1846, and the requisition of President Polk for a regiment of infantry from Iowa, the Governor issued a proclamation calling for enlistments from the "citizen soldiery" of the Territory. The force was promptly raised, and reported by the Governor to the President as ready for orders.

At a Fourth of July celebration in Burlington that year, Governor Clarke presided at one of the tables at a public dinner given in the Congregational Meeting House, then in course of erection, and responded to the following toast in his honor, which was proposed by Fitz Henry Warren: "The Executive of Iowa—His history is an example that the highest offices of the Republic are open to capacity, integrity, and

worth." Among other speakers upon this occasion were C. C. Shackford, S. J. Burr, H. T. Reid, J. W. Grimes, J. B. Newhall, George Partridge.

In the month of August, the Governor visited Fort Atkinson, to have "a talk" with the chiefs of the Winnebagoes, and induce them to send a delegation to Washington for the purpose of making a treaty by which they would relinquish their title to the "Neutral Ground," then said to be the fairest portion of Iowa. Although he was not able to obtain a council on account of the absence of the chiefs, the result was accomplished a few months later. An illicit whiskey traffic was carried on near the Fort, and made great trouble among the Indians and among the soldiers. Two companies of Iowa soldiers were sent there by the Governor to take the place of United States dragoons, who had been ordered to Mexico. A letter to the Governor from Capt. John Parker gives the following view of the situation.

"FORT ATKINSON, Oct. 6th, 1846.

"The company I have the honor of commanding by your appointment was mustered into service on the 9th of September, and has been in active service ever since, but has experienced considerable inconvenience from the want of arms to put in the hands of those sent out to patrol and search for whiskey; notwithstanding, there has been a great deal of good done in the way of stopping the whiskey business. We procured a few spare muskets from Captain Morgan, and these are all the guns we have. If it were certain that any length of time would elapse before we get our guns, we could procure arms, as most of the men own rifles which could be obtained without much trouble.

"Capt. Morgan has ordered a quarter house to be built within three miles of Sodom, the headquarters of the whiskey sellers. The mode of operation hitherto pursued by those engaged in the traffic has been to carry the liquor within a mile or two of the fort, and there hide it; then give some countersign by which the men knew where to go and get it. This I think is about stopped, through the vigilance of the men placed at the quarter house.

"The only difficulty now to be overcome relates to the Indians. They have an idea that the soldiers have no right to interfere with them in the bounds of Clayton County. My opinion is, that we have the right to drive them away from the houses where they are furnished with liquor; or, finding them with it, have as much right to take it away from them in Clayton County as on the Indian land. To put an entire stop to this traffic, the military ought to have almost unlimited control over those parts of the counties that border on the Neutral Ground. This, I suppose, the border settlers would not relish very well, or at least some of them.

"The company under my command are a set of fine, sober, steady men, not more than six or eight at most at all inclined to be dissipated."

"Conformably to the request of many highly respectable persons belonging to the several religious denominations, and in obedience to a venerable and generally approved of usage," the Governor named the last Thursday of November, 1846, as a day of general thanksgiving throughout Iowa. "It is meet," he said, "on an occasion like the present, when we are about assuming new and important responsibilities, that light and wisdom should be invoked from above." And he recounted the blessings of which "the year had been fruitful to our favored Territory."

On the 2d of December, Governor Clarke delivered his message to the First General Assembly of the State. A few extracts from this paper will show the condition of Iowa at that interesting period of its emergence from Territorial dependence to "a free and independent government":

"In eight years, under the fostering protection of the general government, Iowa as a Territory has gone on to increase in wealth, population, and the development of her resources, until a majority of her citizens have become impressed with the conviction that it is their duty to establish and sustain a government of their own. Upon this civil revolution in our form of government, effected not through coercion, but by the silent force of public opinion, I beg leave most respectfully to congratulate the members of the State Legislature. With a constitution republican in its character, containing guards against improvidence and restrictions upon class legislation, we may hope to escape many of the abuses and evils which of late years have brought ruin and blight upon other portions of our common country."

The message considers the following topics: 1. The Mexican War; 2. Taxation; 3. The School Lands; 4. The Land Grant for the Improvement of the Navigation of the Des Moines River; 5. Revision of the Laws; 6. The Militia; 7. The Disputed Boundary with Missouri; 8. The Penitentiary; 9. Extinction of Indian Titles in the State.

Upon the second topic, the Governor recommends the abolition of all useless offices, a reduction of fees, and of the county machinery, by devolving the duties of two or more offices upon a single person, as "a reform called for by con-

siderations of economy, and desirable as a check upon the thirst for public station, which is known to prevail in Iowa in common with other portions of the country."

Upon the eighth topic, the message reports that the number of convicts has been from six to two during the past year, the latter the number in confinement at the close of the year. "At present there is no discipline; the convicts are more frequently employed without than within the walls, and can easily make their escape when disposed to do so."

Upon the last topic the following historical information is given:

"Within the last year treaties have been concluded with the Winnebago and Pottawattamie Indians, by which all the lands owned by these tribes, lying within Iowa, are ceded to the United States. The country acquired from the Winnebagoes constitutes what is known as the 'Neutral Ground,' a strip of land forty miles in width, extending from the Mississippi to the Des Moines, and embraces about four millions of acres of choice and valuable land. The Pottawattamie purchase, greater in extent than the 'Neutral Ground' by about a million of acres, lies on the Missouri river, and is also valuable. By these treaties the Government acquires the title to all the Indian lands remaining in the State, and we may expect at an early day to be entirely rid of our Indian population. The occurrence of this event will be a signal for a rush of immigration to the newly acquired lands, which must materially augment the population and wealth of the State."

In 1848, Mr. Clarke resumed his connection with the *Gazette* newspaper in Burlington, of which he was the founder. The same year he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention that nominated Lewis Cass to be President, and was one of the Vice-Presidents of the convention. He gave a vigorous support to Mr. Cass, and in a letter addressed to him in September, assured him that the first electoral vote to be given by Iowa would be given for him. Mr. Cass replied: "The Whigs have counted much upon your State, and I am happy to find from one who knows so well as you do, that she will join her Democratic sisters of the Northwest."

Upon the consolidation, in 1849, of the six or more separate school districts into which Burlington had been previously divided, Mr. Clarke was called by his fellow-citizens to be

President of the Board of Directors, and gave his counsel and influence to put in operation the present system of Public Schools in that city.

In the summer of 1850, Burlington was stricken with a virulent attack of epidemic cholera, sparing no age or condition. In the family of Governor Clarke, the first victim was James, his youngest son, aged three years and four months. He died on the 11th of July. Mrs. Frances Wise, of Wapello, was visiting the family at the time, and gave her kindly assistance to the sick and dying child. She was herself soon seized with the disease, when Mrs. Clarke at once nursed her with loving devotion, until she also was prostrated. In their distress, a dear friend, Miss Jane Stull (daughter of General O. H. W. Stull, Secretary of the Territory, 1841-3), came to their relief; but on witnessing the scene she too fell a victim to the epidemic. It was a dark night in Burlington, July 13th-14th, when these three amiable and accomplished women in pure devotion and friendship followed one another into the shades of death, within a few hours of each other. It was a fearful blow to Governor Clarke, from which he was not destined to rally. The Hon. Charles Mason took him to the salubrious air of his residence in the country, but the insidious disease followed him. He died on the 28th of July, 1850, aged 38 years. The funeral took place the next day from the Congregational Church, which adjoined his late residence. The pall-bearers were David Rorer, W. H. Starr, J. C. Hall, M. D. Browning, A. W. Carpenter, O. H. W. Stull, J. G. Foote, J. P. Wightman.

Governor Clarke was possessed of an active and discriminating mind, of a gentle and firm disposition, of strict conscientiousness and integrity, with a fine modesty and reserve in his manners. As a printer and an editor, he was master of the art that is preservative of all arts, and of a pure, direct and vigorous style; he was acknowledged as a leader among his brethren of the craft and the fraternity, as he was among the first to bring the press to Iowa. Mr. James G. Edwards, the founder

of the *Hawk-Eye*, said of him: "An acquaintance of thirteen years, most of the time in the same employment, although antagonistic to each other, afforded a good opportunity to understand his character, disposition, and abilities. I esteemed him as the fairest opponent I ever encountered." His career affords an illustration of American institutions. By faithfulness in business, by enterprise and perseverance, by substantial qualifications, he acquired favor and distinction. Self-educated for the most part, he informed himself thoroughly in public affairs, and enriched his mind with general knowledge. Entirely unobtrusive, he won his advancement by merit. Affectionate and tender in his domestic relations, he was a good neighbor and enjoyed the universal esteem of his fellow citizens. He filled the official trusts that were committed to him with fidelity, and with zeal for the public service. It was his fortune to hold the highest station in Iowa at a peculiar juncture in its history, and he discharged the duties of the occasion with the quiet and simple dignity becoming an American citizen.

The next General Assembly that convened after his death gave his name to one of the new counties which was organized. It adjoins the county of Lucas. The names of the first and last Territorial Governors will thus go down through long generations side by side.

Of the children of Governor Clarke, Mrs. Wm. H. Ellery, of Burlington, is the only survivor. Two daughters of his deceased daughter, Christiana, the wife of Mr. Theodore Rodolf, are living at La Crosse, Wisconsin. His son, Henry Dodge Clarke, was a soldier in the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Company A, during the war, and was appointed by the Secretary of War (Mr. Stanton) a second lieutenant in the Eleventh Regiment U. S. Infantry, in 1866, upon the special recommendation of Senator Grimes. His health, which had been impaired by exposure during the war, soon afterwards entirely failed. He died March 24th, 1871, at the home of his uncle, the Honorable A. C. Dodge, in Burlington.

WILLIAM SALTER.

THE SPIRIT LAKE STOCKADE.

N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 575, VOL. III.]



ONE day while Sawyers was quite busy with his men at work on the stockade, a little son of Mr. Thomas, the hotel-keeper in Spirit Lake, brought a message to him, stating that there was a man at the hotel who wished to see him. Sawyers promptly replied to the message, by saying in effect that if the gentleman wanted to see him to come where he (Sawyers) was.

After the boy had left, Sawyers began to think that perhaps this stranger might be some one who had important business with him, and that he had better walk down to the hotel and see who it was; accordingly he quit work and went. Arriving there he met a well dressed and fine appearing man, who said to him, "This is Lieutenant Sawyers, I suppose?" "Yes, sir." "Where is your captain?" "In Sioux City." "Drunk pretty much all the time, I reckon?" "Do not think so; never saw him drink a drop; regard him as strictly temperate." "What are you doing here?" "Building a stockade." "Who told you to build it?" "No one." "What made you build it?" "Because I thought it the best thing to do under the circumstances." "How many men have you?" "Forty-two." These questions were put in a bluff, bull-doing manner, and the answers were given in a similar style. By this time the Lieutenant's good nature was about exhausted, and a more portentous element was assuming its place, when he very gruffly remarked to the stranger, "What the devil is it your business, anyway?" The stranger, seeing that he had game on his hands, looked for a moment in the Lieutenant's eye, smiled, and remarked, "Maybe you think that I am overstepping the rules of politeness and civility. Come in and I will show you my authority." They went into the hotel, when the stranger drew a large roll of papers out of his valise, say-

ing at the same time, "Here is my authority." Lieutenant Sawyers replied: "I have no time to read them; just tell me what you want." The stranger then said his name was S. R. Ingham; that Governor Kirkwood had sent him up there to see what protection the northwestern frontier required; that he had authorized Captain Ingham, of Estherville, to raise a company of mounted riflemen, and that he wanted him (Lieut. Sawyers) to co-operate with him in acting for the best interests for the frontier. The Lieutenant's reply was an emphatic "You bet I will!" Lieutenant Sawyers then requested him to go with him to the stockade and see what they were doing. Ingham looked at his watch and replied that it was growing late, and he was obliged to return to Estherville that evening, and would see him again; hoped his abrupt manner would not seem out of place. The Lieutenant replied, "Oh, that is all right." They separated with the best of feeling toward each other, the Lieutenant returning again to his work, feeling that he was yet in the line of duty and had nothing to fear from any one. Strengthened in the line of duty, he resolved on more decisive and effectual steps of defense. He at once sent a team in charge of I. C. Furber to Sioux City, with orders to Quartermaster Stewart, who had charge of the arms and ammunition stored there, to send him forty rifles, with six thousand rounds of ammunition, to pack them in the bottom of Furber's wagon-box and place the rations on top of this. The order was promptly and faithfully carried out.

They arrived in due time. The stockade with all the necessary appurtenances was soon completed, and was regarded as an impregnable barrier to the attacks of the red invaders. The scouts reported no signs of Indians, which allayed the fear of the settlers in a great measure, and many of them returned to their homes to resume work upon their farms. Lieut. Sawyers now gave special attention to drilling his troops, that they might be in every way effectual should an emergency demand their services to measure pluck with Mr. Lo. He gave much attention to the bugle drill, and so thor-

oughly were his men drilled in every call in the regulation that it was a marvel to see them go through the drill by the sound of the bugle, with the most exquisite precision and without the slightest error.

Governor Kirkwood, believing that further steps should be taken for the protection of the frontier, convened the Legislature and made such suggestion to that body as his wisdom dictated. The Legislature at once authorized him to raise five or more companies of mounted riflemen and station them in the most exposed places along the frontier. The Governor at once commissioned S. R. Ingham, with the rank of Colonel, to raise the companies. He at once proceeded to Ft. Dodge and commissioned Capt. Williams to raise a company there: thence to Webster City, where he authorized Capt. Cropper to raise a company; thence to Denison and the Boyer, where Capt. Butler was authorized to raise a company. At Sioux City and Onawa Capt. J. M. White was authorized to raise a company. Capt. Ingham, of Estherville, had a company already in the field. Lieut. Sawyers knew nothing of what was going on in the military line outside of his own command, until Col. S. R. Ingham dropped down upon him to count his trophies of war in raven colored locks, or see whether the Lo family were holding a scalp dance at the stockade. The Colonel found the Lieutenant and command with their scalps in good state of preservation and anxious to hold a picnic with their red country cousins. Col. Ingham inspected the stockade with all the appurtenances thereto belonging, and expressed himself well pleased, after which Lieut. Sawyers put his men through the dragoon and infantry drill. So well was it performed that Col. Ingham passed a high compliment upon the Lieutenant as a drill officer, and his men as experts in tactics. A warm attachment now sprang up between the two officers. The Colonel, in his profuse compliments, said that Sawyers reminded him very forcibly of Gen. Tuttle. He now urged Sawyers to accompany him around the line of posts and assist in a distribution of the troops to the best advantage. Lieut.

Sawyers was now the owner of what was known as the "Frenchman's three-minute mare," which he hitched to his buck-board, side of trusty and fleetly "Tom." They lit out Vanderbilt fashion and were not long in making the rounds. Capt. White's company was stationed at Correctionville, Lieut. Rush with a small squad at West Fork and a squad at Melbourne Sod House, Capt. Butler at Cherokee, Capt. Cropper at Peterson and Ocheydan, Capt. Ingham at Estherville and Emmet City, and Capt. Williams at Chain Lakes.

After this work was accomplished, the Colonel said: "Lieut. Sawyer, I want you to take command of these five companies." The Lieutenant replied: "Colonel, I cannot, as I have enlisted for three years in the United States service and cannot get out." "Oh," replied the Colonel, "I'll fix that for you; just send in your resignation and I'll see that it is accepted, and then I'll order an election for a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Northern Border Brigade." The Lieutenant replied: "If it is your desire, I will do so." The resignation was at once sent in and accepted, when the election was ordered. Lieut. Sawyer and Capt. Williams, of the Ft. Dodge company, were the competitors. The election waxed warm, but Sawyer was elected by a large majority, about three to one. He was soon installed in his new position and assumed command of the five companies, retaining command at Spirit Lake. He made frequent visits to the different posts to see that the stockades were being built in accordance with the plans given by Col. Ingham. While in the discharge of these duties, he received an order from Capt. Millard to remain at Spirit Lake until relieved by an order from him. Col. Sawyer did not regard the order with much consideration, but took Capt. C. B. Rustin as his Adjutant and continued his duties in looking after the State troops. Col. Ingham was a faithful officer and economized for the best interests of the State. After the lapse of a few months, Capt. Williams' company was mustered out, and Capt. Ingham's First Lieutenant, with a small squad of men, was stationed in his place,

thus curtailing the expense by one company less. The other companies were soon after relieved by United States troops, under Gen. Cook, who was relieved in a brief period by Gen. Alfred Sully. Thus ended the State service and the Indian war in Northwestern Iowa.

THE FIRST PRIESTS IN IOWA.

BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF BISHOP LORAS.



AT the time of the creation of the Diocese of Dubuque, in 1837, the country was but little developed, and the priests who had given their services for the care of souls in this region were few in number. Since the time of Father Marquette and of Father Hennepin, it is not definitely known that any one of their number set foot within the present limits of Iowa, until about the year 1828. From that year until 1831, Fathers J. A. Lutz, C. F. Van Quickenborn, and St. V. Badin, made several visits in this region; however, the accounts of these are very meagre, nor did they find much opportunity of exercising their apostolical zeal, since the settlements were very insignificant, and scattered at long intervals along the banks of the river. Rev. St. V. Badin was the first priest ordained in the United States, belonged to the diocese of Bardstown, and in an extended visit to the Northwest came as far as Prairie du Chien, where a little later he sojourned seven months for the spiritual welfare of the early settlers. Rev. J. A. Lutz was a very zealous and amiable young German priest of the diocese of St. Louis, with an appointment in that city. Although it is known of him that he made repeated visits along the river, taking passage on the steamboats then plying in these waters, the only account that can be found of these is the mention of a protracted visit in 1831 to the people of Prairie du Chien, by whom he was very highly esteemed. Rev. C. F. Van Quickenborn was a zealous and most exemplary Jesuit priest of the province of St. Louis,

who, during these years, had charge of Sangamon County and the vicinity in Illinois; and of him it is said that he held divine service in the lead mines of Dubuque in 1832, or about that time.

The Very Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli was another pioneer of the Northwest. The son of a banker in Milano, he became a student in a seminary in Rome for five years, immigrated to the United States in 1828, and upon the completion of his ecclesiastical education he was ordained as a priest of the Dominican Order at St. Joseph's Monastery in Perry County, Ohio, and shortly thereafter was sent as missionary priest to the Northwest, with stations at Mackinaw Island, Green Bay, Fort Winnebago, Prairie du Chien, and amongst the many other fruits of his pious labors counted the conversion and baptism of nearly fifteen hundred Indians in this region, from the time of his arrival until 1835.

During this time Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, made a permanent appointment of a pastor for Galena and its vicinity, and the first incumbent of this office was Rev. J. McMahon, who arrived in the autumn of 1832, and took up his residence at Galena, under whose charge came all the contiguous country, also the lead mines of Dubuque, where he is said to have held divine service in 1833. He exercised the sacred ministry with great perseverance and devotion; but on the 19th of June, 1833, fell victim to the cholera scourge, having been pastor about nine months.

In the early part of 1834, Rev. C. J. Fitz-Maurice came as the duly authorized pastor from St. Louis, and after most indefatigable exertions of three months he also was snatched away by the dire scourge. Father Fitz-Maurice divided the time equally between Dubuque and Galena, alternating with divine service on Sundays, taking up his residence part of the time in Dubuque, and whilst exerting himself energetically for the building of a church, as well in Galena as in Dubuque, he accomplished nothing in this direction in the former place, but in the latter was so successful that he

entered claims for church grounds, obtained a subscription for \$1,100.00, had the boards and timber engaged, and the contract for building given out to a carpenter; but with his early demise all the building arrangements were abandoned. In the same year Dubuque witnessed the construction of a church by another denomination.

In the following year, the early summer of 1835, the Very Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli succeeded to the pastorate of Galena, and at once commenced the construction of churches, both in Galena and in Dubuque, extending his missionary visits also to many other places of the vicinity.

When Father Loras was consecrated as Bishop of Dubuque, he appointed Father Mazzuchelli as his Vicar General in the new diocese during the time of his absence.

Amongst other places Father Mazzuchelli visited Davenport as early as 1835, commenced the building of a church there in 1837, and completed the same in 1838. The blessing of this last named church took place on the 23d of May, 1839, by Bishop Loras.

The first priest who extended his visits to the southern part of the State, was Rev. P. P. Lefeber, the pastor of St. Paul's Church in Ralls County, Missouri (on the Salt river). He came in 1834, founded two or three little missions in the "Black Hawk Purchase," and made occasional visits until 1837. In that year Father August Brickwade, of Quincy, received charge of the Iowa district, then known as the Wisconsin Territory, and for several years visited the people of Fort Madison, West Point, and "Sugar Creek."

The first church in Lee County was built of logs by the early settlers at Sugar Creek in the summer of 1838; and the Dubuque, Davenport, and Sugar Creek churches were the only edifices of worship for the Catholics in Iowa upon the arrival of Bishop Loras on April 19th, 1839, excepting, however, an Indian chapel at Council Bluffs.

At the close of the month of May, in 1838, Fathers Verreydt and DeSmet, Jesuit missionaries, took up their quarters at

Council Bluffs, where they were solemnly received by a number of Indians and their chiefs. A deserted government fort was at once converted into a chapel, over which the cross was raised aloft, and several other log cabins were built in the neighborhood as a residence for the good fathers and a school for the Indian neophytes. Here they continued their Indian mission for several years in the most disinterested and self-sacrificing manner, until the dispersion of the Indians breathed decadence on their noble labors.

These few priests are the only names known to the author of this paper prior to the arrival of their bishop in Iowa. They merit mention on the most excellent pages of *THE RECORD*, not only on account of the sublime mission to which they devoted their lives, but also on account of the grandeur and steadfastness with which they followed their sacred calling as pioneer priests among the first settlers.

JOHN F. KEMPKER, Pastor.

Riverside, Iowa.

PIONEER WOMEN.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MISS ELLA E. GORDON, OF SIOUX CITY, AT THE OLD SETTLERS' REUNION AT WARSAW, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 4TH, 1887.

ABOUT four months ago there was a great excitement among the children of a little red farm house in southern New Hampshire, for the father and mother of this home had decided that the time had come when it was wise for them to leave the old farm with its sterile soil, its rocks and its boulders, and to seek for fairer fortune in Northwestern Iowa, in the valley of the Missouri. For the children, there was nothing but joy and gladness, they could talk of nothing but the long journey and the wonderful land to which they were going. Mingled with the anticipations of

the father and mother was the feeling of sadness that needs must come with the thought of leaving old friends and familiar associations. But the aged mother who is to remain in the old farm house cheers her daughter by saying "It is best for your children that the change be made. You will be three days from home — that does not sound so dreary as the words of fifteen hundred miles — and we will write to each other every week."

One morning early in April the good-byes are said and they take the train for Fitchburg, where connection is made with one of the trunk lines for the west. By ten o'clock they are aboard the through sleeper, comfortably settled for a forty hours' ride. They can sleep, or read, or play games as they choose. Tea and coffee will be brought to them at meal times, and when they tire of their lunch they can either go to the dining car or have their meals brought to them in their own car. They left home Monday morning, and by six o'clock Wednesday morning they are in Chicago. They choose to spend the day here, though they might go on, if they wished. Nine o'clock that night, rested and refreshed, they start for Western Iowa. Early Thursday morning they cross the Mississippi, and by four o'clock of the same day they reach their destination. Their furniture is awaiting them, and before many days, with all their household goods around them, they begin the life in the new land. They miss many of the comforts and conveniences of the old home. They feel lonely at first without the mountains, with their white caps of fleecy clouds and their green robes of pine and maple. There are no tiny, brown, sparkling rivers, no forests where grow the mosses and ferns; but there are the bracing air and the golden sunshine of the great northwest, and, better than all, taking the place of the ash-colored, sterile soil of New England, there is the rich alluvial deposit that makes such "dreadful mud," but that will yield many times an hundred fold.

The church of their faith is not far away; in the country

school house near them is taught a school much better than the one they left. Before many months a roomy farm house will take the place of the small one they now occupy, and then, if not till then, they can say, "This is really and truly our home."

Fifty-five years ago, in the same little red farm house of which I have spoken, there was a scene similar to the one I have described, similar I say, yet sadly different.

Even so long ago as 1832, there was such a thing as business failure, and in consequence, sorrow and trouble.

The outlook for the future was dark. The father and mother had decided that the one chance left for them to repair their failing fortune, was to remove to the then almost unknown land, the valley of the Mississippi. Their removal is a theme for neighborhood discussion. The emigration of one of the neighbors to Japan would create no more excitement. Many are the dismal prophecies heard on all sides. "The journey is so long and hard you will never live through it." "And if you do, you will not dare to come back." "Postage is twenty-five cents and you can afford to write but once a year." "You will have no church privileges for yourselves, nor schools for your children." But the mother thinks of the future of her children and resolutely steels her heart against the feeling of home sickness and loneliness that threatens to overcome her, and looking into her husband's face, says, "I am ready." The few household goods that are absolutely necessary are taken to Boston and shipped by way of New Orleans to their future home; after four months' time they reach their destination.

One morning in September the sad farewells are spoken, the daughter feeling that in all probability it is the last goodbye to both father and mother. They take the stage for Schenectady, New York; this ride requires two days, and at the end of the time they are as tired as were the friends, who came west last spring, at the end of the journey. At Schenectady they take a canal boat and in five days they reach Buffalo. One day on a steamer to Erie and they are

ready for the hardest part of the journey, which is a five days' ride in a road wagon from Erie to Pittsburg. Eight days from home, a five days' journey over rough, untraveled roads, before them, and then they will be but on the border land of the wilderness. At Pittsburg they take a steamboat—surely now the worst is over! but there are sand-bars and a treacherous river ahead of them, and on the Mississippi they must go against the current. They change boats four times, and it is sixteen days before they reach their future home. Twenty-eight days from home, they have traveled over two thousand miles, and yet are but twelve hundred miles from home. Is the hardest over, do you say? Think of the long winter in the log cabin, far from home and friends, far from church and schools, far from books and all those social reunions that make life pleasant. Think of the spring when there is everything to do and nothing to do it with. And as the days lengthen into weeks and months, think of the dreary, homesick feeling that must have come to the mother, as she realized that she could not go back, that she must stay and fight it out. Think of these things and honor the memory of our pioneer women.

But why the difference in the two pictures I have sketched for you? History and story tell us of the dreary loneliness, of the desolate emptiness of the west of sixty years ago; to-day there are great commercial centers, flourishing villages and beautiful country homes. Why the difference between '27 and '87? I seek an answer to this question in your newspapers, biographies, and county histories, and I learn that this wonderful change has been produced by John, and James, and William, by Peter, and Samuel, and Thomas, and Jeremiah, who, with their brothers, came west at such and such a time and surveyed roads, planted orchards, built mills and did this and that in an honest, manly, courageous way, and so laid the foundation of this mighty empire.

I am proud of John, and Thomas, and Jeremiah. I glory in their courage. I point to them and say, "See the men who dared to carve for themselves a place in the world," who did

not stay whining around the flesh pots of Egypt, but with their own strong right arms won for themselves a place among the men of the nation. And yet as I travel over the fair and beautiful west, as I visit at farm houses, at city and village homes, I find traces of an influence that has not been accounted for. I find that a noble work has been done that I know neither Samuel nor James nor William ever did. I find homes, the center of refinement, culture and inspiration. I visit libraries, I visit scientific and art museums, I visit churches, public schools and Sunday schools, I find men and women, who were trained when they were children in the principles of honesty and virtue, and I know that Thomas, and Jeremiah, and Peter, busy with their mills, and railroads, never found time for all this work. They did what they could to help, but the main part of the work was done by some one else.

Again I search through history and biography for some recognition of the unknown worker, but I search in vain.

Not long ago, in a rapidly growing city in the Missouri valley, a grand new hotel was opened to the public. A banquet was given in honor of the occasion. The orator of the evening improved the opportunity to glorify the new north-west. In eloquent words he described the little frontier trading post of thirty years ago; he then pictured in glowing colors the rapid growth of the new city; he waxed eloquent over its oil mills, its iron foundries, its pork houses, and its ten railroads. He talked for thirty minutes, and just at the close said, "And we must not forget the religious, the educational, and the charitable organizations of our city." That was all, in a thirty minutes' speech, one sentence in regard to all that ministers to the higher life of men and women. When he had finished, a lady turned to me and with puzzled face, inquired, "Were there no women here in early times? Have the women had nothing to do with the growth of this city?"

Is it not true, O friends of the Old Settlers' Association, that but one-half of your history is written? I do not criticise the half that is written. As I have said before, I am proud of the

pioneer men. I glory in their courage, their strength and their patience; but were not the women also strong, and brave, and patient? The men sacrificed all, but did not the women do as much? The men felled the trees, and broke the raw prairie, but did not the one who kept the home, cooked the food, and made the clothes, work just as hard? I claim that women helped to develop the material resources of the new country. Our political economists tell us that he alone creates wealth who increases the natural yield of life-giving products. The woman, who by her skill and energy, produced butter and cheese, eggs, poultry and fruit, not only for the home, but for the market, created wealth just as truly as did the man who raised the golden corn and the fragrant hay. But she did more than this, for "man cannot live by bread alone."

We notice in the evolution of society, that the finer forces, that determine and control life, are the last to be recognized. In the first stages of development, physical strength alone is desirable. The man who can throw the heaviest spear is the chief of his tribe. As we approach the higher civilization, mental and moral strength is the determining force and then for the first time the worth of woman's work is recognized; then her influence in fashioning and moulding society is acknowledged as one of the important factors in the growth of the State.

It is said that when darkness settles over the Adriatic Sea and the fishermen are far from land, their wives and daughters, just before putting out the lights in their humble cottages, go down to the shore, and in their clear, sweet voices sing the first lines of the "Ave Maria." Then they listen eagerly, and across the waters are borne to them the deep tones of those they love, singing the strains that follow, and thus each knows that all is well. "I often think," says Frances Willard, in speaking of this custom, "that from the home life of the nations there sound to those away in the darkness of temptation the notes of, to us, the dearer song, 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

It is to the makers and keepers of our pioneer homes that I pay homage. I offer homage to the woman who, given a log cabin and her wits, could make a home comfortable, restful, attractive; I pay homage to the woman who, given pork, corn and coffee, could furnish three good meals a day with a varied bill of fare. I honor the woman who, without church and school, with but few books and papers, so carefully trained by precept and example, the boys and girls, that, despite their narrow, hard lines and lack of refined surroundings, they grew to manhood and womanhood, sturdy, brave, and honest. I honor that woman who, with such indomitable energy, patience and perseverance, made dark places bright, crooked places straight, hard places easy, and yet with it all, kept peace in the family. I honor that woman who, through poverty, drouth and pestilence, through disappointment, sickness and death, kept her faith in the eternal goodness, her belief in the final triumph of the right and her love for all humanity. I reverence her memory as I would reverence the memory of a sea captain, who, with contrary winds, opposing currents, a leaking ship, and a broken rudder, brought his vessel safe to port. When the great novelist wrote, "that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the men and women who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs," she must have been thinking of our pioneer men and women. "Lived faithfully;" may we, who succeed you, prove ourselves worthy our heritage.

To the "mothers in Israel," who are still with us to comfort and cheer, we bring to-day our tribute of grateful praise. Your faces, with the look of sweet content that can come only after a life of unceasing conflict, tell a pathetic story of the past. As you lay on our shoulders your burdens and give into our keeping the keys of the future, we promise you that we will try to be as true to the new light of to-day as you were to that of the past. But there are many vacant places to-day. Many there are who have gone on before to the fairer home not made with hands. Their hearts no longer

keep time to anxious thoughts. What heart-aches and disappointments, what lost hopes and defeated ambitions, lie buried in these humble graves, we can never know. Their names are emblazoned on no monument; their conflicts with despair and discouragement are not the theme for history's page: they are unsung by poet, unknown to fame; and yet, O noble women, you are still the inspiration of your sons and daughters, who will see to it that some where, some time when the REAL history of the country is written, your names shall have an honored place therein. And to-day, remembering your brave, noble living, we bring a tribute to your memory in the words of one of woman's truest friends.

“ One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are laid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
Where no colors wrap the breast
As a hero sank to rest.

Heart of duty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil;
Here lie buried—here in peace,
Tireless service found release.

Kneeling where a woman lies,
Spent in willing sacrifice;
I strew lilies on the grave,
Of the bravest of the brave.”

PREHISTORIC RACES.

SAMUEL MURDOCK, ELKADER, IOWA.



FROM the very earliest ages down to the advent of the white man, it is evident that the valley of the Mississippi river afforded an abundant supply of everything that was necessary for the support and increase of savage races.

Not until the Indian had glided out of sight did we begin to suspect that he himself was but the successor of other and distinct races who had preceded him in this great valley, and who, like himself, had yielded to that inevitable fate that befalls animate and inanimate life alike, and gradually that suspicion grew, until it has at last developed into a fixed and permanent reality that throughout the length and breadth of this vast continent other and distinct races from the Indian once held the sway of empire, and permanently occupied the soil; and one of whom, from the peculiar form of his earth-works, we call the "Mound-builder."

In the erection of these animal mounds, great labor was required, and while they exist their purpose will ever be a subject of discussion and conjecture; and when we see this class of mounds commingling together with the long and round mounds in the same locality, or even scattered wide apart, we are led sometimes to think that they differ in point of age, and that they are the commingled works of two or more races instead of one.

We know that the long mounds would exactly fill the purpose of interment for a large number of dead killed in battle, and although but few human remains have been found in them, and these of a doubtful age, yet the battles and the erection of these mounds may have occurred so long ago that every vestige of their remains has had time enough to perish.

It is a hard matter to judge and compare the relative ages

of two or more earth-works, for one of a century will look to the eye as old as one of ten centuries; but in passing along the ridges, the long mounds are very much denuded or flattened, and in many instances are only discernible by an experienced eye, while the round mounds of the same material, on the same ridge, and seemingly a part of the same system of works, have a fresher look, are less denuded and flattened, and often contain more or less human skeletons, some of which are at present in a good state of preservation.

The raw material composing the bones of the "Mound builder" is greater and more compact than those we have met of the civilized races, and all circumstances considered, would outlast the latter in the ground by many ages, yet with all, their durability is but a question of time.

There is to be found on all the clay ridges that abound with earth-works a little mouse, of what order we cannot stop to inquire, and this little rodent works its way down into the tomb of the "Round Mound-builder," and often builds its nest in his skull, while age after age the progeny feed upon the other bones, until they are all consumed, when it emigrates to more plentiful deposits, and we are inclined to think, if the truth is generally known, that this mouse is no respecter of races; but it is here that we see a sure and powerful assistant in the obliteration of human bones.

All these facts could fill these long mounds with the dead of men killed in battle, and belonging to a race who may have preceded the "Round Mound-builder," by many ages.

But when we come to the "Round Mound" we find that it generally contains more or less adult human skeletons, and this being the rule, we are warranted in asserting that all of them have been erected for one and the same purpose, and that either from the causes we have mentioned, or from some other unknown cause, the remains have disappeared from some of them; and if we are right in this conjecture, then the number of subjects that are now, and have heretofore been in these round mounds is, and has been enormous.

From fifteen to twenty well preserved adult skeletons in a single mound is no unusual find, and these are generally found lying on their backs, with their heads outwards, and their lower limbs crossed in a such a manner that hardly a part of one can be dislodged without disturbing some parts of another, and in this manner they present themselves to the eye of the philosopher and the curious, to bid them solve the mystery of their origin, their life, their death, and their sepulcher.

This is a command and a task not easy to perform, and much of which, if undertaken in regard to living races, would prove a failure.

It is now generally conceded that the "Mound-builder" was distinct and separate from all other races of the globe; that the race is now, and has been for centuries, totally extinct, and that none of the living civilized or savage races of the earth have ever left us the slightest truthful history or tradition of the existence of a living "Mound-builder," and it is therefore certain that they arose up, passed over continents beyond the line of written history, and far beyond the reach of the traditions of living savages, and alone to their bones and their earth-works must we therefore look for a solution of the mystery that has ever hung around them.

It does not appear that their heads have ever been artificially deformed, but are in the shape in which nature formed them, and they generally slope from all sides to a cone, forming a solid bony ridge or bump on the whole well braced with good material, and bearing a strong resemblance in shape and form to the mound from which they were procured; and if we can believe that a people with uniform heads will produce none but uniform ideas, that always culminate into uniform works, and that high and conical crowns are indicative of great reverence, fear and superstition, then we have touched the key that unlocks the mystery which has so long hung over the sepulcher and the fate of the "Mound-builders," leaving their origin and their history to be traced in the future back through the deposits of glacial mud to that early morning of primeval life.

Certain it is that civilization has never been found growing wild on any part of the earth, and some writer has observed that it can only result from the cross or amalgamation of two or more races into one, whereby the uniform ideas of each, are changed in the progeny into discordant thought and action, and which in turn produces doubt, discussion, inquiry and experiment, until at last a system of law and order is gradually conceived by which life, liberty and the accumulation of property are all protected.

On this continent alone the works of the "Mound-builder" are too laborious and too extensive to be accomplished by the mandate of any form of government known to savage races: and no ties of kindred or affection for the ordinary dead has ever been found, either among the savage or the civilized races, that was strong enough to impel the labor necessary for their construction. Many of these mounds, with their skeletons in preservation, are found on steep and almost inaccessible points and bluffs, while others are several miles distant from water and on high and sterile ridges, with no indications of former habitations near them, and when uncovered, many of these skeletons about their heads present the appearance of a movement before death occurred and after the body had been placed in position.

Near clusters of these round mounds we have in many places found a singular heap of earth and stone which, when uncovered, proved to be an excavation in the ground walled round with rock, calcined by heat; across which is found the charred remains of a stick, and the cavity filled with ashes, charcoal and charred human bones, many of which are split lengthwise and all broken up into fragments, and if we are not here dealing again with the commingled works of two or more races instead of one, then the "Round Mound-builder" was a cannibal of the very worst type. But we must here conclude by saying to the reader that we have given the "Mound-builder," as we have seen and judged him from our own standpoint, and we cheerfully turn him over to others

who, from fuller investigation may arrive at a different and a more rational conclusion concerning him.

NAMES OF IOWA COUNTIES.*



IXTY-SIX counties in Iowa derive their names from three sources, American statesmen, the revolution, and the Indians. The remaining thirty-three take theirs from various sources.

Of this remaining number five come from early pioneers. First of these is Dubuque, one of the two original counties into which the whole State was divided, and taken from the early French trader who was the first white man to live in what is now Iowa. He settled at a point two miles below where the city of his name now stands, in 1788, and lived there until 1810, when he died. Boone County was named for Daniel Boone, the typical pioneer of the west. Shelby County is from the hardy Kentucky pioneer of that name, who was afterward Governor of the State. Page County is from Capt. Page, of the United States army, who was in that section in an early day; although a man named Edward Page, from Pennsylvania, was connected with the government survey there, and claims it was named for him. It was certainly for one of them, and they were both pioneers in that portion of the State. Two counties are named from Territorial Governors, Lucas and Clarke, and it would not be amiss to put them with the pioneers; also Dickinson County, we believe, is named for the earliest settler and pioneer in its borders, Mr. Dickinson. This county contains the highest land in Iowa.

The Legislature honored six counties in the State after heroes of the Mexican war. They were Scott and Taylor;

* The authorship of this explanation of the origin of the names of the counties of Iowa, taken from a late number of the *Dubuque Herald*, may be attributed, we think, to Mr. C. C. Childs, of Dubuque, who has done much in gathering early Iowa history.—ED.

names that will be recognized at once. Gen. Worth was remembered in one, a veteran of that campaign, who died only a few years ago at Troy, N. Y. Col. John J. Hardin was the Colonel of one of the Illinois regiments, who proved a brave and stalwart fighter. Major Ringgold was the hero of one of the early battles of the war, who acquired great celebrity at the time in the artillery service. A young Lieutenant named Robert Mills went out from Burlington with the Iowa troops and was killed in one of the battles. Mills County was named for this brave young hero. We understand that Guthrie County was named for a young Iowa officer in the Mexican war, though it has been put down for James Guthrie, of Kentucky, who was Secretary of the treasury under President Pierce. Three counties in the State were named for three of the battles of the Mexican war, Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, and Palo Alto.

Three counties take their names from Iowa rivers, Des Moines, Iowa and Cedar, one French, one Indian and one English. It may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that but four counties have French names, Dubuque, Des Moines, Audubon and Fayette, although there is plenty of nationality in other names, English, Irish, Spanish, Mexican, American, Indian, Hungarian, Swede and one German. Many of the counties were named, as will be inferred, just after the close of the Mexican war, when the names connected with it were as common in the mouths of the people as the names of the heroes and the battles of the war of the rebellion have been during the past twenty years. About the same time occurred the Irish rebellion of 1848, and as the people of Iowa had then as now strong sympathy with the oppressed and down-trodden of that unhappy land, the names of not less than three of the Irish patriots were transferred to Iowa counties. Mitchell, O'Brien for Smith O'Brien, and Emmet for the famous Irish orator, Robert Emmet, of an earlier date.

Two counties are named for eminent naturalists, one for the great American ornithologist, John James Audubon, who died

in New York in 1851, and the other from Alexander von Humboldt, the eminent scientist who died in 1859 at the ripe age of ninety years. It is a curious fact that notwithstanding Iowa has so large a German population, this is the only distinctive German name among all her counties. German immigration did not set in here until the counties were nearly all named. Two counties of the State are named for eastern localities. Delaware County from Delaware County, New York, whence came some of its earlier settlers who thus remembered their old home; Plymouth County, evidently christened by some warm admirer of the old pilgrim rock. The gallant men in the early Legislatures gave ladies' names to three counties, Louisa said to have been named at an early day from a Dubuque lady, Miss Louisa Massey. Ida a name given by Eliphalet Price, of Clayton County, but who or what for we cannot tell; and Bremer for the famous Swedish novelist, Frederika Bremer, a name given to the new county by Gen. A. K. Eaton, now of Osage, but at that time, 1852, member of the Legislature from Delaware County, and an active member of the committee on counties that organized and named many of them. He was a warm admirer of Miss Bremer's writings, then very popular, and himself gave the name. A small post-office in the county has always been called Frederika.

Decatur is the only one of our many naval heroes who has been remembered in the naming of counties. In 1851-52 the name of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, was in every one's mouth, and naturally was selected for a county by some admirer. Gen. Fremont had a great reputation as an explorer before he ran for the Presidency in 1856, and it was for Fremont, the explorer, not the candidate, that the Iowa county obtained its name.

Some patriot in the Legislature applied the term Union to one of the counties. But a single county in the State bears the name of any person, place or thing connected with the rebellion of 1861, and that is Lyon, named at the next session

of the Legislature for Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, August 12th, 1861.

SUMMARY.

Following are the counties and the derivation of their names:

Adair.—Gen. John Adair, sixth Governor of Kentucky.

Adams.—Two Presidents of the United States.

Allamakee.—This was the way the Winnebago Indians pronounced the name of Alex. McGee, an Indian trader.

Appanoose.—An Indian chief.

Audubon.—Scientist.

Benton.—Thos. H. Benton.

Blackhawk.—Indian chief.

Boone.—Daniel Boone, of Kentucky.

Bremer.—Frederika Bremer.

Buchanan.—James Buchanan.

Buena Vista.—Battle of Buena Vista, Mexico.

Butler.—Gen. Wm. O. Butler.

Calhoun.—John C. Calhoun.

Carroll.—Chas. Carroll, of Carrollton.

Cass.—General Cass.

Cedar.—River.

Cerro Gordo.—Battle of Cerro Gordo, Mexico.

Cherokee.—Indian tribe.

Chickasaw.—Indian tribe.

Clarke.—Governor James Clarke, of Iowa.

Clay.—Henry Clay.

Clayton.—John M. Clayton of Delaware.

Clinton.—DeWitt Clinton.

Crawford.—William H. Crawford, of Georgia.

Dallas.—Vice-President George M. Dallas.

Davis.—Garret Davis, of Kentucky.

Decatur.—Commodore Decatur.

Delaware.—Delaware County, New York.

Des Moines.—Des Moines river.

Dickinson.—Daniel Dickinson, or a pioneer.

- Dubuque*.—Julien DuBuque.
Emmett.—Irish patriot.
Fayette.—General LaFayette.
Floyd.—John B. Floyd, of Virginia.
Franklin.—Benjamin Franklin.
Fremont.—General John C. Fremont.
Greene.—General Greene, of the revolutionary war.
Grundy.—Felix Grundy.
Guthrie.—Guthrie, who went from Burlington to the Mexican war and was killed there.
Hamilton.—Alexander Hamilton.
Hancock.—John Hancock.
Hardin.—Colonel John J. Hardin, of Illinois.
Harrison.—Gen. W. H. Harrison.
Henry.—Patrick Henry.
Howard.—Tilghman A. Howard, of Indiana.
Humboldt.—Humboldt, the traveler and naturalist.
Ida.—A fancy name suggested by Eliphalet Price.
Iowa.—Tribe of Indians.
Jackson.—General Jackson.
Jasper.—Sergeant Jasper.
Jefferson.—Thomas Jefferson.
Johnson.—Gen. "Dick." Johnson, of Kentucky.
Jones.—Gen. Geo. W. Jones.
Keokuk.—Indian chief.
Kossuth.—Hungarian patriot.
Lee.—The Virginia Lees.
Linn.—Louis F. Linn, of Missouri.
Louisa.—Miss Louisa Massey.
Lucas.—Gen. Lucas, Iowa.
Lyon.—General Lyon, of Wilson Creek fame.
Madison.—James Madison.
Mahaska.—Indian chief.
Marion.—General Marion.
Marshall.—Chief justice.
Mills.—Lieut. Mills, of Burlington, killed in Mexico.
Mitchell.—Irish patriot.

Monona.—Indian name.

Monroe.—President Monroe.

Montgomery.—General James Montgomery.

Muscatine.—Indian name of the island opposite that town, means fire island.

O'Brien.—The Irish patriot.

Osceola.—Indian chief.

Page.—Either from Capt. Page, of the United States army, who commanded at Palo Alto, or Edward Page, who was connected with the government surveys in that county, who claims that it was named after him.

Palo Alto.—Battle in Mexico.

Plymouth.—Plymouth Rock.

Pocahontas.—Indian name.

Polk.—Jas. K. Polk.

Pottawattamie.—Indian tribe.

Poweshiek.—Indian chief.

Ringgold.—Major Ringgold, of the Mexican war.

Sac.—Indian tribe.

Scott.—General Scott.

Shelby.—Governor Shelby, of Kentucky.

Sioux.—Indian tribe.

Story.—Judge Story.

Tama.—Tamoah, Indian chief.

Taylor.—General Taylor.

Union.—United States.

Van Buren.—Martin Van Buren.

Wapello.—Indian chief.

Warren.—General Warren.

Washington.—General Washington.

Wayne.—General Wayne.

Webster.—Daniel Webster.

Winnebago.—Indian tribe.

Winneshiek.—Indian chief.

Woodbury.—Levi Woodbury.

Worth.—General Worth.

Wright.—Silas Wright.

A PLEASING RECOLLECTION OF GOVERNOR GRIMES.



IN the summer of 1837, my father, Nicholas Winterstein, settled on a claim fourteen miles above the little village of Burlington, in what was then called the "Black Hawk Purchase." That village is now the flourishing city of Burlington, Iowa. Before leaving his former home in Ohio, he had gone security for a brother-in-law, supposed to be a "well to do" merchant in Chillicothe, Ohio. But just as father had his farm improved and well stocked, some seven years after his first settlement in the new country, the brother-in-law failed and the debt from Ohio came against him. His stock and farm were sold at sheriff's sale.

Governor Grimes, then a struggling young lawyer at Burlington, attended the sale and bought the farm. The second day after the sale he sent word to father to come and see him.

On father's coming into his office he handed him a written order to one Westfall, a neighbor, to turn over fifteen head of cows and young cattle valued at \$200. He explained to father that he had sold the farm to Westfall for the same money it had cost him, and the two hundred dollars worth of cattle besides. But father protested that he would not be able to pay for the cattle; but Grimes insisted as the cattle had cost him nothing, it was his duty and pleasure to give them to father. He said that, in fact, that had been his motive in buying the farm, to save something for father. His generosity seems the more remarkable when we remember that the man he was so anxious to befriend was only a farmer—a chance acquaintance, living fourteen miles in the country, a man who never figured in politics and not at all likely to be able to repay the kindness in any thing but friendship. And in all of Grimes' public life, I am quite sure this incident was never used to his personal advantage, only as father told it to his most intimate friends.

L. P. WINTERSTEIN.

Elberon, Iowa.

A MINISTER'S DELUSION.



WHAT we used to call "Hummerism" at Keokuk, was a most remarkable phase of what has come to be known as Spiritualism. It had its start in Cedar Rapids. Miss Legare, of Charleston, S. C., started a college at Cedar Rapids. It failed, and she turned it over to the Presbyterians, and they removed it to West Point, in Lee County. Michael Hummer, then in charge of the Presbyterian church at Iowa City, was selected to go to New York to raise funds to endow the college. When he got to New York he became possessed by the delusion that he was named by the spirits as one of the six to dig up the "Kidd treasure," but to be at none of the expense.

The spirits sent Hummer, contrary to his will, to Keokuk, Governor R. P. Lowe going with him.

Old settlers will recollect how Hummer went back to Iowa City to get the bell of the church, and that when he let it down some of the citizens removed the ladder and left Hummer on the roof while they ran off with the bell and hid it in the Iowa river. Afterwards the bell was recovered by some Mormons, who took it to Salt Lake, where in after years it was used to summon the saints to their worship.

Judge Tuthill, of Tipton, made the Hummer Bell immortal in his classic verse.

The chain of episodes, ludicrous and dramatic, growing out of the strange infatuation which possessed Hummer, who had brilliant qualities and a deeply religious nature, form an interesting part of early Iowa history.

Washington, D. C.

HAWKINS TAYLOR.

DES MOINES—ORIGIN AND MEANING.



FATHER KEMPKER, in his "History of the Catholic Church in Iowa," gives the following explanation of the origin and meaning of the words, designating the Capitol, one of the chief rivers, and one of the counties of Iowa, which is taken from Nicollet's Report of the Upper Mississippi to Congress in 1841, as given in the History of Lee County.

The Des Moines is one of the most beautiful and important tributaries of the Mississippi, north of the Missouri, and the metamorphosis which its name has undergone from its original appellation is curious enough to be recorded.

We are informed that Father Marquette and M. Joliet, during their voyage in search of the Mississippi, having reached the distance of sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin, observed the foot-prints of a man on the right side of the great river, which served as a guide to those two celebrated explorers to the discovery of an Indian trail, or path, leading to an extensive prairie, and which they determined to follow. Having proceeded about two leagues, they first saw one village on the bank of the river, and then two others upon the slope, half a league from the first. The travelers, having halted within hailing distance, were met by the Indians, who offered them their hospitalities, and represented themselves as belonging to the Illinois nation.

The name which they gave their settlement was Moningowinas (or Moin-gona, as laid down on the ancient maps of the country), and is a corruption of the Algonquin word *Mikouang*, signifying *at the road*, by their customary elliptical manner of designating localities, alluding, in this instance, to the well-known road in this section of the country, which they used to follow as a communication between the head of the lower rapids and their settlement on the river which empties itself into the Mississippi, to avoid the rapids; and this is still the practice of the present inhabitants of the country.

Now, after the French had established themselves on the Mississippi, they adopted this name, but with their custom (to this day also that of the Creoles), of only pronouncing the first syllables, and applying it to the river as well as to the Indians who dwelt upon it, so they would say *'la rivière des Moines* (the river of the Moines), *allez chez les Moines* (go to the Moines people). But in later times, the inhabitants associated the name with that of the Trappist Monks (*Moines de la Trappe*), who resided with the Indians of the American Bottom.

It was then concluded that the true reading of "*rivière des Moines*" was the river Des Moines, or "river of Monks," by which name it is designated on all modern maps.

DONATIONS TO THE IOWA HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.—LIBRARY.

From Historical Society, Pennsylvania,

Magazine of History and Biography, July and October, 1887.

From Department of State, Washington, D. C.,

Index to the Consular Reports No. 1 to 59.

Reports from the Consuls Nos. 79 to 84.

Forestry of Europe.

Statistical Abstracts from Foreign Countries.

Index to the Consular Reports, 1880-85.

From City of St. Paul, Minnesota,

Annual Report of Chamber of Commerce, 1886.

From Worcester Society of Antiquity, Worcester, Mass.,

The Abolitionists Vindicated in a Review of Eli Thayer's
paper on the N. E. Emigrant Aid Company.

From Wisconsin Historical Society,

Catalogue of Books on the War of the Rebellion and Slav-
ery in their Library.

Biographical Sketches of Lyman C. Draper and Mortimer
Melville Jackson.

From H. D. Rowe, Esq.,

Five miscellaneous bound books.

From Genealogical and Biographical Society, New York.

Record for July and October.

From Yale University,

Obituary Record of Graduates of Yale for the year ending
June, 1887.

Catalogue 1887-8.

Report of the President.

From Hon. T. S. Parvin, Secretary,

Annals of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, 1887,

Annals of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, Vol. X. Part III.

Annals of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, Vol. X. 1885-87.

From Geographical Society, New York,

Bulletin for July and September.

From Johns Hopkins University,

Notes on the Literature of Charities.

The study of History in England and Scotland.

Seminary Libraries and University Extension.

The Prediction of Hamilton and De Tocqueville.

From N. E. Historic and Genealogical Society,

Register for July and October.

From Secretary of State, Des Moines,

Five copies Horticultural Report, 1886.

Twenty copies Supreme Court Reports, Vol. 70.

From University of California, Berkeley,

Register for 1886-7.

College of Agriculture Report.

Library Bulletin No. 9.

From Rhode Island Historical Society,

Collections of Society, Vol. 6.

From Signal Office, Washington,

Weather Reviews for July, August, September and October.

From C. D. Bradlee, Boston,

Thirteen Pamphlets.

From Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.,

Quarterly Report ending March.

Quarterly Report No. 4.

From American Antiquarian Society,

Proceedings, Vol. IV. Part 4.

From J. P. Walton, Esq. Muscatine,

Report of Old Settlers' Re-union of Muscatine County,

August 31st, 1887.

From Bureau of Labor, Washington, D. C.,

Second Annual Report of Commission, 1886.

From U. S. Catholic Historical Society, New York.

Historical Magazine for April and July, 1887.

From Library Company, Philadelphia,

Bulletin for July, September, 1887.

From New Jersey Historical Society,

Proceedings of Society, Nos. 3 and 4 of Vol. IX.

- From Dr. William Salter, Burlington, Iowa,*
In Memoriam, Mrs. Eleanor T. Broadwell.
- From Department of State, Washington,*
Senate and House Journals, 1st and 2d session 49th Congress.
- From Nebraska Historical Society,*
Transactions and Reports of Society, Vol. 2.
- From Prof. W. J. McGee, Washington, D. C.,*
Article on *Ovilos Cavifrons* from Loess, of Iowa.
- From Hon. Isaac Smucker, Newark, Ohio.*
His serial article on American History.
- From Prof. S. Calvin, Iowa City,*
Constitution of the Baconian Club of Iowa City.
- From Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C.,*
Report of Commission of Navigation, 1886.
- From Dr. J. F. Kempker, Riverside, Iowa,*
History of the Catholic Church in Iowa.
- From Canadian Institute, Toronto,*
Proceedings of Institute for October.
- From Department of Interior,*
U. S. Geological Survey.
- From Mrs. S. B. Maxwell, State Librarian, Des Moines,*
Biennial Report of Librarian, 1887.
- From Essex Institute,*
Historical Collections, April, May and June, 1887.
- From Delaware Historical Society,*
Minutes of the Council of the Delaware State, 1776-1792.
- From Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.,*
Report of Mexican Border Commission, 1873.
Report of Commission of Education, 1884-5.
The Study of History in Colleges and Universities.
Circular of Information No. 1. 1887.
- From Indiana Historical Society,*
Longhery's Defeat and Pigeon Roost Massacre.
- From Dr. J. L. Pickard, Iowa City,*
Pickard Reception Memorial, held at Platteville, Wisconsin, August 11, 1887.

From Hon. M. Romero, Minister from Mexico.

The Republic of Mexico in 1876.

From Publisher,

Manifesto as Published.

From A. Munsell, Dubuque, Iowa,

Dubuque Trade Journal, 1885-87.

From Publisher,

American Antiquarian.

From Buffalo Historical Society,

Annual Report of Society, 1887.

From Dr. C. M. Hobby, Iowa City,

Pamphlet on Sympathetic Ophthalmia.

From Boston Public Library,

Bulletin No. 4, Vol. 7, 1887.

From Birchard Library, Fremont, Ohio,

Proceedings at the Unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument on site of Fort Stephenson, Fremont, Ohio.

From F. J. Horak, Iowa City,

Historical sketch of Kosciusko Lodge, No. 6, I. O. O. F.

From Geological Survey Office, Washington, D. C.,

Cockrell's Report of Geological Survey.

Six Pamphlets on Minerals.

From Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C.,

Annual Report of the Commissioner.

From Massachusetts Historical Society,

Tributes of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

From Publisher, Boston,

Education, as published.

RECENT DEATHS.

LUKE BALDWIN, a native of Boston, who came to Iowa in 1854, died at Marengo, his home since 1857, last November, in his 95th year.

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, a native of North Carolina, one of the oldest settlers of Johnson County, his home for over forty years, died August 14th, 1887, at Marengo, Iowa County, aged 76 years. Mr. Cartwright was well fitted by nature for participation in the hardships of the pioneers. His ardent religious nature was blended with a patient and cheerful disposition which made him a tender friend and an agreeable companion.

MOTHER MARY CLARKE, the head of the order of Sisters of Charity in this country, died recently, near Dubuque, aged 85. Over fifty years ago, she founded the order of the Sisters of Charity at Philadelphia. She came to Dubuque in 1854 with Father Donahue who bought lands at Table Mound, Dubuque County, and erected the mother-house, where she died. She had been elected, some years before, the mother of the order for the term of her life.

JAMES BUCHANAN, aged 85, died at his home in Solon, November 18, 1887. He was of Scotch descent, of Vermont birth, and came to Iowa in 1837. He assisted in making the first permanent white settlement at Cedar Bluffs, in Cedar county. Subsequently, in advance of government survey, he staked out, partly on Federal and partly on Indian land, his claim to the ground where he died. Here he was a near neighbor of the Indian chief Poweshiek, who frequently visited him in his log cabin. Such was the friendship subsisting between him and his Indian neighbors, and his confidence in their fidelity, that his cabin would frequently be filled over night with them, and he, the only white man in the company, sleep soundly, with no distrust. Mr. Buchanan acted as chairman in the survey and location of the Government road from Prairie du Chien to Iowa City.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY of the Catholic Church in Iowa, Part I. by John F. Kempker, Riverside, Iowa, is a work of 64 pages, published in neat pamphlet form by the *Republican* Publishing Company of Iowa City. It contains "information of the early days, origin and progress of the Diocese of Dubuque, Missions amongst the Indian Tribes, together with a chapter on Rt. Rev. Dr. Smyth and Rt. Rev. Dr. Hennessey." The work of the Catholic Missionaries, among the pioneers and Indians of Iowa in her Territorial days is an indissoluble part of the early history of our State, and some of it is here presented by Father Kempker, in an interesting manner, and with indisputable accuracy.

THIRD Re-union of the Second Iowa Cavalry, held in Muscatine, Iowa, October 12 and 13, 1887, is a pamphlet attractive to the eye, and convenient to the hand, issued by the *Journal* Printing Company of Muscatine, which in 39 pages gives an account of the third Re-union of most of the survivors of the regiment named, which mustered such men as Elliott, Hatch, Coon, Hepburn, Reeder, Noyes, Love, Sanford and Cadle. This gallant Regiment, first under Gen. W. L. Elliott, and afterwards under Gen. Edward Hatch, (who was "mortally wounded" but still lives as the Colonel of the 9th U. S. cavalry,) won more laurels in the civil war than any other cavalry regiment from Iowa. Serving successively under the immediate eye of first Grant, then Sherman, and afterwards Thomas, wherever these great commanders led, there they went, dashing and clattering along in the charge. They were at Island No. 10, at the sabre charge at Farmington, in the siege of Corinth, at Iuka, at Nashville, and everywhere within their reach where fighting was done. Laurels and glory to the Second Iowa Cavalry.

THE Rights of Labor and Property; their Fundamental Importance in American Society. A Discourse delivered at a Union Service in Burlington, Iowa, upon the Day of National

Thanksgiving, November 24, 1887, by William Salter. Monmouth Printing Company. This is the title of a pamphlet which comprises a Thanksgiving Sermon delivered a few weeks ago. To those who have read Dr. Salter's contributions to THE HISTORICAL RECORD we need not say the subject of this discourse, now paramount to all others in the public mind of America, is treated in a scholarly, practical and philosophical manner, and in a more sprightly style than the average sermon.

NOTES.

A WORD of thanks is due to those who during the past three years by contributions of valuable articles to the RECORD have aided our work. The list is too long for us to mention all by name. Rev. Dr. Salter, of Burlington, who in this number has a memoir of Governor Clarke; U. S. Senator James F. Wilson, who in the last number gave a sketch of C. W. Slagle; Major S. H. M. Byers, the author of the lyric "Sherman's March to the Sea," which will be sung till the great American civil war is forgotten, whose stirring description of the battle of Iuka appeared in the last October issue; Col. Jno. P. Irish, the orator and the editor of the San Francisco *Alta California*; his brother C. W. Irish, U. S. Surveyor General of Nevada; and F. B. Wilkie, the well known author and journalist, for able and valuable papers, have placed us under obligations which it is a sincere pleasure to acknowledge. No less are we indebted to Capt. N. Levering, of Los Angeles, who has been leaned upon by us as an unfailing editorial prop; Hon. Hawkins Taylor, another sure support; and Hon. T. S. Parvin, a sort of minute man, ever ready with loaded arms. The State University has been drawn on through President Pickard and Profs. Calvin, Hobby, Leonard and Parker, whose contributions are scattered through the pages of THE RECORD for the last three years. The Christian Ministry has given us as contributors, besides Rev. Dr. Salter, Rev. G. W. Brindell, Rev. O. Clute, Rev. Father Kempker and Rev. A. B. Robbins. As yet we can boast of but two lady contribu-

tors, Miss Josephine C. Mayo, of Illinois, who had in a recent number some notes on the Indian School at Genoa, Nebraska, and Miss Ella E. Gordon, whose address before an old settlers gathering, appears in this issue. Hons. D. C. Bloomer, H. W. Lathrop, Samuel Murdock, and T. S. Wilson are also entitled to our thanks. During the years referred to, death has taken Suel Foster, of Muscatine, one of our most valued contributors, a pioneer, whose memory was laden with the occurrences of the early days, and who described them in his own quaint way.

A MEMORIAL and historical tablet was erected in the presence of Governor Larrabee and other State officials, on the 12th of last August, in the Court House at Webster City, Iowa. It is the tribute of Hamilton County, given "in grateful memory of the heroic volunteers from Hamilton County, Iowa, in the Spirit Lake expedition commanded by Major William Williams, of Fort Dodge, for the relief of the settlers who survived the Indian massacre of March 8-13, 1857." The tablet is of polished brass, oblong in shape, and deeply and richly engraved. A palm branch symbolical of victory is received in an upright panel at either side. The sentence quoted above stands across the upper part, and just below this is a panel in which is engraved in large characters, "Roster of Company C," after which follows the names of the officers and privates, and below is this inscription: "This tablet was erected at the public expense, to commemorate the patriotism, valor, and sufferings of those gallant men, in one of the severest marches recorded in Indian border warfare. In memory also of Mrs. William L. Church, who shot an Indian while defending her babes, and of her sister, Druscilla Swanger, who was severely wounded." The tablet is received against a background of grey Champlain marble. This beautiful memorial was designed and placed in position by Messrs. J. & R. Lamb, of New York. The interesting papers, by Capt. N. Levering, published in this and preceding numbers, have reference to the events commemorated by this tablet.





Leonard Whitney

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LEONARD WHITNEY.



IN the fall of 1874 I became minister of the Unitarian church in Keokuk. No sooner had I entered upon my work than I began to meet daily with evidences of the strong influence over the congregation and the people of the city which had been wielded, during his life, by the Rev. Leonard Whitney, organizer and first minister of the church. During my four years as pastor there I heard from strong men and women of all classes words of loyal friendship and high appreciation of him. And now as I go from time to time to visit friends in Keokuk, or to preach to the congregation Mr. Whitney organized, I see and hear the testimony that though dead he yet speaketh. I would gladly have left the preparation of this paper to one of the friends who knew him in life. But many of these have passed on, and those remaining hesitate to undertake the work. Happily some who knew him best have given most able help in this tribute to a noble man. And many others, whose names can not even be mentioned here, have recounted to me their memories of their friend and minister.

From the homes of New England have gone forth a multitude of men and women who have shaped the thought and

activities of all the mighty West. In one of these homes in Conway, Mass., Otis Whitney was born in 1781. In 1803 he moved to Waterbury, Vt., and here in March, 1805, was married to Sarah Edmunds, daughter of Joseph and Rosamond Barton Edmunds. Joseph Edmunds had been a privateersman during the Revolutionary war, and his many stories of adventure had a strong fascination for the boys and young men of his acquaintance. The father of Joseph Edmunds had been a Quaker preacher, and had transmitted to his son a noble strain of independence. Rosamond Barton, wife of Joseph Edmunds, was one of the Rhode Island Bartons, and was related to the Bartons of Revolutionary fame, hence in the veins of Sarah Edmunds, wife of Otis Whitney, there pulsed a pure and strong love of justice and liberty for every human being, and of that religion of the Spirit that rises above the narrow technicalities of creeds. And, personally, she was a woman of strong mental and moral qualities.

Otis Whitney was a descendant of a sturdy family that before his day and since has produced many able farmers, mechanics, and merchants; many brilliant clergymen, lawyers, and statesmen. Otis was a man of clear head and practical turn. His efficiency provided his family with the comforts usually found in a well-to-do New England home. He was a farmer, and his children were born and grew up amid the freedom, the independence, the intelligence and industry that then characterized the rural population of New England. Both he and his wife were members of the Baptist church, in which faith they lived honorable lives and met peaceful deaths.

Among the children born to Otis and his wife came Leonard, on October 23, 1811. With such a parentage he received vigor of body and mind. In such a home his native qualities developed healthfully. He grew to an active boy, and became leader of all the sports and mischief in the neighborhood. He was strong, quick, impulsive, wayward, generous. He was by no means distressingly "good," in the Sunday-school-library-book style. His parents and his teachers found him difficult

to manage. But he was the friend of the weak. He responded readily to what was generous, just, and kind. The district school and the academy gave him his early education, which his father urged the restless boy to continue by going to college. But he had dreams of adventures amid strange scenes, fostered, perhaps, by the sea-tales of his grand-father, Joseph Edmunds, the old privateers-man. When sixteen years old he went to Boston, and shipped for a voyage. But before the vessel sailed he had seen enough of the charms of sea-life to change his mind. He succeeded in getting free from the engagement, and never after had a return of the longing for the sea.

The experiences of his Boston trip, acting on a mind singularly receptive, turned his attention to the sober purposes of life. He worked with interest on his father's farm. He attended school at Hinesburg, Vt., and made good progress in his studies. He chose the profession of law as his work for life, and for several years gave himself to its study. In August, 1835, he was admitted to practice at the Chittenden County Court, Burlington, Vt., "by the unanimous consent of the bar." He spent several years in the practice of law at Ann Arbor, Mich., and at Auburn, N. Y. There is no record accessible to me as to his success at the bar. Probably it was not promising. I suspect he was not by nature fitted in mind and morals to succeed in any but the higher fields of law-practice, and circumstances never allowed him to enter those fields. Work, study, anxiety brought him poor health, and he went to Saratoga Springs to rest. While here he visited not infrequently at the home of an old family friend, who was settled near by as the pastor of the Baptist church in Union Village,—the Rev. William Arthur, father of the late President Arthur. His old friend had a strong influence over the young lawyer. During the summer he united with Mr. Arthur's church, decided to give up law, and to become a Baptist minister. That fall he began his ministerial work as pastor of the Baptist church at Bennington, in his native state.

Here he met the lady to whom next year he was married, Ann Jeanette Harwood, only daughter of Asahel Harwood, of Bennington. He preached with ability and sincerity, and his work was acceptable among his people. Leaving Bennington he preached at Penton, Vt., at Reading, Pa., at the Navy Yard Baptist church at Washington, D. C., and then with the church at Canandaigua, N. Y. All the while his religion was growing too large for his creed. His humanity was too deep and loving to allow him to excuse crimes because they were popular and national. He preached justice and liberty for all, even if their skins were black. His moral perception was so strong and so sensitive that he was roused mightily by the Fugitive Slave Law, and poured his impassioned feeling into his sermons. Those sermons were not without wide influence. A friend who had heard one of them wrote to him as follows:

WASHINGTON, 11 Jan., 1851.

FRIEND WHITNEY:—I want you to send me a copy, prepared for publication, of the sermon preached by you in which you say: "They had fugitive law in old times. The authorities commanded that if any knew where Jesus was they should deliver him up. Undoubtedly many knew where he was; and doubtless, too, the chief priests preached, as the doctors of divinity do now, that it was their duty to obey the civil authorities and deliver him up. But in all Judea there was found but one Silver Grey."

One of the merchant princes of New York, and a man high in influence as well as information, says he will print it in fine form, for gratuitous distribution, if I will procure the copy. Grave Senators scream, and yell almost with joy when the argument is thus told to them. They say that the minute it gets out it will go through all the papers; that it is just one of those things that must carry; that as soon as it is named the wonder is that somebody had not thought of it before. Such was the effect when I told it at a dinner party of Senators, members of congress, etc. So make it elevated, concise, sufficiently moderate, but unyieldingly conclusive and severe, and send it along. It will come into good hands.

Very truly yours,

M. O. WILDER.

His religious opinions had been gradually changing for some years. Probably the Anti-Slavery agitation had much to do in helping this change. He soon found himself out of sympathy with the beliefs of a part of his Canandaigua flock,

and with difference of opinion there came among some of his people bitterness of feeling. His conscience urged him on. He could not stifle his thoughts. He could not put a padlock on his lips. His hearers who disagreed with him, were, doubtless, just as earnest and faithful. They believed the Baptist system, and it was their right to expect their minister to teach that system. A conflict came. A church meeting was called, and Mr. Whitney was excluded from the church for heresy. But many of his congregation were with him. These, and others who became interested, organized the "Free Church of Canandaigua," rented a hall, and invited Mr. Whitney to be their minister. He accepted, and for five years preached to them the word of the Spirit as his eager ear caught its enchanting message. All the time his thought was enlarging. He became acquainted with Dr. Hosmer, minister of the Unitarian church in Buffalo, and with the noble Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, with both of whom he exchanged pulpits, and found himself in essential sympathy with both.

He went west as a religious pioneer. He was called to a church in Peoria and to the new movement in Keokuk. His ambition was never great. Keokuk was the smaller place, with the smaller salary. He accepted its call, and became its minister in October, 1853. He had been only a short time in Keokuk when he had an invitation to the pastorate of the Unitarian church in Rochester, N. Y., which he declined. His society in Keokuk erected a building which was dedicated in 1856, and Mr. Whitney entered upon his years of valuable service. His geniality as a man, his generosity as a friend, his eloquence as a preacher, his power as a thinker, and the genuine religiousness of his nature called into his church a company of men and women of remarkable ability, some of whom have since reached a wider than national fame and influence. Hon. Samuel F. Miller, now senior justice on the United States Supreme Bench, was then a young lawyer in Keokuk. He became one of Mr. Whitney's most faithful friends. Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, a rising young man from Van Buren

county, Iowa, went to Keokuk to study law. He and his amiable wife also found in the Unitarian church a congenial religious home. Mr. Briggs, editor of the *Gate City*, then as now one of the most influential papers in Iowa, became an attendant on Mr. Whitney's preaching, and one of his warmest admirers. Dr. Freeman Knowles, who had brought from his birth-place in Maine a keen New England mind, and his wife, whose religious nature and mental power fitted her for the noblest society, and their daughter Emma, were drawn to his preaching. Able business men were there not a few. George Williams, C. H. Perry, E. H. Harrison, Wm. Leighton and their wives, were all fed mentally and spiritually by the power of their preacher. J. M. Hiatt, S. W. Tucker, R. B. Ogden and their wives found in him a leader whom they could gladly follow. Most of these early friends have crossed the river, or have removed to other fields of business. But all whom I have met are heartily loyal to this spiritual leader of their early or mature manhood, and womanhood, and all are enthusiastic in their appreciation of his genius.

Still the strong man and the able leader found his labors hindered because some of those who loved him as a man, and who were in sympathy with his religious philosophy, could not agree with him in all respects in the practical application of that philosophy. Slavery was the all-absorbing topic in society, and in politics. Mr. Whitney's soul was on fire with the love of liberty. His direct mind and sensitive moral nature went, sure as the needle to the pole, straight to the immediate freedom of the slave. Not all his people were able to think with him. He could not rest except in sermon and in prayer his love of justice and freedom found frequent and burning expression. Not all his people could see that duty demanded this constant and ardent utterance. Just then the Rebellion, terrible in its suffering and bloodshed, but glorious in the reward of justice and liberty it won, was urged on by the sadly mistaken South. Mr. Whitney's heart and mind could then rest only in active service. He had spoken for liberty;

he now wanted to work for liberty. He sought and obtained the appointment of chaplain to the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, of which R. G. Ingersoll was Colonel. He gave up his parish and joined his regiment with enthusiasm.

For this work he was peculiarly fitted. He was genial in spirit; he met all men in a happy way. He had an appreciation of man; he could detect the divine-human through the lowliest and most sinful guise. He was unselfish; he gave gladly his last crust to the suffering. He was entirely without sanctimonious pretense; he went among the men as a brother, a friend, a sympathetic helper. The officers and men were drawn to him at once. The relations between him and them were cordial and brotherly. He was their minister in the true sense—their helper, their leader in the best things. Of the appreciation in which he was held in the regiment the following letter from his honored colonel gives generous testimony:

NEW YORK, January 6th, 1888.

REV. O. CLUTE.—*My Dear Sir*:—It gives me great pleasure to write a few words in reference to the Rev. Leonard Whitney. He was one of the best, one of the purest, one of the noblest men I ever knew. He was in the highest sense a deeply religious man—that is to say, he lived in accordance with his ideal. There was about him neither cant nor hypocrisy. He did not pretend to be better than others—he wished only to make others better.

While I knew him, his entire time was occupied in doing good to others. He was a perpetual consolation to the sick and wounded,—an example for all. He won the respect of every man who knew him, and his influence was only good.

He was a thorough believer in the religion of good works, and he lived in exact accordance with his belief.

He as truly gave his life for his country, as though he had died on the field of battle.

Yours truly,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

Not long after his regiment took the field it was engaged in one of the fiercest battles of the war,—Pittsburg Landing. The story of that fight I need not write. It is known to all. But all do not know the self-sacrificing service that the chaplain gave to the sick, the wounded, the suffering, the dying. His was the large nature that rose nobly to the large occasion.

Those who saw him on the field, amid the ghastly suffering, have tears in the voice as they tell to-day the story. "It is related of him that seeing a wounded soldier unable to leave the field, he leaped from his horse, put the poor fellow in the saddle, and directed him to the nearest hospital-boat. To another he gave his blankets; to others he gave his clothes, tearing up his shirts and handkerchiefs to make bandages for the wounded. Many a maimed soldier remembers with grateful heart and tearful eyes his heroic acts of love and mercy on that bloody field." In a letter to his wife, written after the battle, when faint, weary, and sick, and talking of coming home, he says: "I have no horse, saddle, bridle, quilt, blanket or encumbrance of any sort or kind. I gave them all up to the wounded on the battle-field, and have not seen them since; they helped those in sad need, and they are welcome to them."

The exposure to pitiless rain, to the chilling night air, to sleeping on the wet ground, to insidious malaria, brought on a fever. He was sent on a hospital boat to St. Louis in charge of the "Sisters of Mercy," who gave to him, and to all in their care, the most faithful attention. He went from St. Louis to his home and friends in Keokuk. The disease made rapid advances. His family, his many devoted friends, gave him every care. But care could not avail; love could not beat back the march of that enemy that at some time overtakes us all. On June 12, 1862, his struggle ended, his soul went home.

In estimating the work and character of Mr. Whitney it is fortunate that we have the help of some of the able men who were influenced by his ability, and warmly drawn to him in personal friendship. One of these, widely and highly honored, writes:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 21, 1887.

REV. OSCAR CLUTE—*My Dear Friend*:—Your letter of the 15th inst. was received by me about the 20th, when I was so busy in disposing of the business of the court, preparatory to the recess of the Christmas holidays, that I had no time to make any response, so that it has been delayed until now. I hope it is not too late, for it gives me great pleasure to speak of the Rev. Leon-

ard Whitney, with whom my relations were of the most intimate character. Indeed, I fear that what I may say about him will be rather the result of the most affectionate remembrance of a devoted personal friend, than a critical historical statement.

I do not know precisely in what year Mr. Whitney came to Keokuk; somewhere I should think between 1852 and 1854. There was no organized congregation of Unitarians there when he came, but a number of the most intelligent citizens of the place had been Unitarians in other localities, or were inclined to some more liberal form of Christian doctrine than was taught in any of the orthodox churches. A room was rented, and Mr. Whitney preached to these persons and to all others who came to hear him. This continued for several years, the place of worship changing as the exigencies of the case required.

Mr. Whitney was, I think, a native of Vermont, where families of Whitneys are numerous, and I have since met more than one person bearing his full name of Leonard Whitney. He was, I should think, forty years of age when he came to Keokuk, and, as I understood, had been a Baptist minister, but had left the ministry of that church because he could not longer hold to its principles. This change of conviction may have led to his over-estimate of the evils incident to creeds. Certainly, he was an aggressive preacher, and gave much of his time and energy in the pulpit to showing the untruthfulness of popular doctrines. And if there was in the character of his preaching anything which to me seemed objectionable it was the vigor with which he denounced what he thought to be the erroneous principles of the prevailing creeds of the Christian churches generally.

This developed a seeming inconsistency in his character, for his social relations, not only with the members of the other churches of Keokuk, but with their clergymen, were of the most cordial character. He was respected and beloved by all of them, and in his intercourse with the world at large, with his friends and with his family, he was the kindest and tenderest friend and the most affectionate father and husband. But he seemed impelled by a solemn sense of the duty which had fallen to his lot to expose those errors in the orthodox creeds which he believed led to contention and evil in the Christian churches, and in accordance with the energy of his nature and the strength of his convictions he was not choice in the selection of the words by which he denounced those errors.

He was a man of very vigorous thought, and still more vigorous language. Some of the illustrations of his arguments have remained with me through long years and absence from the theatre of his services. Perhaps I can not better show the man than by reproducing one of these.

The years 1857 and 1858 found the people of the city of Keokuk utterly prostrated by the financial crisis which pervaded the United States, but which fell with peculiar force upon that place, because it had been a prosperous town, and its citizens venturesome in their desire to make money by speculation, and particularly in real estate. The result of this crisis was to leave many persons, who believed that they had accumulated fortunes, struggling with absolute poverty and in debt beyond any hope of relief. This condition of things

was accompanied or followed, as is very often the case, by a great religious revival, in which under the influence of religious zeal the occasion was improved to turn the attention of those who had been thus unfortunate, to a land where sorrows never come. The interest awakened was very extended, and the number who joined the different churches during this revival was quite remarkable. As Mr. Whitney did not believe in this mode of adding to the church, nor in a permanent good influence on persons who professed a change of life and heart under this kind of teaching, he took occasion to preach a sermon upon the subject of revivals, in which he, with his usual force, pointed out his belief that such motives as had induced the additions to the churches under the circumstances then existing were not of a character to prove lasting with the individual nor creditable to those bodies in the end. In illustration of his view of the matter he said: "Those who have thus been seriously distressed by losses of corner lots in Keokuk have only transferred the same earthly affection to their faith in the corner lots which they desire to secure in the New Jerusalem."

I do not know that this illustration was original with Mr. Whitney. I am very sure I never heard it before or since, and its force as a mental photograph of what he supposed to be the moving principle in such revivals of religion can hardly be equaled.

It is with more pleasure, however, that I give illustrations of his warmth of heart, showing the practical benevolence of his nature. On a Sabbath in mid-winter when he was expected to preach to his congregation, not then very large, he failed to appear, so that after some singing and reading from the book of prayers the people dispersed. During the succeeding week it was ascertained that Mr. Whitney had that morning started in a snow-storm from his home, which was some distance from the place of worship. On his way he had to pass the house of a widow, who was in very poor circumstances, and it occurred to him to drop into the house and enquire into her situation. He found her with a family of children, without fire, without wood to make one, and if she had anything to eat, no means of cooking it. He instantly set himself to work, went to some neighboring house and got a few sticks of wood, sawed them into the requisite lengths, split them up, started a fire in the widow's stove, and saw that she had something to eat. With his attentions to her the time passed so quickly that before he had finished, it was too late for him to preach. Of course this became known to a few of his congregation, and the next Sunday, when he addressed the members who attended, in a short and modest way he stated the cause of his detention, and said that he had no regrets for himself and no apology to make for his failure to attend upon the previous Sabbath.

The circumstances attending Mr. Whitney's death constitute a tribute to the tenderness of his heart and the nobility of his character which must endear him to the memory of his friends as long as they live to remember anything. In the early part of the late civil war he was appointed by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll as chaplain of his regiment, the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry. I do not stop here to make any criticism upon Col. Ingersoll's religious principles, either then or now, but it seems probable that the friendship between him and Mr.

Whitney may have been strengthened by the fact that at that day, over thirty years ago, each of them was aware that the other was struggling for light on the great subjects of religious thought. Whatever may be your opinion or mine in regard to Col. Ingersoll's present opinions on those subjects, no one can deny the integrity of his character or the purity of his purposes in the course he pursues on that subject.

Mr. Whitney accepted the place of chaplain, immediately joined his regiment, and within a very few days found himself at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, as we call it, or the battle of Shiloh, as it is called by the men who fought on the other side. It will be remembered that after a hard day's fight our soldiers laid down on the ground, where the darkness had overtaken them, and that a rain fell during a large part of the night. Notwithstanding the bad weather and his fatigued condition, Mr. Whitney occupied the entire night in going around over the field, looking after the sick, the wounded, and the dying, and in doing all that he was capable of in the way of relieving their sufferings. Many of these wounded he found without covering, cold, unprotected, and to one he gave his overcoat, to another his coat, to another his waist-coat, and still continued to go on through the rain and cold.

I do not desire to harass the feelings of your readers by descriptions of the sufferings which he attempted to relieve, nor of those which he must himself have encountered in this first essay of his duties as chaplain of his regiment, nor by recalling the unfortunate result to Mr. Whitney and to his congregation at Keokuk. The feelings of affection and distress to myself which are recalled by the incident, compel me to be brief. I can only add that during that night he contracted a disease from which he died within two or three weeks, and, indeed, was hardly able to be brought home before that event occurred.

His grave lies in the most beautiful part of the cemetery of Keokuk, among those of other citizens who have died and been buried there. Adjoining this is a National cemetery, where the bodies of those who died in the army have been interred. On Decoration Day once a year, the people of that city, as of other sections, meet and scatter roses on the graves of their friends and heroes. For many years after his death, and as long as I was able personally to attend those decoration services, I never failed to visit the grave of my departed friend and contribute my floral testimony to his memory. It was a pleasant thing, as I would sit near his last resting place and watch the people who came to see it, to note that no grave in all that city of the dead received more consideration or was visited by more sorrowing hearts than that of Leonard Whitney.

Mr. Whitney died in the prime of life, died regretted and mourned by the population of an entire city, died without an enemy, and his loss was an irreparable one. He left a widow and four children. Through the kindness of Col. Perry, and some others, he had secured a comfortable house in a pleasant part of the city. He was indifferent to making money, perhaps too much so, and his wife and young children were left in struggling circumstances. Perhaps the pervading influence of his earnest example, of his devotion to duty, of his generous character, and of his self-denying consecration to the cause of

humanity and the Christian religion, as he understood them, were worth more to those he left behind than any money could have been.

He was a true man, with a noble heart and a commanding intellect. He died a martyr to his sense of duty. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

SAM. F. MILLER.

Desiring a word from one or two who had known Mr. Whitney in the army that I could incorporate into this paper, I addressed a note to Col. R. G. Ingersoll. In response came the cordial letter printed a few pages in advance. Afterwards I found among Mr. Whitney's papers the following letter from Col. Ingersoll, written a short time after Mr. Whitney's death:

CORINTH, July 19th, '62.

MRS. LEONARD WHITNEY—*My Dear Madam:*—Your letter did not reach me till yesterday.* I immediately made out the proper certificate, and, as I think, properly attested, though I am very little acquainted with the regulations on the subject. I hope, however, that it may prove sufficient.

I was very glad to receive your letter, and glad to learn that I was remembered by your husband, to whom I was greatly attached. Mr. Whitney won the respect and esteem of the whole command by uniform kindness to all, and was considered by every man in the regiment as a noble, generous gentleman.

During the time he was with us he was almost constantly by the sick and wounded, and was as kind to them as though they had been his own children. At the battle of Shiloh he gave his blankets to the wounded, then slept upon the ground uncovered, with the chilling rain pouring upon him the whole dreary night, and at that time, as I believe, laid the foundation for the disease that terminated his life.

Permit me to say that I sympathize with you deeply in your irreparable loss. Generous men are not indigenous to this world. They are exotics from the skies. There is no such thing as being consoled for their loss. Their memory is worthy of and demands the bitterest of tears. And yet, believing as you do in the immortality of the soul, the dark cloud of grief now enveloping your heart, if not dissipated, will at least be adorned and glorified by the sweet bow of Hope.

I shall ever be pleased to be of assistance to you in any manner possible, and I hope you will feel no delicacy in commanding me. If the certificate herewith sent should prove incorrect, inform me, and it shall be made right.

* * * * *

I am, my dear madam, your friend,

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Twenty-three years after Mr. Whitney's death his congregation in Keokuk, desiring to express their love for him, and to tell the children and young people of the church something

of its noble founder, held a memorial service in his honor. The congregation and the Sunday-school met together in the beautiful church dedicated in 1874, standing on the site of the one built soon after Mr. Whitney first came to them,—a church in striking contrast with the humble hall in which his people first listened to his inspiring words.

Congregation and school joined in a devotional service and in memorial hymns. Then those who had personally known him, or who had come to honor him by learning of his work and his character, spoke about him with sincere loyalty. Rev. R. Hassall, Messrs. M. R. King, S. W. Tucker, J. M. Shaffer, R. B. Ogden, and J. M. Hiatt gave addresses, and letters were read from some who were unable to be present. It would be a pleasure to quote liberally from all the speakers, but I must confine myself to some brief extracts. J. M. Hiatt said:

"Sham, and cant, and hypocrisy Whitney hated as fiercely as did Carlyle. But not, as with Carlyle, did his hatred run into bitterness and misanthropy. It was because he loved mankind and the truth, and revered the divinity incarnate, that he hated these things. They were obstacles to human progress and happiness, and opposed to divine verity, hence his unrelenting war upon them. While fully recognizing moral worth and intellectual culture, he could not perceive the factitious distinctions that exist among men. The cabman and the king alike had immortal souls, and to him stood upon the same platform. The worldly-wise would say he betrayed great want of tact, of policy, in his lack of discrimination. That he failed in consequence to aggrandize himself, his church, and his cause as he otherwise might have done. Policy was no part of his character. He lived too near the soul of things. What the truth could not gather, to him must remain ungathered. He would not have played upon human weakness, or pandered to human vanities to have been made the world's emperor."

S. W. Tucker, whose family received Mr. Whitney as a welcome guest on his first arrival in Keokuk, said:

"The admirers and appreciators of Mr. Whitney were not confined to his society. He had frequent hearers from the other denominations. His efforts were mostly arguments. He had a natural gift in argument, which may have been confirmed by his study of law. This style was attractive to inquirers outside of his immediate people."

From one who knew him in the field comes this hearty word:.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 4th, 1888.

REV. OSCAR CLUTE—*My Dear Sir:*—I considered Mr. Whitney one of the most faithful, laborious and devoted men in the service. Although not in his regiment, yet the Fifteenth Iowa, of which I was in 1862 a field officer, was near the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, and I had occasional opportunities for observing the conduct of Mr. Whitney. I was at once impressed by his energy and thorough devotion to the men, and their interests. As nurse as well as chaplain, he met their wants. He smoothed the pillow of the sick, and gave good words to the ears of the despondent, and dying. In season and out of season, on that slow, tedious, muddy, toilsome, and sickening march from Shiloh to Corinth,—where the wasting weakness of that camp disease which is the terror of all soldiers, reduced the men to skeletons and the ranks by numbers,—Mr. Whitney cheered the faltering, nerved the weak, and was, whenever I saw him, thoroughly equal to the occasion.

Very truly yours,

WM. W. BELKNAP.

Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, who has exemplified as member of congress, as a cabinet officer, and as United States Judge of the Eighth Judicial District, the principles, which, when a student and a young lawyer, he heard in the sermons of Mr. Whitney, sends me the following communication:

KANSAS CITY, MO., December 18th, 1887.

REV. OSCAR CLUTE—*My Dear Sir:*—You ask me for some personal recollections of Rev. Leonard Whitney, and it is with pleasure that I respond, prompted as I am by a great admiration for his talents and character, and a sincere regard for his memory.

Mr. Whitney was, I believe, the pioneer Unitarian minister of Iowa. Others had preached within the bounds of the state before him, but if I am not mistaken he was the first minister of the Unitarian faith regularly settled over a church within the state. He was installed over the Keokuk church, I think, in 1853. When I went to that place to commence the study of the law in the fall of 1854, he was preaching to a small congregation of exceptionally strong people, in a hall near the corner of Main and Fourth streets. The Keokuk church at that time numbered among its supporters such men as Samuel F. Miller, now senior justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Col. C. H. Perry, Dr. Freeman Knowles, Wm. Leighton, E. H. Harrison, J. M. Hiatt, and others of scarcely less prominence, all of whom were much devoted to Mr. Whitney.

As a preacher Mr. Whitney was chiefly distinguished for the force and power of his logic. It was an education to hear him from Sunday to Sunday. His was for a long time the only Unitarian pulpit in Iowa. He stood at his post, surrounded by his little band of devoted followers, and right manfully defended

the Liberal Faith. In his day controversial preaching by the liberal clergy was necessary. It is, happily, not so now. Mr. Whitney and his church were a target for many sharp shots from all the surrounding pulpits. I knew and admired the orthodox clergy of Keokuk of that day, and I do them no injustice when I say that Mr. Whitney was more than a match for them all. On one occasion I remember he had mercilessly exposed the unreasonableness of certain popular theological doctrines, and a neighboring minister had replied soundly berating him for speaking so of sacred things, and insisting that the doctrines in question only seemed unreasonable because finite minds can not understand the reasoning of the infinite. In reply Mr. Whitney exclaimed with great force: "I can not accept these things on the ground that I do not understand them, for, as an honest man, I am bound to reject them *because I do understand them.*"

But he did not always debate in his pulpit. In spirit he was gentle and charitable, and preached much upon topics of duty and practical living. Once I remember a curious circumstance happened which will illustrate something of his deep religious faith as well as his readiness as a speaker. He was preaching in the evening and his subject was immortality. Suddenly the gas went almost out, so that for a time the church became dark. He stopped his discourse while the darkness continued, which was several moments, and when the light returned, as it did very suddenly, he said, "So, my friends, I believe it will be with us all. For a moment, at the end of life's journey, darkness may come over us, but it will be but for a moment, and will be followed by the glorious light and joy of eternity."

As a preacher he was far above the average. His power was the result of great ability coupled with evident sincerity. He never descended to hair splitting niceties, but always grasped the vital questions touching the subject in hand. He had no patience with arguments founded on isolated passages of Scripture. He adopted a very different method of argument. The attributes of God as understood by all Christians were taken as his premises, and from these he went with unerring certainty to his conclusions. God is love; therefore nothing can proceed from him that is not prompted by love. God is justice; therefore no punishment that is not just can proceed from him. God's mercy endureth forever; and therefore will always be with every child. God is wisdom; therefore his chastisements must be wise, hence can not be aimless nor endless. These are samples of his inexorable logic. Many others might be added. His sermons cast in this mould, and delivered with a fervent eloquence not often seen, produced a marked effect upon his hearers. They appealed with equal power, to the head and the heart, to the intellect and the affections.

Mr. Whitney was deeply interested in the anti-slavery cause, and could not see it to be his duty to keep silent upon that subject. He was one of the few ministers in southern Iowa who preached openly and boldly against slavery from 1854, until the war. I remember well one of his sermons, preached, I think, in 1856, in which he arraigned the slave power as hostile to the Union, and predicted that war would come if they persisted in their course, and that the result of war would be the destruction of slavery and the establishment of

the Union founded upon liberty and justice, and therefore destined to be perpetual. Having preached thus for many years, he naturally felt, when the war came, that he ought to do something more than preach for the cause he loved so well. He doubted whether a Unitarian minister could get a place as chaplain, and this gave him some trouble. Hearing, however, that the famous Col. Robert G. Ingersoll had raised a regiment of Illinois cavalry, he very naturally surmised that Mr. Ingersoll would not object to him on account of his heterodoxy. He accordingly wrote Col. I. a letter applying for the chaplaincy of the regiment, and saying, "if appointed I promise to take care of the sick and wounded half the time, to fight half the time, and *preach the remainder*." He got the place, and he had the reputation, among the officers and soldiers who knew him, of being one of the best chaplains in the army. At the great three days' battle of Shiloh he devoted himself day and night, and through rain and storm, to taking care of the wounded. He stripped himself of one article of clothing after another in order to cover the wounded, and thus by exposing himself contracted the sickness from which he died, having given his life for the cause as truly as did those who were killed in the battle.

Mr. Whitney was as a man warm-hearted, generous, charitable, devoted to friends and forgiving toward enemies. I have known him to go about the city of Keokuk on many occasions soliciting aid for worthy poor people. He was a deeply religious man, and he lived up to his profession. His life was one of devotion to duty, and to the right as he saw it.

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. W. McCRARY.

Mr. Whitney still lives in a world made better by his presence. Often in Keokuk one hears men and women, now gray-haired fathers and mothers, tell of their lives being strengthened and sweetened by his influence. The children of those who, sick and needy, were helped by his work and sacrifice, rise up and call him blessed. Civil liberty, towards which his generous nature went out in entire devotion, now extends its welcome and its care to every human being. Spiritual liberty, in defence of which his loyal soul gladly endured opprobrium and obscurity, is making rapid progress. The love of God and the love of man, which to this clear-brained and warm-hearted follower of Jesus, were the essence of religion, are constantly coming to wider recognition. He lived here for truth and goodness; he worked for his fellow-men; his aspiring soul looked in joy to God. Surely, in the nearer presence of God he still lives and still works for all noble things!

O. CLUTE.

Iowa City, Iowa, March 11th, 1888.

IOWA AND THE DRAFT.

BY N. H. BRAINERD, MILITARY SECRETARY TO GOVERNOR KIRKWOOD DURING THE WAR.



WHEN the Rebellion burst upon the loyal States of our Union the demands of the Government for troops with which to meet and overthrow it were of course urgent and very great. The uprising of the entire North in answer to these demands was the most magnificent popular movement this world ever saw. It seemed as if an overruling providence had so guided the rebel machinations as to lead them to so strike their first blow as best to arouse the national spirit to the defence of the Union.

The thunder of the rebel cannon upon Fort Sumter, amid the shouts and loud acclaims of the rebel hosts, proved in fact the death knell to all their hopes and aspirations.

Nowhere did the fires of patriotism burn more brightly than on the prairies of Iowa, from river to river all over the State.

When the first call was made for 75,000 men for three months of service there seemed almost a fight for places, and in Iowa two regiments were enlisted when but one was called for and but one could be accepted. But such was the spirit of the enlisted men that so soon as a call came for enlistments for three years' service this seconded regiment, which had enlisted but for three months, went bodily into the three years' service. As the conflict progressed and increased in magnitude the Government, in 1862, issued a call for 300,000 men to be enlisted for three years' service, and for another 300,000 to be enlisted for nine months, if possible, but if not then to be drafted. Then was the time we saw the war spirit on the rampage here in Iowa. In our own county we saw 700 men go into the Twenty-Second Regiment, while some 500 had gone out before. The quota for Iowa in each one of these calls was about 10,500 men. The first was soon filled.

As to the second, Gov. Kirkwood said he would not put in a man for nine months. He said it took nine months for raw recruits to become of value as soldiers, to become inured to camp and march, to change of food and habits, and the exposure incident to army life, and efficient in drill and the use of arms. By the time they had got thus far and were beginning to be soldiers indeed their term of enlistment would expire and they be lost to the service. So he called upon the patriotism of Iowa to fill this call also with three years' men, and so well was his call responded to that the whole number were so enlisted and sent to the field. Of all the wise things done by Gov. Kirkwood during the war, and there were very many of them, none were wiser than this. Had this call been filed throughout the country in the same manner, the rebellion would have collapsed much sooner than it did, and tens of thousands of precious lives and hundreds of millions of treasure been saved. But all Governors did not have Iowa patriotism to draw upon. But Iowa received at Washington credit only for the number of men sent, without reference to the time of their enlistment. As the war progressed, with all its casualties and the expiration of the enlistments of the nine months' men, more recruits were wanted, and as they could not be enlisted fast enough a draft was ordered in 1863, and Iowa was called upon to furnish troops under it. I then suggested to Gov. Kirkwood that Iowa was entitled to credit for the *time* of enlistments as well as for the number of men enlisted. He directed me to correspond with the War Department and present the claim. This I at once did and received prompt reply that the claim was just, but that the department was overwhelmed with work and had no time then to adjust the matter, but would do so and give due credit on any subsequent call—that the necessity for men was most pressing and this draft must go on, as it did, early in 1864. In July, 1864, another draft was ordered and Iowa had not received her due credit. Gov. Kirkwood's term closed in January, 1864, and Gov. Stone succeeded him. He also pressed this claim

for credit, but it was not until January 23d, 1865, that he was enabled to issue his proclamation announcing that, "After a careful settlement with the War Department and adjustment of credits due under previous calls, together with recent enlistments, we are gratified in being able to announce that all demands by the Government upon this State for troops have been filled, and that we are placed beyond the liability of a draft under the impending call for 300,000 one years' men."

Had proper credit for these three years' men been obtained as the men were furnished our quota would have been full when the first draft was ordered and, with the enlistments which were constantly being made, all calls would have been met by enlistments and Iowa at no time subject to a draft. The 10,500 for three years were equal in time of service to 42,000 men enlisted for nine months. In actual value they were vastly greater than this. They were, after the nine months expired, veterans in service to the close of the war, while some of the greatest embarrassments the Government encountered were from the expiration of the terms of the nine months' men from the other States.

This was one of the most striking and creditable events in Iowa's glorious war record—that she went so far beyond the demand made upon her by the Government as to furnish this so vastly greater support than she was asked to do, or than any other State in the Union did do or attempt to do. The initiation of this was due to the good sense and sound judgment of Gov. Kirkwood. The fulfillment of it was due to the abounding patriotism and heroic valor of the young manhood of Iowa.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN H. GEAR.

BEFORE THE FOURTH REUNION OF THE TRI-STATE OLD
SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION AT KEOKUK, AUGUST 3D, 1887.



TO me is delegated by the courtesy of this society, the pleasant duty of presiding over your meeting this year. A man must be singularly constituted if he did not appreciate the compliment of presiding at this peculiar gathering. Peculiar by the fact that here to-day meet the people of three great commonwealths, whose inhabitants, speaking the same language, kindred in blood, kindred in their institutions—a people who stood together in the hour of the nation's peril, as they stand together here to-day to enjoy their victories of "peace, which are more renowned than those of war."

It was the custom of the aborigine, when about to die, to prepare himself for his visit to the happy hunting grounds of his people, to call his friends around him and recount to them the achievements of his life.

Like them, you are gathered here to-day on the banks of this mighty river, linking the present with the past, to renew your early friendships, begun "lang syne"; to shake hands one with another, perchance for the last time before you take up the line of march for your "happy hunting grounds." Let me, therefore, briefly call your attention to the early history of the country, which is the home of those present here to-day—a history, the pages of which you have written line by line; a history that marks the resplendent sweep of progress, which has been made by both our Nation and States, all of which you, the pioneers, have seen and largely contributed to.

At the time of the discovery of the American continent, the Latin races had more of the spirit of adventure than their Teuton or Scandinavian neighbors. They were the chief navigators of the world; and the argosies of Venice and the

fleets of Genoa were on all the known seas. Portugal, too, feeling its way along the coast of Africa, had just doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and soon reached India. Spain, with a more sordid ambition, was beginning to be heartily interested in the new countries and their fabled treasures of gold and silver. France, aroused by the tidings of her neighbors' discoveries, was alike fired with a zeal for travel and discovery, and her people aimed at something beyond the aggrandizement of the mother country.

It is fortunate for our land that they, rather than their southern neighbors, became masters, by their discovery, of a large part of North America. Jacques Cartier, the first French explorer to enter the American wilds, laid claim in 1534, in the name of France, to all that portion of the continent north of the great lakes.

While the fame of the discovery of the mighty river, which flows at our feet, and which was so appropriately named by the aborigines, the Mississippi, or the "Father of Waters," is justly due to the Spanish cavalier DeSoto, yet it is to the enterprise of John Talon, who was the "intendant of justice" in the French colony, that we are indebted for our first definite knowledge that we have of it.

History says that John Talon was an ambitious man, that "his views for the aggrandizement of the colony were great and just." Having heard through the Indians that a great river existed west of the great lakes, which, many thought, ran south to the Gulf of Mexico, while others were of the opinion that its course was southwest to the Pacific, determined early in 1673, to send Joliet as an envoy and Marquette as a missionary to discover it.

These men, the one an immediate representative of the government, and the other an humble Jesuit monk, were both inspired with the desire to carry out the wishes of their chief; the one to find and report on his discoveries, the other to convert the heathen, which has always been a leading characteristic of the Catholic church. Encouraged, as I have said, by

Talon, they undertook their long and toilsome journey in search of the "great river."

In a birchen canoe they toiled their way through the lakes up the Fox and down the "Ouisconsin," until on the 17th day of June, 1673, they were rewarded for their labor by the grand discovery they made of this river, on whose banks we stand to-day. To a tribe of Indians (possibly the Masscoutens) who tried to dissuade them from their perilous trip, Marquette said: "My friend (Joliet) is an envoy of France to discover new country, and I am an ambassador of God to enlighten them with the truths of the Gospel." Tradition tells us that they landed near this spot and that Marquette, or "Black Gown," as he was named, preached to a tribe of Indians. As Joliet's diary of the voyage was lost, it is impossible to tell how far down the river they went, but in all probability not below the mouth of the Arkansas. Returning home their discovery was made public.

Soon after their return, Talon went back to France. Talon was succeeded in authority by Louis de Ibuaae (afterwards Baron de Frontenac) who sent Robert LaSalle to discover the mouth of the great river. LaSalle was an enterprising, ambitious man. To him is conceded the honor of having built the first vessel, the Griffen, which sailed on the great lakes.

LaSalle went down the Illinois river, and in January, 1630, having entered Peoria lake, he built a fort about eight miles from the site of the present city of Peoria, which he called "Creve Cœur" (in English Broken Heart), because of the many discouragements he had encountered on his journey.

From thence proceeding down the river with Hennepin and another, they entered the Mississippi, March 8th, 1680, the second party of explorers to gaze on the "great river."

With LaSalle's consent, Hennepin called the river the St. Louis, and the country on its west bank Louisiana. Fortunately the Indian name of the river maintained itself against this ovation as well as against others which proposed to call it "Colbert" after the great French statesman of that name.

Hennepin turned northward, discovering the Falls of St. Anthony, to which he gave the name of his patron saint.

Meantime LaSalle had returned to the French settlements to make additional preparations for his great discovery, and he had to go back yet again before he was finally ready. All preparations being made, on the 6th of February, 1682, he came out of the Illinois into the Mississippi and set sail one week later. On the 6th of March he took possession of the country of the Arkansas in the name of the king of France. On the 6th day of April he discovered the outlets of the Mississippi and took possession of them on the 9th, and the fort he established at the mouth he called New Orleans.

Thus by the courage, enterprise and perseverance (which was so common at that time) of Joliet, Marquette and LaSalle, a vast empire was added to the French possessions in North America.

At an early date, the French established forts and trading posts along the great lakes and in the newly discovered territory of Louisiana, as a defense not only against the Indians, but also against the English with whom they had constant wars. By the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, France ceded to Great Britain all of the northern portions of the continent claimed by her except the valley of the St. Lawrence and Louisiana, although the territory east of the Mississippi remained disputed territory until 1763. During the seven years' war, which subsequently raged between France and England, the latter triumphed. In that war the English troops, composed largely of New England and New York colonists, gained a series of brilliant and signal victories. At Quebec, Frontenac, Detroit, Fort du Quesne, and many other places, the lilies of France, went down before the "red cross of England." At the close of the war at the treaty of Paris in 1763, France ceded to England all the Canadas and all of the territories east of the Mississippi save and except "New Orleans."

We, as Americans, can take just pride that in the wars to

which I have alluded, our ancestors bore their part bravely, and that the vast territory gained as the result of the wars was mainly due to their valor; what we gained by the sword, we again showed our ability to hold by the sword, by the result of the war of the Revolution.

In 1765, Captain Sterling, of the Royal Highlanders, took possession of that part of the Illinois country which had been now finally given up by France. During the war of the Revolution after General George Rogers Clark's conquest of the British posts on the Mississippi, the Legislature of Virginia constituted the people in their neighborhood, and all the citizens of Virginia west of the Ohio, into a county called Illinois county. This organization continued by limitation only some three or four years.

By a second treaty made between France and Spain November 3d, 1762, the former ceded to the latter New Orleans and all that portion of the country claimed by France under the name of Louisiana, but for some reason Spain did not take possession of it until 1769.

Soon after the close of the Revolution the tide of emigration set into the west and south. To the northwest territory, which had by an act of Congress been dedicated to freedom forever, came the hardy sons of New England and Pennsylvania.

To the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky and the country south of it, went the sons of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. These hardy emigrants conquered a peace from the Indians, and at once began to open and develop the country. As the production of soil increased beyond their own wants, there came to them the necessity of a market for their surplus.

The comity of nations, which to-day permits free egress and ingress to a nation situated on a river, the mouth of which is in possession of another, was however not so well defined as it is now, hence it came that there was constant friction between the Americans and those who owned the mouth of

this river. By the treaty of St. Ildefonso, made October 1st, 1800, Spain retroceded New Orleans and Louisiana to France. This cession in view of the fact that France, at that time under Napoleon, was almost at the zenith of her glory, gave great uneasiness to the American people, so much that even war with that power was openly discussed. An eminent writer of the day said "there is one single spot, the possession of which is our natural and habitual enemy, New Orleans, through which the product of our territory must pass to market, and from its fertility it will ere long yield more than half of our whole produce and contain more than half of our inhabitants." And again, "France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us the attitude of defiance." Spain might have retained it quietly for years; her pacific disposition, her feeble state would induce her to increase our facilities there, so that her possession of the place would be hardly felt by us, and it would not, perhaps, be very long before some circumstances might arise which might make the cession of it to us the price of something of more value to her. * * Not so can it be in the hands of France. These circumstances render it impossible that France and the United States can continue long friends when they meet in so irritable a position. The moment France takes possession, * * we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." I have quoted at length to show what was the feeling existing among the American statesmen of that day on the question of France again becoming the owner of Louisiana and New Orleans.

But political events in Europe were rapidly combining to prevent the results feared by him from whom I have quoted. All Europe was convulsed by the wars incurred by the ambition of Napoleon. He was ambitious, unscrupulous and a great military leader. He was also devotedly infatuated with the idea of building up France to be the great military power of the world, and at the same time he was intensely desirous to extend her colonial possessions in all directions. Yet he knew, and none knew better that England was the mistress of the ocean.

Learning that a British fleet was being fitted out for the Mexican Gulf, he saw intuitively that he could not hold Louisiana, and he also knew the feeling which existed in the minds of many of the American people for the acquisition of this territory. He therefore at once instructed his minister "Marbais" to treat with the Americans for its sale. The representatives of the American government had been instructed to negotiate for New Orleans only, and when they were told that France would sell the whole of her possessions in America they were surprised. But knowing how important it was to the United States they did not hesitate a moment, but assuming the responsibility, they at once closed the transaction, and on April 30th, 1805, the treaty ceding New Orleans and Louisiana to the United States was signed. This treaty was ratified by our government at Washington in October in the same year. On the ratification the United States authorities took possession and the "tri-color" of France, which at that time was the emblem of her national sovereignty, forever gave way to the stars and stripes.

In this connection, it is of interest to know that Spain in retroceding Louisiana to France, inserted a secret clause reserving to herself the right to repurchase this country in case that France should at any time allow it to pass out of her hands. Spain gave her consent to our purchase in 1804. The day the treaty was signed two conventions were held by the representatives of the French and United States government.

The first convention provided that we were to pay France sixty millions of francs (equal to eleven and a quarter millions of dollars) and the second provided that France was to pay a sum not exceeding four millions of dollars in payment of certain claims due to our people by France for supplies and damages growing out of embargoes, more familiar known to us as the "French spoliation claims."

Napoleon rejoiced at the effect that this treaty would have on England; he said: "From this day the United States take

their place among the powers of the first rank." Mr. Livingston, one of the United States commission, said in regard to it, "equally advantageous to both parties, to the two contracting parties; it will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts." The prophecy of the former was from a soldier's standpoint, and that of the latter was the judgment of a patriotic, far-sighted statesman. A peculiar clause of this treaty is that France ceded all this vast territory "as fully as, and in the same manner as, it had been acquired by the French Republic." In fact, it seems to have been a quit claim deed. Another clause provides that the inhabitants should be admitted "to all the rights, immunities and advantages of a citizen of the United States, and were to be protected in the enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion."

Not a word was said about boundaries. Indeed, so little was known about this country that I doubt if the French government knew just what and how much it was ceding. Certain it is, that our own government did not know how much territory they were buying, and the first definite knowledge of its vast extent and character, was made known by the Lewis and Clarke expedition, which started across the continent in 1803 and made its report in 1806.

The country ceded by France for the pitiful sum of eleven and a quarter million dollars, is about six times the size of France itself, embracing within its limits over eleven hundred thousand square miles.

It is perhaps little known that this magnificent Louisiana territory was actually granted by Louis XIV. of France, to one Crosat, he to have all the commerce of the country, and all the profits accruing from the mines and minerals he should discover, reserving one-fifth of the gold and silver to the king. As we see it now it was the most munificent grant by far ever made to a subject. But Crosat thought only of the precious metals, for which he searched. Failing in such quest, he thought the country not worth possessing, and in 1717, five years after he received the grant, he relinquished it to the

crown. A few years later the Duke of Orleans, as regent of France, granted the possession to John Law's famous Mississippi company. That remarkable man had better ideas of the resources of the country than the former grantee, making those resources largely the basis of his stupendous system of credits. The most extravagant accounts of the country were circulated throughout Europe, and as one writer says, "The Mississippi became the center of all men's wishes, hopes and expectations." This company's operations resembled those of what we call "boomers" to-day. Its shares sold at fabulous prices, as real estate often does in paper towns and sometimes in quite pretentious cities, with no improvements or developments to justify such prices. When its brief day was run the grant was again relinquished. It is impossible now to estimate what a momentous effect would have been produced had either of these grants been retained by their grantees. If acknowledged to anything like their formidable proportions, how vastly different would have been the fate of this sunset empire of ours! I have called your attention to the anxiety of the people of the west for the acquisition of New Orleans as an outlet. There was more ground for this anxiety than is to-day realized. Bonaparte did not get Louisiana from Spain for the purpose of giving her to America. Quite the contrary. His design appears to have been to put a check to Anglo-American ambition on the western continent. It was contemplated to colonize Frenchmen there under military auspices. This seemed to be a part of the scheme, which he appears to have actually entertained, to make himself a universal ruler.

An incident happening at this time served to intensify the popular feeling. When Louisiana was surrendered to France, the Spanish governor proclaimed the port of New Orleans closed as a place of deposit for merchandise; and he also forbade foreign commerce to use that port unless carried on by Spanish subjects in Spanish vessels; utterly disregarding a treaty reservation in favor of Americans secured during

Washington's administration. The product of more than one-fourth of the republic was thus deprived of its natural outlet. This action aroused intense feeling throughout the country. Hamilton advanced his plan of seizing New Orleans, and all the country east of the Mississippi. President Jefferson said in a letter that the agitation of the public mind was extreme. Public meetings were held throughout the west, at which expression was given to the incensed feelings of the people.

About the same time, word came of an address presented to the first consul of France, in which the glories of a prospective French empire in the new world were artfully depicted so as to flatter the vanity of that despotic ruler. It said: "Fancy in its happiest mood can not combine all the felicities of nature and society in a more absolute degree, than will be actually combined when the valley of the Mississippi shall be placed under the auspices of France. The Nile flows in a torrid climate, through a long and narrow valley. Does this river bestow riches worthy of the greatest effort of the nation to bestow them, and shall the greater Nile of the western hemisphere be neglected? A Nile whose inundations diffuse the fertility of Egypt twenty leagues from its shore, which occupies a valley wider than from the Duna to the Rhine, which flows among the most beautiful dales, and under benignant seasons; and which is skirted by a civilized world and kindred nation on one side, and on the other by extensive regions, over which the tide of growing population may spread itself without hindrance or danger. The prosperity of the French colony will demand the exclusive navigation of the river. The Master of the Mississippi will be placed so as to control, in most effectual manner, the internal waves of faction. He holds in his hands the bread of the settlements westward of the hills. He may disperse or hold at his pleasure. See we not the mighty influence that this power will give us over the councils of the States? The address continued, "when war becomes the topic of discourse, well may they deprecate a

quarrel with France. They will turn their eyes to the calamities of St. Domingo—an example is before their eyes of a servile war. The only aliens and enemies within their borders are not the blacks. We shall find in the Indian tribes an army permanently cantoned in the most convenient stations—a terrible militia more destructive while scattered through the hostile settlements, and along the open frontier, than an equal force of our own. We shall find in the bowels of the States a mischief that wants only the touch of a well-directed spark, to involve in its explosion, the utter ruin of their nation. Such will be the powers which we shall derive from a military station, and a growing colony on the Mississippi—a province cheaply purchased at ten times the cost to which it will subject us.” Who shall say that all this, and perhaps more, would not have been realized had circumstances in Europe not taken a turn that made it advisable for Bonaparte to abandon his hopes of dominating the western hemisphere.

It will be remembered that our government was endeavoring to purchase only the territory around the mouth of the river. The proposition was to give France 10,000,000 livres, or \$1,666,666 for all the French possessions east of the Mississippi, that river to be the boundary, with its navigation free to France, with right to deposit at New Orleans for ten years. Yet, moderate as was this proposition—humiliating, the opposition party did not hesitate to call it—word came that Talleyrand assured our minister that no sale would be heard of. The position was becoming critical. The feeling among our countrymen for forcible measures was growing. Hamilton again urged the seizure of the Floridas and New Orleans, and negotiations afterwards.

About this time the relations between Great Britain and France were at the utmost tension, and a renewal of war was inevitable. A British fleet was put into readiness for the capture of New Orleans, and assurances were given the American ministers that it was with the design of turning it over to the United States. Bonaparte now began to see the danger which

threatened him of an alliance of the American Republic with his enemies—a danger which was made more apparent by the tenor of a series of very warlike resolutions, which had been presented in the United States Senate, and came near being adopted. His minister then suggested to the American representatives the purchase of the whole of Louisiana, with what result the world knows and is the better because thereof.

There was some opposition to the purchase on constitutional grounds. Jefferson himself denied the authority of the government to acquire territory, and suggested the adoption of a constitutional amendment to validate it. But the occasion was one of those supreme moments, and like Lincoln, that illustrious successor of him, who first saw the light of the day the last month of his administration, President Jefferson made the necessities of the republic his justification for appearing to overstep constitutional limitations. In his second inaugural address he used this apologetic language: "I have said, fellow citizens, that the income reserved had enabled us to extend our limits, but that extension may possibly pay for itself before we are called on, and in the meantime, may keep down the accruing interest; in all events it will repay the advances we have made. I know that the acquisition of Louisiana has been disapproved by some, from a candid apprehension that the enlargement of our territory would endanger its union. But who can limit the extent to which the federative principle may operate effectively? The larger our association, the less it will be shaken by local passions; and in any view is it not better that the opposite bank of the Mississippi should be settled by our own brethren and children, than by strangers of another family? with which shall we be most likely to live in harmony and friendly intercourse?"

But so marked were the accruing benefits of the purchase in the minds of the people, that all opposition to it rapidly died out.

It is worthy of remark here, that the most advanced white

settlement to the west was at La Chanette, now Warren county, Missouri, and to the north was at Dubuque, in Iowa, the latter having been made by Julien DuBuque in 1788. While it is but little over a century since the territory east of this river was acquired by conquest, and not quite eighty-four years since that to the west was obtained by purchase from France, yet so great has been our increase by natural law and immigration, that to-day in the vast tracts thus acquired, nineteen great States, each "*imperium in imperio*" have been added to the Union, together with nine territories, some of them containing a large population and knocking at the door of Congress for admission. These States, that is those at one time claimed by France, to-day contain nearly, if not quite a majority of the population of the United States. As our population has increased, so have we grown in influence, until to-day we have a leadership in the nation, the flag of which shelters sixty millions of free people, recognized as among the foremost of the earth. What a wonderful series of events have taken place during eighty-four years which have elapsed since this territory was acquired by our government.

About the time that our sister States of Illinois and Missouri came into the Union, one of the great scientists of that day ridiculed the idea that ocean navigation by steam would be practicable, and even at so recent a period as the settlement of Iowa, a leading British statesman, a man of prominence among the aristocracy, the father of the present Earl of Derby, promised to eat the boiler of the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic. Yet, to-day, every known ocean "is vexed" by the keels of the steamship, until they have almost monopolized the carrying trade of the sea, and Jules Verne's trip "*Round the World in Eighty Days*" is no longer a myth. Moreover, the modern war vessel is a steamer of 10,000 tons burden, armored with steel. Since 1830 the "*Northumbrian*" engine, built by Geo. Stephenson, made her trial trip on the Manchester and Liverpool railway hauling a train of cars; and in the same year, the engine "*Best Friend*,"

typical in its name of the benefits foreshadowed to the people of this country, made its first trip of three miles on the Quincy Railroad in Massachusetts, yet to-day we have 150,000 miles of railway, and the continent fairly shakes with the tread of the iron horse as he wends his way to and fro, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, carrying the people and the traffic, not only of our own country, but from China, Japan and the "Isles of the Sea." Time and space have been annihilated. The wild electric flash of the lightning, heretofore considered an unconquerable agent, has, by the genius of Morse, Edison, and other distinguished men, been chained and utilized, until to-day its ductile wire not only gives ease to the pain of the ailing child, but also propels our vehicles, lights our streets and houses, guides the sea-tossed vessel into harbor, delivers messages of sorrow and gladness far and near, and has made Puck's promise to "put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes," an accomplished fact. The telephone, the power printing press, the sewing machine, and in all the agencies which facilitate trade, correspondence and communication; the machinery for gathering and utilizing the crops; the tools and implements of the mechanic arts, the apparatus for heating and lighting our homes and cooking food, even the little match with which we kindle the fire, each and all of which have contributed so largely to our expansion and individual comfort and luxury (which is nearly all the result of the triumphant inventive genius of Americans) have come to us since the admission of the States whose pioneers are here present to-day. So rapidly, indeed, have all these inventions, to which I have alluded, come to us, that although we are living witnesses of their results, and some of us have seen it all transpire, we find it difficult to realize that it has all occurred in so short a time. Truly was it said that "Man hath the tiller in his hand," for these grand victories of mind over matter, which were thought to be beyond our knowledge, and therefore impossible, have not come by chance, but by hard study and close reasoning from cause to effect, and they carry

with them a lesson which should impress the student not only of to-day, but of the future, that there are yet depths of nature to be sounded and made to yield from her arcana treasures for the benefit of mankind.

Moreover, in addition to the material advancement I have called your attention to, you have seen our nation convulsed in the throes of civil war, unparalleled in the history of the world. You have seen, incident to that war, by the use of that weapon which the poet tells us is mightier than the sword, the manacles fall from four millions of slaves. You have seen the nation emerge from the mighty conflict "purified by blood and sanctified by sacrifice" to a higher plane of universal freedom.

None but you who are pioneers in the great development of this trinity of States can properly measure the steps by which it has been accomplished.

" You crossed the prairies
As of old your fathers crossed the sea,
To make the west as they the east,
The homestead of the free."

Imbued with the spirit of the song, you have built up these States. You laid the foundation wide and deep and built thereon a structure, which will be an enduring monument to your labors. You found it a "wilderness of centuries," you will leave it blooming as a garden; you have planted here those institutions of education, which contribute in so marked a degree to the happiness and moral elevation of our people; you have now come to that period of life when nature reminds us that it is time to cease from our labors and to turn over the good work begun by you in your youth, to those who will come after you.

I have said the work of the pioneer is done. Though he may long survive (which God grant), it is to watch the growth of the superb structure, the foundations of which he laid so securely. It is no discredit to him to say that he built wiser than he knew. In this he resembles all who have done like work.

Honest, earnest effort rarely fails of reward, and often even when the object aimed at is not attained; beyond the veil of disappointment there lies a vista brighter than that hoped for. If we, of to-day, can hardly realize that so much has actually been accomplished in the years we have reviewed, how much less could those who came here fifty years ago to these solitudes to wrest therefrom subsistence for themselves and families and to rear their homes. How could they, I say, anticipate half the glories to be revealed! True, they soon learned what Douglas Jerrold said of another land (our antipodes) "tickle the earth with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest," might justly be said of this their new home, and as the years rolled on, and constantly surpassed their expectations, they got accustomed to the metamorphosis, and were carried along by the sweep of the progress they had inaugurated. To this fruition, others, such as I see before me, younger men and women, have come and are coming to take hold of the work necessary to perpetuate and broaden the magnificent inheritance prepared for them by the pioneers. They come to a work of which in the nature of things they can not hope to see such speedy and marvelous results as you have seen. The epoch through which we and our whole country, and indeed the whole world have passed, is an exceptional one, not likely soon to be paralleled. What is now to be done, therefore, must come by slow steps. I need not say it will be none the less secure by reason thereof. If there be no more great strides, there will yet be solid advance before us, and let us not doubt it will be made. Not to do so would be to stagnate; and this may not be feared of the children of the pioneers.

The enduring fertility of the soil of these three States in its entirety unsurpassed, and with whose exuberance the fathers were so generously rewarded, will forever make agriculture their principal industry. But it is not sound economy, nor wise statesmanship to rely upon even that great industry alone. Indeed, as we diversify employments, so will we enhance the

value of the products of the soil. A work before us then is the encouragement of every manufacture which can be at all profitably domesticated among us. The multiplied iron roads give us increased facilities therefor, while these natural facilities at our hands, the great waterways, should be judiciously cared for; and even artificial ones opened where needed.

By such means, and above all, by multiplying the numbers of attractive homes and augmenting a love for home life, can this fabric of States, so majestic in its outline, so superb in its developed climate, be made the seat of a thriving population, the abiding place of an intelligent, prosperous, God-fearing and man-loving people; an encouragement to every struggling nationality; a beacon of hope to the down-trodden everywhere. And as our sympathies so go out to suffering and defrauded humanity the world over, so let our hearts be always ready to give a cordial western welcome to the true and the good of all lands, who, attracted by the ever open portals of this great valley of the new world, make therein homes for themselves and posterity for enduring ages.

CATHOLICITY IN SHELBY COUNTY, IOWA.



HIS county was organized in 1853. The general surface is rolling, with deeply excavated valleys along the larger streams, and the fertile soil is well adapted to the production of the usual western crops. Although its many resources and advantages procured a rapid progress for this portion of the Missouri slope, the Catholic church manifested but little vitality here before 1873. In that year the colony of Westphalia commenced its actual growth, and its rapid development portrays the method of organization and prosperity of many other settlements of their faith in the lovely prairies of Iowa.

In 1871 the priest from Council Bluffs visited Shelbyville in the southwest portion, where missionary services were attended by three or four families, and besides these but few, if any other Catholics resided in the county. Soon thereafter A. H. Ketteler, in imitation of Lambert Kniest, who founded the colony of Mount Carmel in Carroll county exclusively for the members of his church, made arrangements with the C., R. I. & P. R. R. Land Company in accordance with which as their agent he obtained power to negotiate about thirty-four sections of rich prairie mostly situate in Township 80, Range 39, exclusively to settlers of his faith, and by judicious advertising called the attention of European immigrants as well as residents of the states to his project. The first of these to come was Emil Flusche, who arrived on September 1st, 1872, and on the 6th of the same month became an associate with Ketteler. Flusche belonged to a respectable family in Olpe, Westphalia, had a thorough education and was well qualified for conducting such an enterprise. Before long Ketteler was superseded by Flusche, who induced many of his people to immigrate from Germany, and through his energetic, just and wise administration of affairs laid the foundation for the phenomenal growth of the colony, and to him must be attributed in a large measure their unexpected prosperity as well in temporal concerns, as in religious affairs. In memory of fatherland the name of Westphalia was given to the village post-office, to the township, and their church was dedicated in honor of St. Boniface, apostle of the Germans.

The first religious ceremonies were administered in the colony on the 29th of May, 1873, in the new and yet unfinished house of the Flusche family, and were conducted by the writer of this paper, who was at that time stationed as assistant pastor to Father McMenomy, of Council Bluffs, and under the above named date I quote from the memorandum book: "On that day I said holy mass in the German Settlement near Harlan, Shelby county, the first offered to God in that place . . . on which occasion I joined in marriage Mr.

Charles J. Flusche and Miss Clara Feldmann, and baptized Hermann Joseph, the infant of A. H. Ketteler." They were a most amiable young couple and pioneer settlers. Other settlers who had arrived up to that time and present at the celebration were, Wm. Flusche, Mother Flusche, August Kemmerich, Emil Zimmermann and Hermann Swarte. From this day the number of settlers rapidly increased until long ago the last acre far around has been embellished by the diligence of civilized possessors, and the number at present members of St. Boniface church is estimated at two hundred and fifty families. Their first church edifice was built in August, 1873, a frame house, 28x40 in size, and twelve feet high. It was replaced in 1883 by a brick church, 50x100 feet in dimensions, of Gothic architecture, beautiful and complete in design, and of such magnificent proportions that it would be considered an ornament to a city; to which is added a sound educational institution in a Sisters' Academy.

The incumbents of the spiritual charge of this place have been the following Reverend Fathers:—1873, J. F. Kempker; 1874, F. W. Pape; 1875, Jos. Knaepple; 1876–1878, F. W. Pape; 1879–1885, A. Weber, who had a vicar in Rev. A. J. Cook in 1884; and in May, 1886, the Rev. Father Peter Brommenschenkel became the pastor.

Until 1883 divine services were occasionally given to a few settlers north of Shelbyville. About 1879 a frame church was built two miles south of the present Portsmouth, and since then small, but constantly growing churches have been organized at Defiance, Portsmouth, and Earling, with a resident pastor at Earling, and a monthly visit to Defiance from the priest of Dunlap.

JOHN F. KEMPKER.

Riverside, Iowa.

WAR MEMORIES.



AFTER the lapse of more than twenty-two years, a time more than sufficient to connect the birth and ballot of a boy, how dim and distant seems the black cloud of the great war. It appears like the nimbus of a great storm receding out of sight beyond the horizon. Under the absurd ruling of the red tape of the Pension Office the neglected and destitute ex-soldier still makes application to his comrade to recall and affirm by affidavit the reality of a colic or contusion he labored under in a forced march, or a wound received in battle where one man's life was of no more consequence than that of the scorpion trodden under foot in the delirious and tumultuous charge.

Aside from these verities, duly attested by court seals on official blanks, most of the little ephemeral incidents and accidents of the contest are forgotten and buried where sleep many of the actors in the great drama—on the battlefields of the war.

On first entering their regiments very few of the volunteer officers had more than a vague idea of their duties. A quartermaster was apt, and a surgeon sure, to think he had supreme rule over every one of inferior rank in his department, forgetting the unity of the regiment which requires obedience in all departments to the behests of the commanding officer, the colonel. A few, like Crocker, had the benefit of more or less military education. Some, like Capt. Ben. Beach, had had experience in the Mexican War, then historical for only thirteen years, and a number, like Capts. Stuhr and Schumacker, had acquired military knowledge by service in the armies of Europe, but altogether the number of the experienced was too small to leaven the great mass of military ignorance.

Gov. Kirkwood rarely addresses an assemblage of ex-soldiers without urging them to commit to paper their recollections of

every-day life as soldiers in the war. Following this suggestion, I am tempted to reduce to print a few straggling memories of war days.

During the Atlanta campaign and "the March to the Sea," I was attached to the staff of Gen. Baird, now Inspector General of the Army, who commanded the third division of the Fourteenth Corps.

Coming directly from the Seventeenth Corps, with which I had served in the two campaigns against Vicksburg—the unsuccessful one through Central Mississippi and the triumphant siege—I was surprised at the different tone which pervaded the more conservative Fourteenth, distinguishing it from the more impetuous Seventeenth. This difference was due to the difference of locality from which the men comprising these armies were drawn. The Seventeenth Corps was composed of regiments raised in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Wisconsin, the Fourteenth mostly of men from Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio. The Seventeenth had been McPherson's Corps, and was the flower of the Army of the Tennessee, the Fourteenth Corps was that one which had stood with Thomas at Chickamauga, when the rest of the Army of the Cumberland fled panic-stricken from the field.

The principal officers of Baird's Staff were Major James A. Lowrie, Assistant Adjutant General, Major James A. Connolly, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Third Illinois, Inspector General; Capt. Buttrick, of a Wisconsin regiment, and Capt. John Acheson, Aides, and Capt. Biddle, of an Indiana regiment, Ordnance Officer.

Acheson was a cousin of Baird's. They were from Pennsylvania, their town being Washington, or, as often termed to distinguish it from the capitol, "Little Washington." This is the seat of a noted college, at one time presided over by Dr. Black, who later became President of the Iowa State University. Baird is a graduate of West Point Military Academy, is a most accomplished officer and gentleman, and during the war, was one of the most efficient and daring gen-

erals on either side of the conflict. Acheson, who was also a cousin of the late Mr. Acheson, of Fairfield, the law partner of the late C. W. Slagle, who preceded Dr. Pickard in the Presidency of our State University, had received his education at Washington College.

Being a relative as well as a member of the General's family, Acheson was admitted to more familiar relations with our chief than the others of the staff. When Baird felt in good humor, and as we rode at the head of the division in a leisurely march through the enchanting landscape warmed into beauty by the charming weather of autumnal Georgia, the polemics of the Washington school were often the theme of conversation between the General and his aide.

Acheson was a polished youth and a good musician. Sometimes during a halt, in company with others, he would visit a mansion by the way, and ingratiate himself into the favor of the mistress and her daughters by a few touches on the piano, playing by ear in accompaniment to his own voice some familiar harmony.

Arduous monotony invariably begets inclination for practical joking. The daily record of our campaign, when halted by delay, furnished no exception to this law, and the petty accidents and misadventures of a comrade, if bordering at all upon the ludicrous, gave occasion for demonstrations of hilarity on the part of his fellows. So that when Acheson, worn out by a long march and vigil, and overcome by sleep as he sat by a blazing rail fire, had one side of his new uniform coat burned off, it was a signal for more badgering than sympathy.

Poor Acheson, brave, gentle, and polished, he died a few years after the war ended at his home in "Little Washington."

Connolly, the Inspector General, is a small man, bearing a resemblance to the late Stephen A. Douglas. He was a young attorney when the war broke out, and is still in the same profession, living at Springfield, Illinois. He is at this

time generally mentioned as the probable Republican candidate this year for Governor of Illinois. Since the war he has occupied the office of U. S. District Attorney, and at the last congressional election ran on the Republican side for Congress, his competitor being Mr. Springer. Connolly was a very brave and gallant soldier, and is a most companionable and genial gentleman. Gen. Baird early learned the value and prescience of his judgment.

Once, during an idle day in camp, an argument sprang up as to the temper of the steel in some of the swords, Connolly claiming tha this was the best. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighteenth Kentucky, who was present as a familiar visitor at headquarters, took up the challenge. Connolly held his sword upon a log with the edge upwards, and the Kentucky Colonel, who was a powerful man, raised his sword with both hands above his head and brought it down on Connolly's with a force that cut it nearly in two.

During the seige of Vicksburg, at the headquarters of the Seventeenth Army Corps, occurred an event so farcical that perhaps it deserves to be placed on record.

Gen. James B. McPherson, the commander of the corps, it need hardly be said, was one of the most chivalrous as well as one of the ablest generals of the Union armies.

The staff of a corps commander in the field is necessarily very large and their tents cover a large space. On the occasion to be described these headquarters' tents were arranged in a double line, leaving a narrow alley between, the general's tent being at one end and the medical director's at the opposite extremity. The alley was covered with green boughs to shade the tents and walk. The medical director was the late Dr. James H. Boucher, of Iowa City, who, as the chief medical officer of this army, developed great executive ability, and who has the unique distinction of being perhaps the only medical director of a corps who maintained his official connection with it from its organization to its disbandment. Next to Boucher's tent came that of Major Daniel Chase of the Thir-

teenth U. S. Infantry, who was then performing staff duty at McPherson's headquarters, and who, on account of the heat, was accustomed to sleep in a hammock swung in the alley or street opposite his tent. So on the double line of tents extended perhaps fifty yards to McPherson's tent.

It was customary, at that stage of the siege, for the Union gunboats on the river and the batteries along our long semi-circular line which enveloped Vicksburg, to simultaneously open upon the besieged about two o'clock in the morning, making such a deafening uproar as seldom disturbs the world, and it was at this hour that the mining parties turned out to mine the confederate forts for future explosion.

Two females of uncertain standing and high-protective appearance, accompanied by a colored maid servant had claimed shelter and occupied a tent next to that of the medical director and opposite Major Chase's hammock.

In the stillness of the night, just before the time of the bombardment, cries were heard issuing from the women's tent, then a pistol shot, and an exclamation that the hat of an assailant had been captured and would identify him.

The medical director sprang from his couch and was immediately at the scene of confusion, and with pacific words had soon calmed alarm, taking the captured hat to his own tent.

Military dress in the field during the war was uniform except the hat, but this article varied as much almost as in civil life, all kinds being in vogue except plug hats, and the captured hat did identify a young scapegrace as the intruder.

The women having retired reassured, a conversation ensued in the medical director's tent which was partially overheard by the women, and so entirely misconstrued by them as to lead them to partially lose faith in the integrity of the medical director.

During all this confusion the imperturbable Major in the hammock slept undisturbed.

All was quiet again. The terrible cannonade along the line had not yet begun. The army was sleeping. When again

the screams of women were heard, again the pistol was discharged, again the scene of before, with the medical director as pacificator, was enacted, but the doctor's words this time had not oil enough to smooth the troubled waters.

The Major in the hammock slept on.

At this time Gen. Hickenlooper and other officers of the staff whose duties required them to superintend mining operations were hurriedly passing about, and unreservedly censured the Major for not interfering. Then the cannonade began, but a whispering voice was heard, not above but beneath it all, in the medical director's tent—the voice of the young scapegrace, saying, “Doc, have you got my hat?”

The next morning the women took a hasty departure, and the reflections cast on the Major of the hammock for his alleged deficiency in gallantry well nigh led to a dozen duels. But as the deafening cannonade went on nightly and daily too, and as blood was spilling on all sides, the duels were whelmed in mightier events. The offender did not belong to the volunteers; and as he was a very brave soldier and after the war met a very sudden and violent accidental death, I withhold his name.

RECENT DEATHS.

GENERAL ALEXANDER CHAMBERS, Colonel of the Seventeenth U. S. Infantry, after a protracted illness, died at San Antonio, Texas, on the second of last January. Although not a citizen of Iowa, his name is intimately and honorably associated with her as U. S. Mustering Officer for this State in the first year of the Rebellion and as Colonel of her Sixteenth Infantry. He led the Sixteenth to victory at the battles of Shiloh and Iuka, at each of which he was severely wounded, and at the siege of Vicksburg, where either in immediate command of it or of that superb quartette of Iowa regiments of which it was a part—that unique brigade composed of the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth

Iowa, and known in the annals of the war as "Crocker's Iowa Brigade"—he performed chivalrous service. For his conduct at Vicksburg, on the recommendation of Gen. Grant, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. Gen. Chambers was born in 1833, in Cattaraugus county, New York, from whence he entered West Point Military Academy in 1849, graduating in 1853 in the same class with Gens. Sheridan, Schofield, and McPherson. As we intend to publish in a future number a biographical sketch of Gen. Chambers, which we hope to be able to accompany with his portrait, we refrain from further notice of his career at present.

GEN. JAMES WILSON died suddenly at his home in Newton, on Sunday evening, the eighth of last January, in his sixty-eighth year. Early in the war he entered the army as First Lieutenant of the Thirteenth Iowa Volunteers, and was promoted to Adjutant, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of the same regiment. He served as Provost Marshal on the staff of Gen. McPherson, and upon the death of the latter, in the same capacity on the staff of Gen. Logan. At the close of the war, for gallant service, he was appointed by the President Brevet Brigadier General. On the return of peace he went back to his home in Jasper county, and for a number of years up to the time of his death was President of the Jasper County National Bank. Gen. Wilson was an exceedingly courteous gentleman, a noble man, and a most gallant and meritorious soldier. A biographical sketch of his life with portrait was published in the last July number of the HISTORICAL RECORD.

ELIJAH W. LAKE. M. D., a graduate of the Medical College of Ohio, who came to Iowa about 1850, died at his home in Marion, Linn county, on the 26th of last month, aged seventy-nine years. Dr. Lake, after coming to Iowa, first settled in Iowa City, where he was soon recognized as a skillful physician and where he enjoyed a large medical practice. He was also an active politician, an ardent supporter of Stephen A. Douglas, and a forcible public speaker. He was a native

of Ohio, and before coming to Iowa, had been clerk of the court at Mansfield. Shortly before the war he removed to Marion, where he has since resided and practiced, and at the time of his death was a member of the U. S. Medical Examining Board for Pensions for Linn county. As a man he was kind, genial, and hospitable, and devoted to his friends, for whom no sacrifice was too great for him to make. As a medical man he had the candor and directness which carried confidence to those who relied on his professional skill.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MAINS, a veteran of the War of 1812, who distinguished himself by gallantry at the battle of Lundy's Lane, died at Findlay, Ohio, on the 19th of last month, aged ninety-five years. He was also in the Mexican War.

MRS. ELIZABETH (GALBREATH) BUTLER, widow of Walter Butler, died near Iowa City, January 18th, 1888. Mrs. Butler was a native of Tennessee. She had been a resident of Iowa City and vicinity since 1839, and at the time of her death was eighty-one years old.

MISS KATE WINCHESTER, a native of Marlboro, Vt., and a resident of Iowa since 1839, died at her home in Iowa City, February 5th, 1888, aged fifty-six years.

HENRY OBOOKIAH HUTCHINSON, a native of New Hampshire, but a resident of Iowa since his youth, died at his home in Iowa City, January 18th 1888, aged sixty-one years.

NOTES.

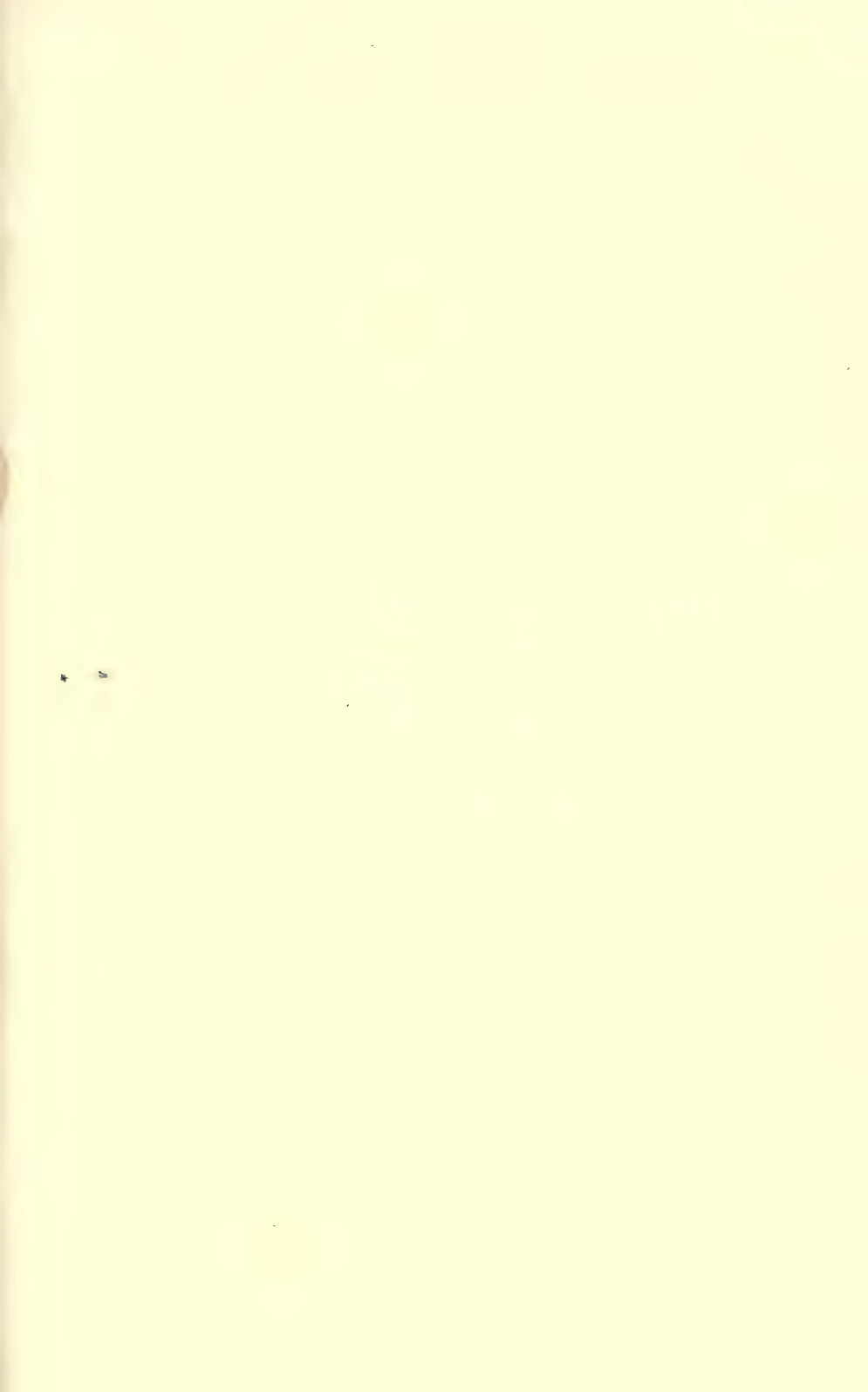
CONGRESS having ordered the erection of a monument to commemorate the services of Gen. LaFayette in the Revolutionary War, Senator Hoar, of the Library Committee, has requested the Massachusetts Historical Society to make a suggestion as to the four Frenchmen to be grouped around the statue of LaFayette. The contract requires a monument with a statue of Gen. LaFayette and subordinate figures and

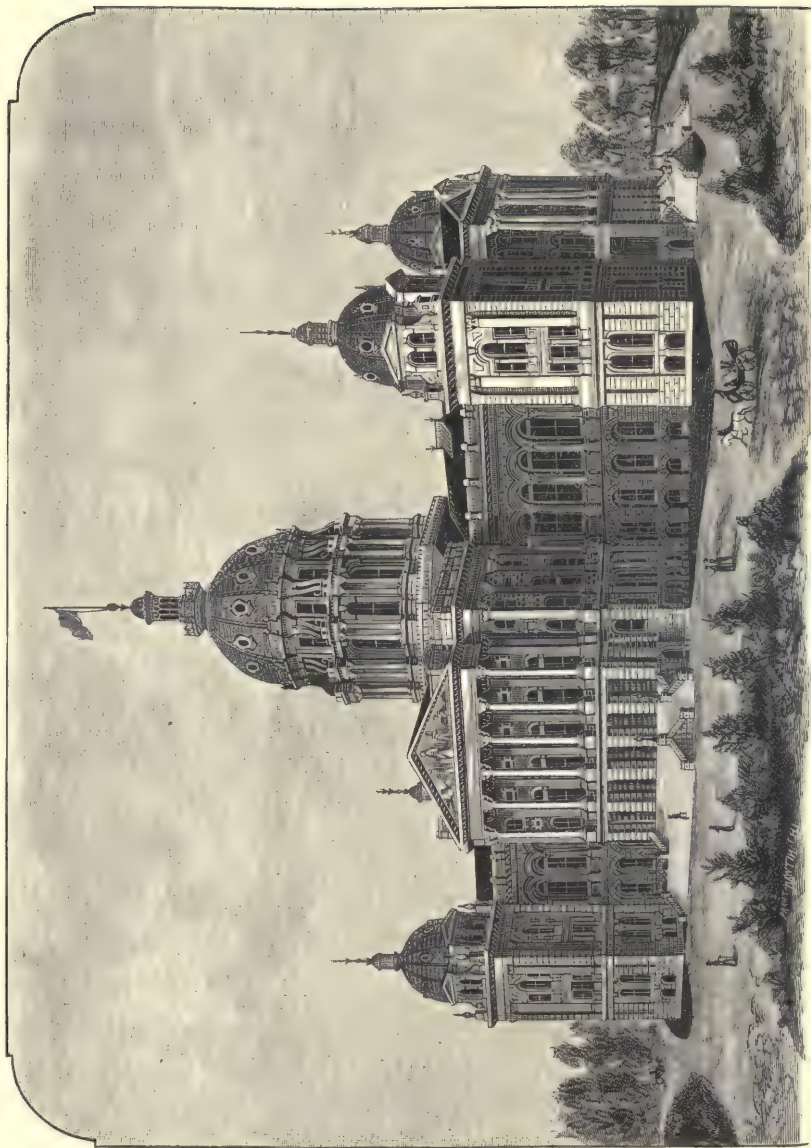
emblematic devices to the memory of LaFayette and his compatriots in the American Revolution. It is stipulated that the statue of LaFayette shall be in bronze in the uniform of a Major General of the Continental Army, and that four of his compatriots shall be represented in appropriate uniforms of their grades in the same service. Senator Hoar's request having been referred to a sub-committee of the Historical Society, with ex-Gov. H. C. Winthrop as chairman, they have recommended that the group around the statue shall consist of the Marquis de Rochambeau, the Count de Grasse, the Baron de Viosmenil and the Marquis de Saint Simon. The LaFayette Statue Commission agree with the sub-committee of the Historical Society as to the first two, but are disposed to favor, as the other two of the quartette Count d'Estaing, who commanded the naval forces, and Duportail, who was Chief Engineer on Washington's staff.

A NOTED episode in the Indian annals of Iowa is retold in an official committee report in the Lower House of Congress. It relates to the claim of Abbie Sharp, formerly Abbie Gardner. The story is thus told in the report of Mr. Whitthorne: "Prior to the 8th of March, 1857, a considerable settlement of white people existed in the vicinity of Spirit and West Okoboji Lakes, in Northwestern Iowa. Among other settlers living there was Roland Gardner, with his wife and three children, including Abbie Gardner, who was then fourteen years old. Another daughter, then but recently married to a man named Luce, lived on an adjoining farm. Upon the date last named Inkpaduta, with his band of Sioux Indians made an irruption into the settlement and began a massacre of the inhabitants that ended only with the extermination or capture of the entire settlement. The massacre is well known as one of the most inhuman as well as one of the most complete in its exterminating character in the long list of savage atrocities. Abbie saw her mother and family killed, one after another; also her sister, Mrs. Luce. While holding the infant child of the latter and endeavoring to protect her own

infant brother the Indians dragged them from her arms and beat out their brains with sticks of stovewood. The cattle and stock were shot down and destroyed in sheer wantonness; the furniture and property of all kinds were destroyed. Her father and Mr. Luce, her brother-in-law, with her entire family, except a sister who was absent, were murdered with the rest. Three women, besides claimant, were the only captives taken and spared. The Indians then began their retreat into Dakota. Abbie, although but a young girl, was compelled to carry a load of some sixty or seventy pounds. She was obliged to carry this load and keep up with her captors in their retreat, wading streams which at that time were cold, and, which with the other outrages perpetrated upon her, totally ruined her health. She saw her female companions who were taken with her killed or die of exposure, and after several months' captivity she was rescued by Indian scouts employed for that purpose, through the exertions largely of Major Charles E. Flandreau, then Indian Agent for the Sioux of the Upper Mississippi. Her father's land was seized by others, and, being a young girl, broken down in health, with all her relatives swept away save a young sister absent from the massacre, she had no one to interest himself in her behalf. This land is now embraced in one of the most picturesque and popular watering-places of the Northwest, and is shown to be worth about \$200 an acre."

WE are indebted to Mr. C. F. Davis, of Keokuk, for a copy of the "Report of the Fourth Reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, held Tuesday, August 30th, 1887, at Keokuk, Iowa," a neat pamphlet, from which we copy the excellent address of Hon. John H. Gear.





THE STATE CAPITOL OF IOWA

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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THE CAPITALS AND CAPITOLS OF IOWA.

WITH A VIEW OF THE NEW CAPITOL.



WITHIN fifty of the best years of the best century whose records have been inscribed on the scroll of time since the fiat went forth, "Let there be Light," is embraced the history of Iowa as a political entity and during that time she has had four Capitals, has built two Capitols, and occupied two others, besides using two churches for State House purposes.

Iowa was once a part of Michigan Territory, then a part of Wisconsin, but by act of Congress she was called into existence on the fourth day of July, 1838, and became a full fledged territory herself. Some eight years later, on the 28th day of December, 1846, she was ushered into statehood and became the twenty-ninth in the sisterhood of states.

While yet a part of Michigan, two counties and two townships were organized, the counties being named Des Moines and Dubuque, and the townships Flint Hills and Julien. The county of Dubuque and the township of Julien embraced all of the territory lying north of a line drawn west from Rock Island to the Missouri River, and the county of Des Moines

and Flint Hills township all between that line and the State of Missouri each township being as large as the county containing it.

The first capital of the territory of Wisconsin was Belmont, a small town in the southwest part of the territory, where the first territorial legislature was assembled by proclamation of Gov. Henry Dodge. As the town of Belmont was very small and the conveniences for holding meetings of the legislature there were very meager, Maj. Jerry Smith, who was a member from Des Moines county, agreed that if the legislature would remove the capital to Burlington he would put up a building suitable for them to meet in, and on December 3d, 1836, an act was passed "locating the seat of government at Burlington till March 4th, 1839, unless public buildings were sooner completed at Madison." During the summer of 1837, Maj. Smith erected a building on Water Street between Columbia and Court, fronting the river; it was a two story frame 40x70 feet with inside stairs to second story. The House of Representatives occupied one story and the council the other, both being separated from the lobby by a railing. In this building the second session of the Wisconsin legislature met November 6th, 1837, and held their session till the night of the 12th of December, when it took fire and burned down. The Council met afterwards in the west room of McCarver's building, and the House over Weber & Remy's store.

Burlington continued to be the capital of Wisconsin till July 4th, 1838, when it became the capital of Iowa; it was then a village built mostly of log houses, with an occasional frame sandwiched in between. What the population of the town was then, does not appear, but it could not have been much over 500, as Des Moines county embracing what is now the whole south half of the State, was officially reported to have but 4605.

The first Iowa territorial legislature met here November 12, 1838, in Old Zion church, a brick structure 40x60 feet or there-

abouts in size, standing on Third Street, between Columbia and Washington, where it remained till 1881, when it was taken down and an opera house erected on the site. A railing was put across the room to separate the lobby from the House, desks were built for the officers and the members, and the floor was carpeted. The Council held its sessions in the basement; consisting of but 13 members, less room was required than by the House, whose membership was 26.

The basement room proving too damp for occupancy by the Council, at the next session of the legislature, the Council met in the Catholic church on Columbia Street near Fourth, and this old church is still standing.

The legislature adjourned January 25th, 1839, and on the day of adjournment \$1200 was voted to the Methodist church for rent. January 13th, 1840, \$600 was voted for rent, and August following at an extra legislative session \$100 more, and January 15th, 1841, \$450 to Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli \$300 for rent of Catholic church, making in all \$2550, besides paying to Levi Hager \$315 for fixing up the house and \$250 for mason and carpenter's work to get it ready for use, thus there must have been paid for rent and fixtures nearly enough to have built a house that would have afforded all the accommodations enjoyed in both churches.

At the first legislative session steps were taken to locate a permanent seat of government. A joint resolution was passed January 21, calling upon W. W. Chapman, the territorial delegate, to ask Congress for a donation of four sections of public land on which to locate a seat of government, the capital to remain at Burlington three years, or until buildings should be ready for occupancy at Iowa City, and an act was passed providing for commissioners to locate it; the act also contained a section requiring the Governor to ask Congress for four sections of land for the location, and he was authorized to draw the \$20,000 voted by Congress in the act organizing the territory, to be used in the erection of public buildings.

Chauncey Swan, John Ronalds and Robert Ralston were

appointed commissioners and were required to make the location in Johnson county, and it was to be called Iowa City. They were to meet at Napoleon, a town now extinct, but then located about two miles south of Iowa City, and there organize and make the location. One of their number was to be called the "Acting Commissioner," be chairman, and to have supervision of all the work done by them.

After a preliminary examination of the most eligible places for a town they fixed upon what is now Iowa City. In the meantime Congress had granted, not four sections but one, and that was to be selected from the "surveyed lands." Before making their selection final it was discovered that the location fixed upon by the commissioners was beyond the "surveyed lands," and they applied to the authorities to have a couple of townships surveyed so as to include their selection, and it was accordingly done, this location being section 10 township 79 range 6 west. As early as October, 1837, a claim was made on the southeast quarter of this section by Samuel Bumgardner and he afterwards sold it for \$50 to J. G. Morrow, and a claimant's cabin was built upon it.

Upon the organization of the Johnson County Claim Association, this claim was entered upon its records by the original claimant, and while the title as a claim was vested in the original claimant, and was good as to all individuals, it was entitled to no respect from the commissioners and they paid none to it. The act of location required that one section, (it was then supposed that four would be granted) should be laid off into "blocks, lots, streets, alleys, and squares," and that the lots should be offered at public auction. The work of laying out and platting was done during the summer by Thos. Cox and John Frierson. A monument of gray limestone, some eight feet high, faced on four sides, about six inches square at the top and sixteen inches at the base, was erected to mark the southeast corner of the section. On this monument is chiseled this inscription: "Martin Van Buren, President of the United States; Robert Lucas, Governor of the territory;

Chauncey Swan, Robert Ralston, John Ronalds, Commissioners, May 4th, 1839." The capitol square on which the public buildings were to be erected, contains about twelve acres, and is in the most eligible position on the plat, commanding a view of the river and the country beyond, and nearly all parts of the city. The street leading east from the east front of the square is 120 feet wide, those on the four sides are 100 and all others 80 feet. Three squares were laid out for market purposes, one for a public park, one for college purposes, one called Governor's Square and several lots for churches. From a report of the selection of a location made to the legislature by the Acting Commissioner we extract the following, "Iowa City is located on a section of land lying in the form of an amphitheater. There is an eminence on the west near the river, and running parallel with it, which declines towards the river at an inclination of twenty-five degrees. At the center of this eminence it is proposed to erect the future capitol. The ground from the capitol square east to Ralston Creek, of from five to seven degrees descending eastward.

"The west, south, north, northwest and southeast parts of the city overlook the whole location, forming as before stated a kind of amphitheater, the lower part of which is drained and kept dry by Ralston Creek."

The first sale of lots was in August, and the second in October, when lots were sold to the amount of \$35,051; only \$16,864 was received in cash, notes being given for the balance. The highest price paid for a lot was \$1,000, the lowest \$25. The number of lots bid off at these sales was 206; those taken and paid for 181; so that the notes and cash for them was only \$26,739; the average price per lot was \$142.

The section was subdivided into 100 blocks, 784 lots, and 31 out-lots, but several of the out-lots were afterwards subdivided into lots, so that the whole number of lots was over 800.

At the extra session of the legislature in 1840 an act was passed providing for an appraisement of the unsold lots, but they were to be so appraised that the average valuation should

not be less than \$300 per lot; at the next session a reduction of price was made to an average of \$200, and at the session following another reduction of fifty per cent was made. In 1843 the lots were again revalued and the average minimum price reduced to \$80. The price of lots continued to decline till in 1845 Morgan Reno, territorial treasurer, who then had the disposal of them, reported to the legislature that they could not then be sold for more than an average of \$30 per lot.

How a body of men, as intelligent as the legislature of 1840 must have been, could come to the conclusion that a section of land, containing but 640 acres, in the then "far, far west," almost on the confines of "The Great American Desert," and on the extreme "ragged edge" of civilization, with only Powesheik and his braves and squaws for their nearest western neighbors, could be sold for more than \$200,000, it is impossible to conceive, when we take into account that the country was full of as good sections as this that could be bought for \$800 each.

Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli drew the plan for the capitol building, and John F. Rague was afterwards architect, and he had the contract for its erection but after doing about ten thousand dollars worth of work, nearly completing the basement, he threw up his contract and abandoned the work. With \$35,000 in cash and the unsold lots as the only other resource for means to do it with, in the month of March, 1840, after spending over \$3,000 in preliminary work, such as surveying lots, opening quarry, advertising and selling lots, etc., Commissioner Swan broke ground and began work on the new State House, and the work had so far progressed that on the following fourth day of July the corner-stone was laid. A large crowd of people was in attendance, Governor Lucas was the orator of the occasion, and though the governor was a good speaker on all occasions, this was pronounced the best speech of his life. An old fashioned Fourth of July celebration in the park, with speeches, dinner, etc., followed the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone.

A quarry of gray limestone, but a few blocks north of Capitol Square was opened, from which rock was obtained for the building, which was to be entirely of stone, except the cross walls which were to be brick. Rock for the water table was got from another quarry, some fifteen miles distant, on the Cedar river. After the work had been carried on for some time, another and better quarry was discovered about ten miles north, on the bank of the Iowa river, and the building was finished from this quarry, the rock being brought down in boats. This has since been known as the "Old Capitol Quarry," and rock from it was used in some parts of the new capitol.

After the work had progressed during two seasons, the legislature that met at Burlington, in November, 1840, sent a committee to examine the work accounts, etc., of the acting commissioner, and in that report appears the following: "The main walls are massive and built in a substantial and workman-like manner, the stone being large and built with good bond and bearings. The walls in the foundations are six feet thick, and sunk to an average depth of three feet below the floor of the basement, which itself is about the same distance below the natural surface of the ground. The walls of the basement story are four feet thick, those of the upper stories vary from two to three feet in thickness. The building is one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty feet wide. It is to be ornamented by magnificent porticos, one on each side, supported by four massive pillars twelve feet in advance of the walls of the building. The exterior of the building is thus described: from the window sills of the basement, which will be level with the pavement to the water table, the face of the walls is made of large blocks of cut stone. The water table is composed of about fifty blocks, sixteen inches thick, from seven to eight feet long, said to weigh from six to eight thousand pounds each. On each of the fronts there are eight pilasters, four feet wide, projecting ten inches from the face of the walls, these are surmounted by cut stone caps, supporting the architrave.

The roof is surmounted by a cupola; the base is quadrangular and on this base stand twenty-two Corinthian columns, crowned with handsome capitals, supporting a spherical roof.

The interior arrangements are as follows: the basement is entered by two doors at opposite ends, opening into a hall seven feet wide, which runs through the building; there are four rooms on each side about twenty feet square, designed for committee rooms, besides a fuel room and fire-proof vault. On the next floor there is the same division north and south, and a broad hall or vestibule east and west entered from the porticos on each side of the building; on this floor are six rooms assigned for Supreme Court, Governor, Secretary, Auditor, Treasurer and Library. On the upper floor the north and south hall is omitted. In the south wing is the Representatives hall 52x43 feet in the clear and in the north wing is the Council Chamber of the same size."

The legislative halls are reached by winding stairs.

The plan of the building, as originally drawn by Father Mazzuchelli, had no porticos and it had two domes on the roof, one on each side of the cupola; these domes were afterwards omitted and the porticos added.

At the session when this report was made the commissioner reported that he had in his hands only \$2,256 to prosecute the work with, and that but two-thirds of the masonry was done. The legislature abolished the office of Commissioner of Public Buildings and created the office of Superintendent of Public Buildings and the office of Territorial Agent, the one to have charge of the erection of public buildings, and the other the sale of lots and care of the finances; Mr. Swan was chosen superintendent and Jesse Williams territorial agent.

In view of the low state of finance, the legislature authorized the territorial agent to negotiate a loan of money of not less than \$5,000, nor more than \$20,000, pledging the unsold lots for its payment, and on the 28th of June \$5,000, and the following September \$5,000 more, was obtained from the Miner's Bank at Dubuque, the former payable in New York in eigh-

teen months, interest seven per cent., payable quarterly; and the latter due in nine months, payable in St. Louis. These notes were not paid when due, went to protest, and several years afterwards lots were offered in payment, and finally, some sold at a reduced valuation to raise money to liquidate the debt. The lots not selling for enough to liquidate the debt, it was afterwards paid from the state treasury. At this time the unsold lots and unpaid notes given for lots were estimated by the territorial agent at \$122,693.

As there were not funds enough on hand to advance the work sufficiently fast, laborers were hired and materials bought, and scrip was issued in payment thereof till over eleven thousand dollars had been issued; this scrip was not redeemable in cash, and could only be used in the purchase of lots, or in the payment of notes given for lots, and afterwards when lots were offered for sale by the territory, to raise money, it was discovered that private parties owning lots bought with this scrip were in the market with lots so bought, that they were offering at a less price than the same kind of lots could be bought for from the territory.

In the year 1841 Messrs. Swan and Williams were succeeded in office by Wm. B. Snyder, as Superintendent of Public Buildings, and Jno. M. Coleman, Territorial Agent. The latter under date of December, 1842, reports: "On commencing the work in the spring without funds, I was under the necessity of contracting debts for provisions and expenses in establishing a boarding house at the quarry, ten miles up the river, where boarding otherwise could not be had." To raise funds to pay these debts the agent demanded cash on all notes given for the sale of lots previous to 1841, refusing scrip in payment of those notes. The agent further says: "This scrip, although convenient and useful in the purchase and payment of lots, would not pass with the merchants for goods, nor would it be taken by the farmers for provisions. Under these embarrassing circumstances, I was compelled to adopt the plan of keeping supplies on hand through a large part of the season,

and issuing them out to suit the daily wants of those employed in the various branches of business connected with the capitol. * * * Early in June the superintendent made a requisition upon me for a bill of iron for the roof, and 1200 lights of crown glass, and this had to be paid in specie. To meet this I sold out-lot No. 11 and block 21 for a draft payable in Pittsburgh, for which I paid a premium of twenty-five per cent. This draft (\$507) was more than half the cash handled by me during the season." During this season the sale of lots was \$22,871, and the disbursements \$38,330, but \$1,000 of it being cash.

Under the impression that territorial bonds were to be issued to redeem this scrip, Murray & Sanxay, a mercantile firm here took over \$3,000 of it in payment for goods, and they held it for several years, till an act of the legislature was passed for their relief and providing for its redemption in cash by the territorial treasurer.

For the year 1843 Judge Coleman, the territorial agent, reports: "There has been no considerable sale of lots this season, and under these circumstances the operations on the capitol must be partially suspended, unless funds can be raised from some other source than the sale of city lots."

During the two following years but little was done. Anson Hart, who had succeeded Judge Coleman in office, reports, under date of May 5th, 1845: "That the outstanding debts against the office are over \$8,000." Wm. B. Snyder had as superintendent of public buildings the contract for building the roof, which has now been finished over three years, and he bought the shingles for it in Cincinnati on credit, and the depleted condition of the treasury left the debt for a long time unpaid. In his report Mr. Hart says: "I would recommend that some provision be made for the relief of Wm. B. Snyder, whose property in Cincinnati is held and is about to be sold for the payment of a debt contracted for shingles for the capitol through his agency while acting as superintendent of public buildings."

The relief was granted and in July following Morgan Reno as the successor of Mr. Hart sold lots at a public sale for that purpose to the amount of \$280, the lots at this sale bringing an average of only \$14 per lot.

So depressed was public credit at this time, that the treasurer reports that territorial warrants are worth but fifty cents on the dollar, and at a public sale to raise money to pay the debt due to the Miners' Bank whole blocks of eight lots each sold for \$48 apiece.

Although Congress donated to the territory \$20,000 towards building the capitol, and the territory had borrowed money for the same purpose, this building seems to have been considered a kind of "side show" in territorial affairs, for a committee of the legislature appointed to ascertain the indebtedness of the territory, after performing that duty on the 10th of June, 1845, reports: "There are several debts due and owing for carrying on the public building at the capital, which the committee did not take into consideration, as they are not debts of the territory, but are payable out of funds arising from the sale of lots in Iowa City."

Upon the admission of Iowa as a State the policy of appropriations for the capitol was changed, and money was taken from the state treasury to prosecute the work, the appropriations being as follows: February 25th, 1847, \$2,500; January 25th, 1848, \$2,500; January 15th, 1849, \$3,000; February 5th, 1851, \$2,500; January 24th, 1853, \$5,000; January 24th, 1855, \$4,000. These sums were expended under the direction of the auditor or treasurer of state, for which they were paid \$200 per annum.

By an act passed January 17th, 1840, before any work had been done on the building, the commissioners were limited as to its cost to \$51,000, but \$123,000 or thereabouts was expended to finish it. Over fifteen years were consumed in its construction, ground being broken in March 1840, and the last work being done in the fall of 1855.

The following persons at different times had the supervis-

ion of its construction, Chauncey Swan, Acting Commissioner, Wm. B. Snyder, Superintendent of Public Buildings, Jesse Williams, Territorial Agent, John M. Coleman, Territorial Agent, Anson Hart, Territorial Agent, Morgan Reno, State Treasurer, Jos. T. Fales, Auditor, Wm. Pattee, Auditor, Martin L. Morris, Treasurer.

Before the close of the year 1842 the Representatives' hall and four rooms below were made ready for occupancy, the walls and ceiling having received but one rough coat of plastering, the senate or council occupying one of the four rooms below. At this time the cornice was not on nor the cupola nor porticos built and all the rooms in the basement and the north half of the building were unfloored and unplastered, but the legislature and state officers continued to use it from year to year as the work of completion went on.

This building has never been finished, for nothing has been done to the west portico, but to lay the foundation and steps for it.

Four territorial and six state legislatures held their sessions at Iowa City, and three constitutional conventions.

All the work on the inside is of the plainest character; no attempt has been made at ornamentation of any kind.

That the legislature might meet at the then permanent capital as early a day as possible, and as it was not probable the capitol building would be completed for a number of years, several of the citizens of Iowa City petitioned the Governor to call the legislative session of 1841 to meet at Iowa City, assuring him that convenient rooms would be furnished both houses in which to meet free of cost to the territory. An act was passed January 13th, 1841, providing that the next session of the legislature should be held at Iowa City, if a building should be furnished to meet in without expense to the territory. To make good these assurances Walter Butler erected on Washington street, but a few rods east of the southeast corner of Capitol Square, just east of Whetstone's drug store, a commodious frame building 30x60 feet, two stories high. The

council chamber was in the first story, and the representatives, hall in the second. The building was put up in good style, the second story being lighted by fifteen large windows and reached by a wide stairway in the middle. It was used by the legislature and some of the state officers till the new state house was ready for occupancy. It remained in its original location till the march of improvement crowded it two blocks and a half away on to Dubuque street, where it has since done duty in various ways, such as a third class hotel, cheap boarding house, broom shops, etc. It shows the finger-marks of time. It has for a long time been unacquainted with paint, and it seems to be waiting for a friendly conflagration to come and make room for something better to take its place.

But one session of the legislature was held in it; although no charge was made for rent of legislative halls, the owner of the building was allowed \$325 for use of rooms for secretary and for library.

The state officers had been in the occupancy of the new state house but a few years, and not a single room in it had been completely finished, and the state was less than two years old as a state, when the General Assembly, February 8, 1847, memorialized Congress for five sections of land for a new site for a state capital, and two weeks thereafter *John Brown*, Joseph J. Hoag and John Taylor were appointed commissioners to locate a section of government land "near the center of the state." The grant was made by Congress and the commissioners made a location in Jasper county, which was called Monroe City, one whole section was laid off into lots, several of which were sold; but as this location was finally abandoned January 15, 1849, in less than two years from its location, the money paid for lots was returned to the purchasers, the city vacated, and the five sections granted for a seat of government were turned over to the Agricultural College and the proceeds of the sale of these five sections used by that institution for college purposes.

About this time a craze or mania it may be called, took

possession of many, that the capital must be located very near the geographical center of the State, and this location was made to satisfy this crazy demand.

On the 15th of January, 1855, before the old capitol was finished, a bill passed the legislature appointing commissioners to locate the capital within two miles of the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers, to take grants of land free of cost to the State, and lay out a town, if no town is laid out, on such lands, and the capital was to be removed when, without cost to the State, buildings are erected on said lands for the accommodation of the State.

A clause was inserted in the constitution adopted in 1857 making Des Moines the permanent capital of the State.

The site for a capitol was selected in 1856, on ten acres of ground, on a high elevation in East Des Moines, donated for that purpose to the State by W. A. Scott and Harrison Lyon.

The first time this location was brought to the attention of white men, was in 1843, when it was selected as the site for a government fort, and the fort, named Fort Des Moines, was built the summer of that year, and garrisoned by two military companies, one of cavalry and one of infantry, under the command of Capt. James Allen, and no settlers were allowed there except those immediately or remotely connected with the military service.

In January, 1846, when this was no longer needed for military purposes, Congress passed an act permitting Polk county to enter the quarter section of land on which the fort was located, to be used as a county seat and made a gift of the government buildings on it to the county. In 1846 the original quarter section was surveyed and platted into streets and alleys and 324 lots, and in 1851 a village or town organization under the name of Fort Des Moines was completed. The town was known as Fort Des Moines till it became incorporated in 1857 when fort was dropped from its name. The corporate limits of the town then were four miles east and west and two miles north and south, embracing sections 2, 3, 4, 5,

8, 9, 10 and 11 of township 78, range 24, west of the fifth principal meridian and since that time 40 additions have been made. At the time of the incorporation the population was less than 4,000, at the census of 1885 it was 31,195, but now it must approximate 35,000.

THE OLD BRICK CAPITOL.

As soon as the fact became known that Des Moines was to be the permanent capital of the State, an association, consisting of Hon. Stewart Goodrell, Dr. T. K. Brooks, Col. J. M. Griffith, Capt. Harvey Griffith, Alex. Scott, J. D. Cavenor, Col. Jas. Williamson, and Harrison Lyon, called the Capitol Building Association, was formed for the purpose of erecting buildings, or a building, for the use of the state free of cost to the state, and during the summer of 1857 the building known as the Old Brick Capitol was completed. The contractors were Alexander Scott, John Hyde and John Bryan. Hon. John P. Huskins was foreman on the work from September 19th, 1856, to September 1st, 1857, and the contract price was \$37,000.

It was originally a two story building 55x108 feet, built on a couple of lots across the street from Capitol Square, being lots 11 and 12, block 6 of Scott's Addition to Des Moines.

The State afterwards put a gallery in each legislative hall, put a basement under the building, and rebuilt the roof, adding a cupola and two heaters, at a cost of \$3,268. A nominal rent of one dollar per year was paid to the association by the State.

There are eight rooms on the first floor; two were occupied by the governor, two by the treasurer, two by superintendent of public instruction, and two by the janitor as document and storage rooms; the two over the treasurer by the state auditor, one over the superintendent of public instruction by the clerk of the supreme court, and the balance for state library in one room. The third story was occupied by the two legislative halls and legislative post office,

The members of the association were extensive owners of real estate in and adjoining East Des Moines, and they antici-

pated large returns for their investment in the building, from the sale of lots and lands at an enhanced value, but the financial crash of 1857, the precipitation of the war in 1861, and the long deferred expenditure of money by the State for the erection of a new capitol, rendered their project a financial failure.

During a plethoric condition of the school fund, and in one of his periods of official and moral obliquity, before Governor Grimes had Stoned him out of office, Dr. Eads, then superintendent of public instruction, loaned on insufficient security to several members of the association various sums of money from the school fund amounting in the aggregate to \$30,850, which it is supposed was used for the purpose of building the State House. This money was got in the year 1856, when the whole northwest was having a big boom, but it was followed by the financial crash of 1857, from which it took ten years to recover. In the meantime the interest on the notes given for this money remained mostly unpaid, and in 1864 the census board and the attorney-general were appointed commissioners to settle with the debtors to the fund for money so borrowed, and the State obtained a title to the state house building and the lots on which it stands in partial settlement of this claim, at a valuation of \$40,000.

The first meeting of the General Assembly held in this building was in January, 1858, it being the Seventh General Assembly. Thirteen general and two special sessions have been held in it.

THE NEW IOWA STATE CAPITOL.

The first act of the General Assembly of Iowa, for the building of a new capitol building, one that would comport with the dignity of the State, was passed April 6th, 1868.

Under this act, the "census board" were authorized to procure plans and specifications. Many plans were submitted, and from the best of these Messrs. Cochrane and Piquenard were commissioned to prepare a plan better suited to the wants of the State than any one submitted.

April 13th, 1870, a law was passed creating the original board of capitol commissioners, and under their supervision the cellar was excavated and most of the foundation walls were built, and on Thursday, November 23d, 1871, the corner stone was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, participated in by various state, military and civil organizations and societies, besides many distinguished citizens from abroad.

The corner-stone is seven feet long, three feet wide and three feet thick, and was made from a "prairie boulder" procured in Buchanan county.

By an act of the General Assembly dated April 10th, 1872, the board of capitol commissioners was reorganized with the Governor as *ex-officio* president, and the following gentlemen as members: Messrs. John G. Foote, of Burlington; Maturin L. Fisher, of Farmersburg; Peter A. Dey, and R. S. Finkbine, of Iowa City.

When this board first organized, they appointed A. H. Piquenard, of Springfield, Ill., sole architect, and General Ed. Wright as secretary of the board. They also made Mr. R. S. Finkbine superintendent of construction, and Mr. John G. Foote superintendent of finance.

This organization has been preserved to the present time, except so far as death has removed its members. In November, 1876, Mr. Piquenard, the architect, died, and the following January Messrs. Bell and Hackney, two young men who had been in the employ of Mr. Piquenard in this work, were selected to carry out the original design, in its true spirit. On the 5th day of February, 1879, Mr. Fisher was removed from the board by death, and Mr. Cyrus Foreman, of Osage, was appointed in his place.

The first act of the present board was to remove the original foundation, which was found to be defective, and replace it with more substantial material. This was done at an expense of \$52,352.76.

The partitions are all of brick or other fire proof material, and the floors are made with iron beams and brick arches with either an encaustic tile or wood covering.

The rooms are all warmed with steam, with both direct and indirect radiation, from a battery of seven large boilers located in a building across the street on the north side, and the rooms are ventilated by exhausting the air ducts built in the walls.

The roof is made of iron frame work, covered with porous terra cotta and slate laid in cement mortar.

The corridor floors are all made of encaustic tile laid in very rich patterns, and wainscotings of the corridors and all the principal rooms of both office and second story are made of domestic and foreign marbles. The large columns in the House and Senate and those in the upper part of the dome are made of Scagliola.

The grand stairway is made of marble on iron frame work, while the other stairways are all of iron.

The legislative portion of the building was completed and dedicated to its future use on the 17th day of January, 1884, and the 20th General Assembly held its deliberations in the spacious halls provided for this purpose.

KINDS OF STONE AND WHERE PROCURED.

The foundation stone are principally from the "Bear Creek" and "Winterset" quarries in this State.

The basement story is from the Old Capitol quarries in Johnson county, in this State.

The buff colored stone in the superstructure is from St. Genevieve, Mo., and the "blue stone" is from Carroll county, Missouri.

The granite in the base course was partially procured from "prairie boulders" in Buchanan county, but the dark colored pieces are from Sauk Rapids, Minnesota.

The outside steps and platforms are the "Forest City" stone, near Cleveland, Ohio. The rails are the Sauk Rapids granite.

The pilasters and piers in the interior of basement are from Anamosa, in this State, and Lemont, Illinois.

All the columns, piers, and pilasters in the corridors of first story, are from Lemont, Illinois.

The red granite columns in the second story are from Iron Mountain, Mo. The dark colored granite in base and cap of pedestals, is from Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, while the carved capitals, pilasters and piers are of Lemont stone.

KINDS OF MARBLE AND WHERE PROCURED.

DOMESTIC.

"Old Tennessee,"	-	-	-	from Tennessee.
Knoxville,	-	-	-	Tennessee.
Holstein River,	-	-	-	Tennessee.
Glens Falls,	-	-	-	New York.
Moriah,	-	-	-	Vermont.
Virginia,	-	-	-	New York.
Iowa Coral,	-	-	-	Charles City, Iowa.

FOREIGN.

Mexican Onyx,	-	-	-	from Mexico.
Lisbon,	-	-	-	Spain.
Sienna,	-	-	-	Italy.
Verona Red,	-	-	-	Italy.
Statuary White,	-	-	-	Italy.
Veined White,	-	-	-	Italy.
Italian Dove,	-	-	-	Italy.
Alps Green,	-	-	-	Italy.
Languedoc,	-	-	-	France.
Rose Vif,	-	-	-	France.
Rouge Greotte,	-	-	-	France.
Greotte Renaissance,	-	-	-	France.
Yellow Eschalleon,	-	-	-	France.
Fermosa,	-	-	-	Germany.
Bongord,	-	-	-	Germany.
Belgian Black,	-	-	-	Belgium.
Bardiglio,	-	-	-	Italy.
Brocatelle,	-	-	-	Italy.
Levanto,	-	-	-	Italy.
Juan Fleure,	-	-	-	France.
Kilkenny Green,	-	-	-	Ireland.
Victoria Red,	-	-	-	Ireland.

Cost of marble work \$114,815.00.

GENERAL DIMENSIONS.

Length North and South, including porticos,	-	363 feet 8 inches.
Length East and West	-	246 feet 11 inches.
Length North and South fronts,	-	175 feet.
Length East and West fronts	-	118 feet 8 inches.
Width East and West through arcades,	-	100 feet 10 inches.

Height to top of main cornice,	-	-	-	92 feet 8 inches.
Height to top of balustrade,	-	-	-	99 feet 8 inches.
Height to top of stylobate,	-	-	-	114 feet 2 inches.
Height to top of dome balcony,	-	-	-	219 feet 1 inch.
Height to top of lantern,	-	-	-	249 feet.
Height to top of ball above lantern,	-	-	-	259 feet.
Height to top of finale,	-	-	-	275 feet.
Height to top of small domes	-	-	-	152 feet.
Height of basement story	-	-	-	13 feet 1 inch.
Height of office story,	-	-	-	23 feet 9 inches.
Height of second story,	-	-	-	22 feet 9 inches.
Height of third story,	-	-	-	20 feet 9 inches.
From office floor to first balcony in dome,	-	-	-	101 feet 6 inches.
From office floor to second balcony in dome,	-	-	-	153 feet 2 inches.
From office floor to canopy,	-	-	-	175 feet 5 inches.
The rotunda is in diameter,	-	-	-	66 feet 8 inches.
The exterior diameter of dome is	-	-	-	80 feet.
The house of representatives is	74x91	feet 4 inches,	x 47 feet 9 inches.	
The senate chamber is	58x91	feet 4 inches,	x 41 feet 9 inches.	

LOCATION OF ROOMS AND OFFICES.

In the basement at the south end, on the left, State Board of Health; next is Mine Inspector; on the right is the Board of Pharmacy.

Second or office story,—Stand in the rotunda facing the grand stairway. First door to the left is the Custodian and Commissioner of Labor; first to the right, elevator; second, Horticultural Society; face to the right, looking south, first door to the left is State Land Office; second State Treasury Department; third, Superintendent of Public Instruction; first to the right is the Governor's private office; second, Clerk's Office; third, Auditor of State. Face to the right, looking west, first door to the left is Governor's Private Secretary; second, Governor's reception room; to the right is Secretary of State's suites of rooms. Looking to the north, the first and second doors to the left are the Supreme Court rooms; third, is Judges private consultation room; fourth, Attorney General's office. On the right, second door, is the Clerk of the Supreme Court; third, Railroad Commissioners; fourth, Agricultural Society.

Passing up the grand stairway, on the right is the hall of the House of Representatives, and opposite it, to the south, is the Senate Chamber, which is 58 feet by 91 feet 4 inches, and 41 feet 9 inches high. It is lighted by five large windows on each side, has a gallery in each end for spectators, and is lighted by four large chandeliers. The wainscoting is of marble, but the large columns are a fine specimen of scagliola work. The finish is all of mahogany. The walls are elegantly decorated with frescoes, including some very fine figure work representing Industry, Law, Agriculture, Peace, History and Commerce.

Back of the Senate Chamber is the Lieutenant Governor's suite of rooms, clerks rooms and committee rooms, all finished and furnished in keeping with the uses for which they are employed.

In the north wing is the House of Representatives which is 74 feet by 91 feet 4 inches and 47 feet 9 inches high. It is larger than the Senate Chamber, but designed to correspond with it in other respects. The finish and furniture of this room are of black walnut, with marble wainscoting. The frescoing is of a brighter tone, and, instead of the allegorical paintings which decorate the Senate ceiling, there have been introduced here the portraits of the following persons: Presidents, Washington and Lincoln; Governors, Robert Lucas and James W. Grimes; Justices of the Supreme Court, Caleb Baldwin and Charles Mason; Speakers of the House of Representatives, Rush Clark and James P. Carlton; Generals, M. M. Crocker and S. R. Curtis.

There are one hundred desks for members of the House and fifty for members of the Senate.

Back of the House of Representatives are rooms for the Speaker, clerks and committees.

The Library is situated in the west wing; and is 52 feet 6 inches by 108 feet 4 inches, and 44 feet 9 inches high. It is finished in ash and chestnut, with marble wainscoting and pilasters, and has an encaustic tile floor. There are now

about 40,000 volumes in the library, but it is designed to meet the wants of many years, and will accommodate 150,000 volumes without crowding.

In the east wing is the Legislative Post Office and committee rooms.

The building covers 58,850 square feet of ground. The girth of the outside wall is 1,300 feet.

The total length, 363 feet 8 inches and the total width is 246 feet 11 inches. The height to top of the dome is 275 feet.

There are 398 steps from the ground up to the dome platform or look out.

There are 787 yards of carpet in the Senate Chamber and 994 yards in the House of Representatives.

There are twenty-nine kinds of marble in the building.

The kinds of wood employed in the building are: Ash, Red Oak, White Oak, Black Walnut, Butternut, Chestnut, Cherry, Mahogany, Poplar, Yellow Pine, White Pine and Catalpa.

STATUARY.

Beginning with north of Library door: History, Science, Law, Fame, Literature, Industry, Peace, Commerce, Agriculture, Victory, Truth and Progress.

The first door to the left as you enter the Senate Chamber is the entrance to the stairway leading to the Dome.

All the rooms on the third floor are committee rooms, of which there are twenty-nine in number.

The Dome is covered with a gold leaf, at a cost of \$3,500.

The pictures on the ceiling of the Supreme Court room are of the type of the Greek Mythology.

No. 1. North end, the leading figure Justice on her throne. To her left stands Columbia, ever ready to sustain her decisions by word or deed. The figure to the right of Justice rejoices that the decision is in her favor. The sitting figure on the right denotes sorrow as the decision is rendered against her, but is content when she finds by examining the law that the decision is according to law. To the left a mother is explaining to her son the laws.

No. 2. Columbia reigning on her throne. Above the Globe, in unity with the Goddess of Justice, the patrons of the States come to pay them their homage, bringing with them little children, which represent the Territories. Iowa, who is a special favorite in Columbia's household, is seen sitting on the steps of the throne with club and coat of arms, ever ready to defend her friend (the Union) Columbia, in case of need. In front of the throne is chiseled in everlasting rock the memorable date 1776, the foundation of the Republic. The American Eagle is proudly soaring over all, holding in his talons the historical emblem and in his beak a streamer on which is inscribed "E. Pluribus Unum."

No. 3. Justice and peace represented as ruling over the land bring prosperity and plenty, culture and happiness, while on the other rebellion is restrained and smitten down by Justice's strong arm, (General Grant.)

No. 4. Represents Ceres, the Goddess of Agriculture.

The small pictures are simply agricultural scenes, by Fritz Mezler, Berlin, Germany.

STATEMENT OF MATERIALS RECEIVED FROM APRIL, 1872, TO JUNE 30, 1886.

	Yards	Feet	In.
Rubble stone for concrete.....	1,020	00	0
Rubble stone for walls.....	1,129	15	5
Total rubble	2,149	15	5
Dimension stone in foundations ..	4,629	11	8

* DIMENSION STONE IN SUPERSTRUCTURE—CUBIC FEET.

Granite.....	11,370.0	
Iowa City limestone.....	44,429.2	
Anamosa limestone.....	1,654.2	
Lemont limestone.....	17,404.6	
Carroll county sandstone.....	145,789.7	
Ste. Genevieve sandstone.....	130,768.11	
Forest City sandstone.....	9,623.4	
Total stone in superstructure		361,339.9½
Cement—	Barrels	pounds.
Hydraulic.....	29,683	62
Portland	1,084	100
Total cement	30,767	162

Stucco, tons.....	549
Stucco (fine), barrels.....	1,936
Kune's cement, barrels.....	66
Lime, bushels.....	21,160½
Sand, bushels.....	366,307
Water, gallons.....	11,901,145
Brick—	
Fire.....	21,100
Pressed.....	17,350
Common.....	13,975,380
Total.....	14,013,730
Pitch, pounds.....	43,480
Cast iron, pounds.....	638,561
Wrought iron, pounds.....	2,220,023
Total.....	2,858,584
Cast Steel, pounds.....	3,139½
Nails, pounds.....	87,462
Copper and bronze, pounds.....	202,341
Drain-tile, feet.....	3,574¾
Slate, squares.....	568½
Porous terra cotta, squares.....	524½
Terra Cotta	
Balusters, pieces.....	444
Chimney tops, pieces.....	13
Cornice, feet.....	23
Hip and ridge moulds, feet.....	840
Lead—	
Sheet, pounds.....	13,791½
Pig, pounds.....	8,439
Pipe, pounds.....	1,651
Total pounds.....	23,881½
Sheet iron—	
Black, pounds.....	13,615
Galvanized, pounds.....	11,352
Total pounds.....	24,967
Lumber—	
White pine, feet.....	1,595,637
Yellow pine, feet.....	194,002
Poplar, feet.....	44,833
Black Walnut, feet.....	44,833
White Walnut, feet.....	45,044
Cherry, feet.....	35,520
Ash, feet.....	101,746
Chestnut feet.....	30,957

White oak, feet.....	30,957
Red oak, feet.....	22,321
Mahogany, feet.....	5,471
Total lumber, feet.....	2,230,528
Lath.....	466,900
Lath iron wire, square yards.....	1,006
Iron sash cord, feet.....	40
Copper sash cord, feet.....	13,400
Brads, papers.....	878
Wood screws, iron, gross.....	2,655
Wood screws, brass, gross.....	352
Wood screws, nickel plated, gross.....	9
Wood screws, blued, gross.....	6
Wood bolts.....	14,539
Steam pipes, feet.....	170,167
Water pipes, feet.....	1,726
Gas pipes, feet.....	28,892
Galvanized iron pipes, feet.....	4,561
Brass pipes, feet.....	3,538
Brass pipe, tinned, feet.....	3,539
Cast iron pipe, feet.....	3,513
Total pipe, feet.....	211,597
Total pipe miles.....	40.56
The above does not include the pipe in the radiators.	
Lubricating oil, gallons.....	896½
Kerosene, gallons.....	736
Tallow, pounds.....	3,191½
Turpentine, gallons.....	482
Linseed oil, gallons.....	1,193½
Lard oil, gallons.....	482
Gold leaf, packs.....	868
Gold leaf size, pounds.....	50
White lead, pounds.....	27,969
Red lead, pounds.....	4,507
Plastering hair, bushels.....	1,740
Glass—	
Wrought plate, square feet.....	1,601
Polished plate, square feet.....	22,188½
Polished plate, beveled, square feet.....	66½
Polished plate, enameled, square feet.....	1,785½
Polished plate, silvered, square feet.....	607½
Stained glass, square feet.....	1,183½
Cylinder glass, square feet.....	1,001
Vault doors.....	12
Encaustic tile floors, square feet.....	43,153½

Marble tile floors, square feet.....	5,227
Glue stucco.....	9,157

CLASSIFIED STATEMENT OF EXPENDITURES FROM MAY 25th, 1870 TO JUNE
30th, 1886.

ON WHAT ACCOUNT.	AMOUNT.
Excavation and drainage.....	\$ 17,978 87
Cistern.....	1,512 12
Repairs, first foundation.....	52,343 75
Concrete, labor on.....	9,093 71
Printing and advertising.....	3,205 26
Water.....	3,579 84
Cash.....	1,612 54
Board of Commissioners.....	24,683 15
Cast iron works.....	6,057 05
Rubbing stone.....	26,115 56
Accidents.....	990 72
Extra handling stone.....	2,244 46
Stone setting and masonry.....	69,575 81
Paints and oils.....	8,721 26
Roofing and guttering.....	95,160 20
Terra cotta work.....	3,700 04
Lot and sewer.....	10,000 00
Machinery and tools.....	34,343 22
Heating and ventilating.....	81,453 32
Painting.....	36,752 06
Railroad.....	16,458 63
Fuel.....	8,053 67
Cleaning and painting.....	236 77
Glass.....	26,843 87
Marble work.....	117,097 47
Plumbing.....	14,580 99
Stone.....	486,417 56
Boiler house.....	25,844 19
Nails and hardware.....	15,365 82
Stone cutting.....	342,138 07
Wrought iron work.....	187,603 24
Gas fitting.....	9,848 91
General labor.....	54,915 43
Cement.....	49,733 17
Brick.....	127,565 79
Sand.....	8,624 00
Sheet metal work.....	21,020 78
Prismatic lights.....	3,082 23
Plain plastering.....	45,616 51
Scagliola work.....	13,934 85
Ornamental plastering.....	29,258 05

Electric work	5,945 85
Interest and discount.....	3,155 20
Fresco painting.....	28,077 37
Floor tiling.....	34,485 58
Heating expenses ...	10,989 91
Plans	8,784 13
Furniture	129,131 77
Patterns and models.....	7,868 75
Brick masonry.....	122,030 36
Extra General Assembly.....	208 55
Salaries	139,829 82
Adjutant-General's office	3,021 01
Capitol grounds.....	1,021 01
Expenses.	4,982 73
Lime	7,863 33
Carpenter work.....	177,422 75
Lumber and timber.....	64,530 65
Elevators	7,636 58
Street improvements.....	24,994 59
Government's settlement account.....	55 00
Total	\$2,873,294 59

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF APPROPRIATIONS AND EXPENDITURES.

APPROPRIATIONS.

Chapter 110, Laws of the Thirteenth General Assembly.....	\$ 150,000 00
Chapter 35, of the General and Public Laws of the Fourteenth Assembly, being \$100,000 for the year 1872, and \$122,000 for each of the years 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881 and 1882	1,350,000 00
Chapter 68, Local Laws of the Fifteenth General Assembly.....	135,000 00
Chapter 151, Laws of the Sixteenth General Assembly	250,000 00
Chapter 138, Laws of the Seventeenth General Assembly.....	75,000 00
Chapter 138, Laws of the Seventeenth General Assembly, for lot and sewer	10,000 00
Chapter 83, Laws of the nineteenth General Assembly ...	525,000 00
Chapter 136, Laws of the Twentieth General Assembly	361,000 00
Chapter 136, Laws of the Twentieth General Assembly, for paving and curbing the streets and putting down sidewalks around the Capitol Square	27,000 00

SPECIAL APPROPRIATIONS.

Chapter 75, Sec. 32, Laws of the Fifteenth General Assembly.....	600 00	
Chapter 142, Sec. 19, Laws of the Sixteenth General Assembly.....	600 00	
Chapter 170, Sec. 20, Laws of the Seventeenth General Assembly	600 00	\$ 2,876,300 00

EXPENDITURES.

Expended on new capitol.....	\$ 2,624,189 48	
Expended on repairs of first foundation.....	52,343 76	
Expended on lot and sewer.	10,000 00	
Expended on boiler house.....	25,844 00	
Expended on furniture.....	129,131 77	
Expended for Twentieth General Assembly.....	208 55	
Expended for Adjutant-General's Office.....	3,021 01	
Expended on Capitol grounds.....	1,883 70	
Expended on street improvements	24,994 59	
Expended on Governor's settlement account....	55 00	
Cash unexpended and turned over to Governor William Larrabee.....	1,612 54	
Street paving and sidewalk appropriation in the State Treasury undrawn.....	3,005 41	\$2,876,300 00

When the work is all completed, including the fixing up of the grounds, the total cost of building and work upon the grounds will not be less than \$3,000,000.

NOTE—For the information obtained in regard to the New Capitol we have drawn largely from the little book published by G. W. Beall.

H. W. LATHROP.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA, S. C.



THE question who burned Columbia, S. C., February 19th, 1865, is again being discussed. And I wish to add what information I have on the subject, as having been among the first on the ground.

The writer of this was serving as picket officer on the staff of General Belknap, commanding the 3rd Brigade (Crocker's Brigade) 4th Division 17th Army Corps. On the afternoon of February 16th, 1865, the Brigade had the advance and at about 3 o'clock P. M., I had a skirmish line on the bank of the river, exchanging shots with the rebels, who were across the river on the Columbia side. An old flat boat was found and I proposed to General Belknap to take a detail of men and cross the river and make a lodgment in Columbia; that evening and night a larger body of men could be crossed over, and in the morning capture the city, a feat that every soldier in Sherman's army would risk his life in doing.

While some repairs were being made on the boat, General F. P. Blair, commander of the 17th Corps, and General Giles A. Smith, commander of the 4th Division, came up. The proposed crossing was submitted to them. General Blair thought the undertaking was dangerous, on account of the rocks in the river, and only a few troops being crossed over that night might result in their capture. He proposed that the boat during the night should be put in good condition, and an organized force of men, with the flag of one of the Regiments, under command of a field officer, should cross over at daylight in the morning of February 17, 1865.

Lieutenant H. C. McArthur, aide-de-camp to General Belknap, being a carpenter, secured a detail and worked all night repairing the boat. As soon as it was light, Colonel Kennedy of the 13th Iowa, being chosen to take command, took two companies of this Regiment with the flag and banner of his Regiment, making in all about forty-five men, and was ready to cross at the appointed time.

The first boat load carried over Colonel Kennedy, 13th Iowa, and Lieutenant McArthur and myself, both on the staff of General Belknap, and about twenty-five officers and men, of the First Company, with the flag and banner of the 13th Iowa. The crossing was made without accident; the boat was sent back with two men and brought over the other company, making in all about fifty officers and soldiers.

They were deployed as skirmishers, Colonel Kennedy taking charge of the center, Lieutenant McArthur the left, and myself the right; we moved in that order into the city. During our advance we discovered that General Logan's 15th Army Corps had effected a crossing further to our left, and his lines could be seen from where we were about two miles to our left, advancing. At this time, I captured a horse and buggy. The flags, with the men that carried them, Col. Kennedy and McArthur holding on to the back cross bar, and I driving, started for the capitol building. Some half a mile from where we captured the horse, leaving orders for the companies to follow, we drove on a run towards the capitol building. When within one block of the building we ran into a squad of Wheeler's Cavalry. They fired at us, but our Companies showing up about five blocks back, they kept on out of the city, much to our satisfaction.

Colonel Kennedy, Lieutenant McArthur and the color bearer of the 13th Iowa placed the flag on the Old State House, that being occupied at the time. The banner of the 13th was taken by the soldier carrying it and myself to the New Capitol building, which was in an unfinished condition, and was lashed to a mast on top of the building. It was nearly an hour before any member of the 15th Army Corps reached that part of the city.

That is how we of Crocker's Brigade came to be first in Columbia, and how the colors of the 13th Iowa came to be the first to wave over the capitol building of South Carolina.

As to the fire: we drove on the main street about six or seven blocks; piled in the middle of the street, for at least four

blocks, were bales of cotton, piled three and four bales high, with their bands cut and on fire. The advance division of the 15th Army Corps took possession of the city, placed guards all over the town, got out two old hand engines, and tried to put out the fire that was burning in the bales of cotton. The engines were old, the hose poor, and by noon the hose was bursted and the engines leaking so as to be worthless. In the afternoon, the wind commenced blowing, and fanned the fire in the cotton; great flakes of cotton were taken up by the wind and carried to distant parts of the city, and fire sprung up all over the town, and by dark the wind was blowing a hurricane and carried the fire to every part of the city, and the city was on fire in every part. Generals Sherman, Howard, Logan and Blair, and the officers of the 15th Army Corps, organized details and tried to stop the spread of the fire, but the wind and the wooden buildings made it impossible to accomplish anything.

The fire was started by the confederates, to prevent the cotton in the city from falling into Sherman's hands.

Near the depot, and in the western part of the city the streets were also piled with cotton, the depot was filled with ammunition, and by an accident while destroying the powder, the depot was destroyed. That was early in the morning. The fire occasioned by that was confined to the depot.

In the main part of the city, while the fire was raging, the explosion of loaded guns from the heat was as heavy as a strong skirmish line, showing a great many last ditch men in Columbia. They did not stay to die in that last ditch, but destroyed their own homes by destroying the cotton, while, if they had left it, General Sherman would have had it taken to a safe place and destroyed, if it had been contraband.

While the Joint Commission was in session in Washington, D. C., in 1873, General Belknap, Secretary of War, called for a report from Colonel Kennedy, Lieutenant McArthur, and myself. Those reports were laid before the Commission, and went a long way to convince the Commission who was respon-

sible for the burning of the city. The bummers who captured the city were an organized body of Iowa Soldiers. While they felt a pride in the achievement, there was no man belonging to General Sherman's Army felt himself responsible for the burning of the homes of the people of Columbia.

The destruction of the two bridges across the Congaree river did no good to the Confederates, delayed our march about twenty-four hours, and gave us a much needed rest. No officer or soldier of the Army of the Tennessee, organized by Grant, commanded by Sherman, McPherson, and Logan, would with malice destroy any city filled with women and children, even if it was in South Carolina.

W. H. GOODRELL,
Late Captain Company B., 15th Iowa Infantry,
Brevet Major U. S. Volunteers.

THE FIRST IOWA AT WILSON'S CREEK.*



THE time had come for Iowa soldiers to receive their baptism of fire.. So far, no Iowa man had met a foeman in battle. General Nathaniel Lyon had chased the rebel General Jackson out of the little town of Booneville, on the Mississippi river, and had pursued him in a southwesterly direction almost across the turbulent, guerilla-tortured state of Missouri. General Franz Sigel had been ordered to Rolla by rail, with directions to march and intercept the rebel Jackson, if possible, somewhere in the neighborhood of Springfield, and crush him before reinforcements could reach him from the Ozark mountains.

General Sigel met Jackson at the village of Carthage, and, after a most spirited engagement on the open prairie, was defeated and fell back to Springfield. Here, his column was joined to the command of General Lyon, who, with his first Iowa boys, first Kansas, first Missouri, a couple of battalions of regulars, and two regular batteries, had been pursuing Jackson across the State, in forced marches.

Sigel's defeat at Carthage had made possible a junction with Jackson of some ten thousand Arkansas and Texas troops, under Generals Price, McCulloch and Pearce.

Undaunted by the increased numbers of the enemy, Lyon hurried forward on the 1st of August and dispersed one of the detached columns of the enemy at Dug Springs, seventeen miles south of Springfield.

Returning with his troops to Springfield, he paused to consider the dangerous dilemma in which his army had been placed by General Fremont's neglect to re-enforce him from the surplus troops at St. Louis and four regiments or more camped at Rolla. The danger of the situation had of course

* This spirited description of the distinguished part taken by the First Iowa Infantry in the battle of Wilson's Creek, is from Major S. H. M. Byer's work, "Iowa in War Times."

been aggravated by the defeat of General Sigel at Carthage. General Fremont's staff at St. Louis, possessed of more gilt epaulettes than military wisdom, seemed quite unconcerned as to the fate of the unsupported columns they had pushed into the interior of a state filled with secessionists and guerrillas, and partially occupied by a large army.

Possibly General Fremont, so recently placed in command of the district, with headquarters at St. Louis, was not altogether responsible for the dangerous situation. Certainly he was a patriot, if not a tried general. But the troops about the city, or arriving, were only half organized, and very imperfectly armed. The city was a city of secessionists, spies, and rebel sympathizers. Chaos reigned, and army headquarters were surrounded and apparently controlled by a species of army robbers and cormorants who thought more of a fat contract than of General Lyon's devoted little army. Lyon's repeated appeals for re-enforcements had been in vain. No help was even attempted. And yet there was in front of him, and preparing to overwhelm him, three different columns, numbering not less than twenty thousand troops. His own little army numbered, all told, sick and wounded included, but five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight men. Rolla, the nearest point for help, was one hundred and fifty miles away. Should he retreat there at once, sacrificing without a blow the immense stores and the specie, piled together in Springfield, for what purpose no one knew? Should he sacrifice the whole state of Missouri after driving the rebels so far before him? Or should he deliver battle, and by hard fight make at least retreat possible?

He trusted in the heroism and patriotism of his men. What if the time of service of the Iowa men had expired? One appeal to them and they were ready. It was not a question of time or pay with them, but country.

"Will you First Iowa men stay and fight with me?" said Lyon to Lieutenant Colonel Merritt, in a private interview of the 9th of August.

"Every man of them," replied Merritt.

That very day the order for the battle was arranged. The doubting officers who feared the policy of attacking numbers so overwhelming, yielded to the prompt spirit, the recognized courage, the positive character of their leader. It was but for Lyon to say the word, and every man in that little army became a hero.

The united rebel army was on Wilson's Creek, but ten miles away. They looked upon Lyon's destruction or capture as but a question of hours. The order to attack him had already been given, but was countermanded, because of rain. Had it been carried out, the two armies would have met on the prairie, between Wilson's Creek and Springfield. Lyon determined to be ahead, and to surprise the rebels that very night or by daylight of the morrow. He marched at sundown.

Contrary to the original plan of General Lyon, and contrary to the advice of many of the field officers, General Sigel received permission to take his brigade of some two thousand men, mounted and unmounted, with six pieces of artillery, and march for the enemy's rear right flank by way of the road to Fayetteville. This divided the union forces, already too small. Sigel alone was responsible for this mistake. General Lyon was to march with the rest of the army, including the First Iowa, and attack the enemy directly in front.

Quietly, and with muffled drums, the soldiers marched through the darkness. At midnight, Lyon's advance saw the fires of the enemy's pickets. The order to halt was given, and the soldiers stretched themselves on the wet prairie grass to sleep—to many, their last night's rest—and to dream of the combat of the morrow.

The first streaks of dawn were ushered in with the rattle of musketry. Our lines were moving forward, driving the enemy's advance skirmishers before them. In an hour the rising sun was greeted with the roar of Lyon's artillery. The first real battle, in the west, for the preservation of the union, had begun, and the forces were as five to one against us.

The First Missouri Infantry was immediately pushed forward in line of battle on the crest of a small hill or elevated plateau. To its left, in line, stood the men of the First Kansas, fighting like hardened veterans, while the batteries of Totten and Dubois hurled twelve shells a minute into the thick ranks of the enemy charging the union lines.

For an hour the First Iowa stood in support of Dubois's battery on the left, but early in the engagement it was hurried to the help of the First Kansas, now being overpowered by superior numbers. The regiment was under command of Lieutenant Colonel Merritt, Colonel Bates being incapacitated by illness. In this move forward, two companies of the regiment were separated from the command by the retreat of troops breaking through their ranks. Two other companies had been left with Dubois's battery, and the remaining six, led by Lieutenant Colonel Merritt, now entered a storm of battle that lasted for five hours.

The main force of the rebels occupied the broad valley of the stream, and still others a ridge beyond, running at right angles to the union line of battle. From this ridge and valley poured the masses of troops that charged and recharged the union lines, hoping by sheer force of numbers to overwhelm and drive back flanks and center. It mattered little that the ground was strewn with their dead—ten times they charged that forenoon, and ten times they were driven back from the position held by the Iowa and Kansas soldiers and the two batteries.

Further to the left Captain Plummer, of the First regulars, with a bare handful of men, two hundred and fifty in number, contested hotly for two hours with a force five times as strong as his own. To right and left and front, the Iowa and Kansas regiments, the men of Missouri, and the trained regulars, contended desperately with masses of fresh troops hurled upon them after every defeated charge.

Sigel's column, at the rear of the enemy, had been ignominiously defeated early in the morning. His guns were cap-

tured, his troops scattered, and he himself in flight for Springfield. Unknown to Lyon, Sigel had ceased to be a factor in the contest.

General Lyon was everywhere along his own line, fearless but calm. "Where is Sigel? Why does not Sigel come?" was only answered by the shells of Sigel's captured cannon screaming into the union ranks. Everywhere there was death. Officer after officer fell, the ranks were growing thinner, and not once was the word retreat even thought of. At nine o'clock brave Lyon fell, a bullet through his heart just as he was urging a terrific counter charge. Twice before, during the combat, he had received the enemy's bullets in his body, and given no sign of yielding.

The fight went on. Still the rebels charged, and still were driven back. Then came a lull of battle. There was a hurried consultation of officers on the union line. The gallant Major Sturgis had assumed control, and it was now a question if retreat were not only honorable, but imperative. For fifteen hours the union soldiers had not tasted a drop of water.

That moment a force of infantry bearing the American flag was seen coming down the hill from the direction where Sigel should have been. Was it help at last? Sigel's utter rout was not suspected. Could this be he? Closer and closer the column came, and then showing its true colors, it fired a blast of musketry in the very faces of the waiting union line. Then again commenced an encounter more deadly than at any other hour in the day. The batteries, the regulars, the First Missourians, the First Iowans and the Kansas regiments hurled into the rebel lines a most terrible fire. There was no retreat now—only death seemed possible. Fear vanished and desperation seized on every soldier present, till at last, routed and driven, the enemy abandoned the field. There was a time of silence. The union army, what was left alive of it, gathered up its wounded, and, perfectly unmolested, retired to Springfield. Every man in its ranks had been a hero.

It was 12 o'clock when the union lines retired, and not till

three days afterward, when they had fallen back to Rolla, did the crippled rebel hosts dare to come in and occupy the abandoned town. As our troops fell back from the battle field, tired, parched with the hot August sun, wounded and bleeding, they stopped on the way, greeted each other, and sang a song of the union.

That night, while the soldiers slept upon their arms in Springfield, a melancholy scene was passing at the headquarters of the commanding officer. It was a council to decide as to what they should next do. On a table beside them, draped in a military blanket, lay the bleeding body of General Lyon. It was a scene for a tragic artist. When killed in the field, the body had been placed on an ambulance, but on returning, some soldiers gathering up the wounded, not recognizing the body of their dead commander, threw it to the ground, and filled the ambulance with the living. Missing it on reaching Springfield, the officers sent an escort back for it to the battlefield. It was delivered to them by the enemy, and now, like the dead body of Hector, lay calm in death, while the comrades of the morning stood wondering what next to do when such a man was dead. The body was buried that night in the private yard of Mrs. ex-Governor Phelps, a union citizen of the town.

Long before daylight, the little army, unpursued, was on its way to Rolla, carrying with it in perfect safety an enormous wagon train with stores and specie.

Shortly, the First Iowa, the first heroic defenders of the state, the heroes of Wilson's Creek, went home and were mustered out. In the battle they had lost 160 men, nearly twenty of whom were killed, and all the remainder wounded. The terribleness of the battle was shown by the list of casualties. Out of about 5,000 men engaged, the union army lost 1,235, without counting but a corporal's guard of Sigel's men.

The rebel loss equaled 3,000 men. "Probably no two forces ever fought with greater desperation," says the rebel commander, writing to his chief at Richmond. The rebel

loss in officers was very great. Generals, colonels, and other field officers, led their commands in person, and fell in the midst of charges. The rebel Colonel Clark's little battalion of 200 men had eighty-eight of them killed and wounded. Colonel Hughes, with only 650 men, had 112 killed or wounded, and thirty missing. Cawthorne's brigade of 1,200 men lost ninety-six in dead and wounded. Of 5,221 Missourians engaged on the rebel side, 673 were left on the field wounded or dead.

The First Missouri regiment on the union side lost 295 men and the First Kansas infantry 284.

There was a moment in the battle when less than three thousand men were resisting the attack of the whole rebel army, and there was a time when, for the First Iowa to have faltered five minutes, would have lost the day.

All the soldiers in the union army recognized the supreme heroism of the First Iowa. The State and general government rivalled each other in honoring the regiment. Lieutenant Colonel Merritt, Major Potter and Captain Herron, were complimented in general orders and almost hundreds of the regiment received later commissions in other commands. The President of the United States ordered a special proclamation of thanks for the heroism of the men at Wilson's Creek to be read before every regiment in the service.

"Remember Wilson's Creek! Remember the deeds of the First Iowa!" wrote Governor Kirkwood to almost every Iowa regiment in the service. And they were remembered. In the four long, bloody years, no Iowa soldier that fought, but remembered and emulated his comrades, who fought in the first battle of the west.

Six hundred of that gallant band, on being mustered out, re-entered the service in other regiments. Many who served in the line or carried muskets on that day of Wilson's Creek, achieved high rank and military distinction. Five of them became colonels, five became brigadier generals, and three who were captains in the line, became full major generals.

The day was an epoch in the history of a state.

DONATIONS TO THE IOWA HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.—LIBRARY.

From General C. W. Darling, Utica, New York.

Poem on Egyptian Obelisk in Central Park.

Unpublished Portrait of General Washington.

From University of California,

Annual Report for 1887.

Library Bulletin, No. 8.

List of Recorded Earthquakes in California and Pacific Coast.

From New York Genealogical and Biographical Society,

Record for January and April, 1888.

From Hon. Henry Sabin, Superintendent of Public Instruction,

Iowa School Report, 1887.

From James Vicks, Rochester, New York,

Floral Guide for 1888.

From American Geographical Society, New York,

Bulletin for December and March.

Supplement to Vol. 19.

From L. Deane, Washington, D. C.,

Biographical Sketch of John G. Deane.

From N. E. Historical Genealogical Society,

Register for January and April 1888.

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From Department of State, Washington, D. C.,

Reports for the Consuls Nos. 86, 87, 88, 89.

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From Rev. C. D. Bradlee, Boston,

Fourteen Pamphlets.

From W. B. Saunders, Philadelphia,

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Proceedings of 35th Annual Meeting.

- From Hon. Isaac Smucker, Newark, Ohio,*
Eleven Women and Thirteen Men.
- From Captain Wm. H. Goodrell,*
Blue Book for 1860-61.
- From Signal Office, Washington,*
Monthly Weather Review as published.
- From Comptroller of Currency,*
Annual Report 1887, Vol. 1.
- From Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C.,*
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The use of Gold and other Metals.
Perforated Stones from California.
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- From Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.,*
Quarterly Report ending June 30th, 1887.
Quarterly Report, 1887-8.
Statistical Abstract of the United States, 10th number.
- From Historical and Philosophical Society, Cincinnati, O.,*
Annual Report for 1887.
- From Secretary of State, Des Moines, Iowa,*
Twenty Copies each Supreme Court Reports, Vol. 71, 72.
- From Trustees of Newberry Library, Chicago,*
Proceedings of Trustees to January 5th, 1888.
- From Department of Interior, Washington,*
Blue Book, 1887, Vol. 1.
- From Massachusetts Historical Society,*
Proceedings 1886-7, Vol. 3.
Collections of Society, Vol. 10.
- From Dr. Samuel A. Green, Boston,*
Proceedings of Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund.
The West Church, Boston.
Boston Municipal Register.
Sixteenth Annual Report of Board of Health.
Annual Report of President, Treasurer of Harvard College.
Annual Report of Industrial Aid Society.

Congregational Churches, Nova Scotia.

Inauguration of Wm. H. Payne, as Chancellor of the University of Nashville, Tennessee.

The Channing Home Report, No. 19.

Sixteen Miscellaneous Pamphlets.

From Western Reserve and North Ohio Historical Society,
Tract No. 72.

Archæology of Ohio by McRead.

From Library Company, Philadelphia,
Bulletins for Iowa.

From John Hopkins' University, Brtlmore, Md.,
European Schools of History and Politics.

From California Historical Society,
Papers of Society, Vol. 1, part 2.

From Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.,
Report of Commissioners, 1885-6.

Proceedings of National Educational Association.

From American Anttquarien Society,
Proceedings, Vol. 5, part 1, 1887.

From Mercantile Library Association, San Francisco,
Thirty-fifth Annual Report, 1887.

From Hon. Z. C. Luse, Iowa City,
Twenty-five Copies, Annals of Iowa.

Ten Miscellaneous Pamphlets.

From American Public Health Association, Concord, N. H.,
Four Pamphlets.

From Historical Society of Pennsylvania,
Their Magazine for January and April.

From Hon. T. S. Parvin, Cedar Rapids,
Grand Consistory of Iowa, 1868-74.

From Hon. J. Foster, London, England,
The Members of the University of Oxford, 1715-1886.

From War Department, Washington, D. C.,
Annual Report of Chief of Engineers U. S. Army, 1886,
3 Vols.

From Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul,
Catalogue of Society, Vol. 1 and 2.

- From Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.,*
Annual Report of Secretary, 1887.
- From Boston Public Library,*
Bulletin Vol. 1, No. 8.
- From Capt. John G. Bourke, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.,*
Notes and Memoranda upon Human Ordure and Human
Mind in Rites of a Religious Character.
- From Rhode Island Historical Society,*
Proceedings 1887-88.
- From Buffalo Historical Society,*
Annual Report, 1888.
- From Bureau of the Mint, Washington, D. C.,*
Annual Reports of Directors, 1887, 10 Vols.
Productions of Precious Metals, 3 Pamphlets.
- From Canadian Institute, Toronto, Canada,*
Annual Report, 1887.
Proceedings April, 1888.
- From Mrs. Ben Line, Iowa City,*
Trial and Execution of Elizabeth Wilson, Chester, Pa. 1786.
- From Hon. W. B. Allison, Washington,*
Vol. 12, Tenth Census, part 2.
- From Hon. A. H. Garland, Att'y. General Washington, D. C.,*
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Immigration Laws of United States.
- From Bureau of Navagation, Washington,*
Report of Commissioner, 1887.
- From R. A. McChesney, Iowa City,*
Record Book Johnson County Agricultural and Mechanical
Society, 1853-56.
- From Chief of Engineers, Washington, D. C.,*
Annual Report, 1887, 4 Vols.
- From Ladies Calhoun Monument Association, Charleston, S. C.,*
A History of the Calhoun Monument.
- From Minnesota Academy of Nat. Science, Minneapolis, Minn.*
Five Pamphlets.

From Tennessee Historical Society, Nashville,

Ancient Society in Tennessee, by G. P. Thurston.

From Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts,

Historical Collections, July, August, and September, 1887.

Bulletins Nos. 4 to 12, 1887.

From Publishers,

The Manifesto as published.

From Worcester Society of Antiquity,

Proceedings, 1887.

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Memorial of Rev. Charles Chauncey Darling, Wife and Son, by General W. Darling.

From W. H. Egle, State Librarian, Harrisburg, Pa.

Eleven Volumes of Reports.

From Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.,

Historical Collections, Virginia Co., 1619-1624.

From Publishers, Boston,

Education as published.

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Annual Report, 1887.

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American Antiquarian, January, March, and April.

From Publishers, Dubuque, Iowa,

Dubuque Trade Journal.

From Publishers, Boston,

The N. E. Magazine for March.

From Publishers,

Maine Historical and Geneological Record.

From Publishers, Concord, N. H.,

The Granite Monthly Magazine.

DONATIONS TO THE CABINET.

From Arch Hershire, Iowa City,

Commission from Robt. Lucas, Governor of Territory of Iowa, Appointing Philip Clark Justice of the Peace for Johnson County, dated January, 1839.

From Dr. J. L. Pickard, Iowa City,

The Connecticut Courant, October 29th, 1764, *fac simile* of first paper ever issued by Benj. Franklin, February 11th, 1723, and printed on a press first used by him, September 17th, 1856.

Christian Banner, Frederick, Va., July 14, 1862.

Oleograph of Munkacsy's "Great Painting," *Christ before Pilate*.

From Captain W. H. Goodrell,

Badges of Crocker's Brigade Reunion, held at Davenport, September 21st and 22d, 1887.

Resolutions passed by Cloutman Post, G. A. R. and Address by General W. W. Belknap on the death of General J. M. Hedrick.

From A. Beermaker, Iowa City,

Specimens from the Distillery Fire.

From Dr. C. M. Hobby,

Map of United States, published in 1833.

From Hon. T. S. Parvin, Cedar Rapids,

Steel Engraving of Himself and Wife.

Steel Engraving of General James A. Garfield.

Engraving of Grand Lodge Library Building, Cedar Rapids.

From U. S. Geological Survey Office,

Chart of Mineral Products of United States.

From A. K. Rogers,

Map of Grand Army Reunion.

From General John Pattee,

His Photograph, framed.

From L. M. Coover,

Natural Hickory Maul.

From Robert A. Bane, Penn Township,

Specimen of Natural Ingrafting of a Tree.

From John I. Plank, Sharon Centre,

Four very old Bank Bills.

From Miss Margaret Lee, Iowa City,

Book Binders Plough Cutter used in Binding the first Book in Iowa, also the first Code of Iowa.

From Mrs. General James Wilson, Newton, Iowa.

Headquarters Flag of 17th Army Corps—First Flag raised on the Court House at Vicksburg after the Surrender. *fac simile* of the Secession Ordinance of South Carolina.

From E. A. Ballard, Iowa City,

Reaping Sickle used by Benj. Swisher in 1840, at Forest Oak Farm, Johnson County, Iowa.

RECENT DEATHS.

GENERAL WARNER LEWIS, born in Goochland County, Virginia, but a pioneer of Iowa from the earliest days, died at his home in Dubuque, on the 4th of last May, aged eighty-three years. General Lewis came to the Northwest as early as 1828, and served in the Blackhawk War. He was among the very earliest settlers of Iowa in Dubuque County, which he represented in the Territorial and State Legislatures, serving one or more terms as Speaker of the House. Under the Presidencies of Pierce and Buchanan he was Surveyer General of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. He was also for twenty-four years Recorder of Dubuque County. General Lewis was a distant relative of Washington, and his wife, who survives him, is a relative of General LaFayette. Their married life covered a period of fifty-seven years.

GENERAL WASHINGTON L. ELLIOTT, the first Colonel of the 2d Iowa Cavalry, died suddenly in San Francisco, California, on the 29th of last June, in the office of the Safe Deposit and Trust Company, of which he was Vice President. General Elliott was a son of the late Commodore Jesse D. Elliott, U. S. Navy, and was a native of Pennsylvania. He was a cadet at West Point for three years, entering the

Academy in 1841. Two years after leaving West Point, at the beginning of the Mexican War, he was appointed a second lieutenant in the Mounted Rifle Regiment, with which he served throughout General Scott's campaigns in Mexico. After this till the beginning of the Rebellion he served on the western plains against the Indians in Wyoming, New Mexico, and Texas. He was a captain of his regiment when the Rebellion came, and was appointed by Governor Kirkwood Colonel of the 2d Iowa Cavalry, on the organization in 1861 of that Regiment, which he did much to make famous among the many distinguished regiments of Iowa. With the brigade composed of the Second Iowa and Second Michigan Cavalry, he made the first cavalry raid of the war, behind Beauregard's Army at Corinth, for which he was made a brigadier general. After serving in the second Bull Run campaign, he had temporary command of the Department of the Northwest during the winter of 1862-3, and in March of the latter year commanded a brigade in the Eighth Army Corps in the Shenandoah Valley. In the defeat of Milroy at Winchester, June 15th, 1863, he cut through the enemy's lines and brought off his brigade with small loss. Subsequent to this he had command of the Third Division of the Third Army Corps, in the Army of the Potomac. In October, 1863, on the joint application of Generals Rosecrans and Thomas, he was returned to the western part of the great theatre of war, and was given command of the three cavalry divisions of the Army of the Cumberland. He greatly distinguished himself in the last Tennessee winter campaign of 1863-4 against Longstreet. During the Atlanta campaign he commanded the Cavalry of General Thomas' army, the Army of the Cumberland. During Thomas' campaign in defense of Nashville, in November and December, 1864, General Elliott had command of Sheridan's old division, the second of the Fourth Army Corps, at the head of which he carried Hood's works near the Overton house, before Nashville. After the battle of Nashville, he was promoted brevet major general for distinguished gal-

lantry in action. He retained command of his division till August, 1865, when he was assigned to the command of the District of Kansas, with headquarters at Leavensworth, which he relinquished when mustered out of the volunteer service, in March, 1866, and returned to the regular service as Lieutenant Colonel of the 3d U. S. Cavalry, of which regiment he was afterwards promoted to the full colonelcy. General Elliott was one of those singled out by an Army Board, consisting of Generals Sherman, Meade, and Thomas, for the honor of promotion to the rank of brevet major general of the regular Army for distinguished service during the war. In 1879, having become incapacitated for field service, he was, at his own request, placed on the retired list of the Army, after thirty-three years service. Since his retirement he has resided in San Francisco. General Elliott was a fine looking soldier, urbane in manner, and glorious in battle. So do the veterans, one by one, drop from the ranks of life to join the wraiths of comrades who have taken the advance to the spirit world.

NOTES.

GENERAL WM. MCE. DYE, the first colonel of the 20th Iowa Infantry, is now in the employ of the government of Corea, engaged in the organization of the army of that little monarchy.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced into the lower house of Congress looking to the establishment of a National Army and Navy Museum, to be under the auspices of the government, and devoted to the collection and preservation of relics of the naval and military history of the country. As a beginning, should the plan gain favor with Congress, an American citizen residing in France has expressed his intention of presenting to the government a collection of armor, the finest in the world, and worth more than a million of dollars. Otherwise this collection will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute.





Respectfully
Leonard F. Ross


IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 4.

GENERAL LEONARD F. ROSS.

 LEONARD FULTON ROSS is a native of Illinois, having been born July 18th, 1823, near Lewiston, Fulton county, and was partly named for the county, which had its organization the same year he was born. Ossian M. Ross, his father, a native of Dutchess county, New York, removed to Illinois in 1820. He had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and took part in suppressing the Indian disturbance of 1827, known as the Winnebago war. He was a farmer and stock-raiser, a merchant and general business man, and was the proprietor of the town of Lewiston, where he had a store of general merchandise, and where the Indians were his chief customers. In 1829 the elder Ross removed with his family to Havana, on the Illinois river, of which town he was also proprietor. Here, in addition to his former occupation, he kept a hotel and a ferry across the river, and so continued until his death in January, 1837.

Until fourteen years of age, young Ross was chiefly occupied as clerk in his father's store, running the ferry boat, and, once a week, in looking up his father's cattle and horses, which in summer roamed over the prairie. Up to this time he had had but little schooling, except during one winter spent

in the private school of Chas. E. Blood, a student of Illinois College, who was employed as a private tutor in the Ross family.

After his father's death his mother removed with her family back to Fulton county, and established their home at Canton, where there were better school advantages, and where he was prepared for college under the tutorage of Ralph Perry, another student of Illinois College, and now a retired clergyman of Agawam, Massachusetts. In 1841 he entered Illinois College, where for a year he devoted his time to such studies as were embraced in the usual college course of that day.

Gen. Ross came to Iowa as early as 1842, and can thus lay claim to fellowship with the pioneers of the State. The summer and autumn of that year were spent by him in a tour through southern Wisconsin and eastern Iowa trying to make collections of moneys due the estate of his father, whose death had occurred just before the financial crash of 1837. Those owing him had removed to the new territories north and west of Illinois. Thither young Ross followed them on horse back by way of Galena, to Wisconsin. Failing of success in the latter Territory, he sold his horse, and took steamer down the Mississippi to Fort Madison, Iowa. From here, after a visit to the new town of Nauvoo on the Illinois side of the river, he proceeded to Fairfield, Jefferson County, and thence to the Indian Agency, now Agency City, and from there to the Indian Trading House on the Des Moines river, near the present location of the city of Ottumwa, kept by Capt. William Phelps, an old friend of the Ross family, his wife being a cousin to young Ross. On this occasion he also visited the town of Brighton in Washington county.

His efforts at making collections were not very successful, for those were the days when it took about three bushels of corn to pay the postage on a single letter, but he tarried at the Phelps trading house several months. While he was there a new treaty was entered into with the Indians and a further purchase of lands made. The present site of the city of Des

Moines, known then as the "Raccoon Forks," was selected as the place for a Fort and a new Agency. Through Capt. Phelps' interest, young Ross was permitted to accompany the Agent and the Traders and their cavalry and Indian escorts up the Des Moines river to the "Raccoon Forks," and as a means of transportation for himself he exchanged one of the notes due his father's estate for an Indian pony. It proved a delightful trip to him, the unsurpassed native loveliness of the Des Moines Valley before the trees had been felled and the sod turned by the white man adding its charms to the other surroundings of the journey.

So favorably was he impressed with what he had seen in Iowa, that, on his return to Illinois in November, it was with the firm determination of coming back some day and making Iowa his home. This resolution he faithfully kept, but it took forty years for its consummation—he made Iowa his home in September, 1882, and soon after coming here purchased his present residence, the beautiful "Mount Prospect Farm," half a mile from the corporate limits of Iowa City to the southeast.

The years 1843 and 1844 were spent by Gen. Ross in the study of law in the office of Davidson & Kellogg of Canton, Ill., and in the summer of 1845, having been admitted to the bar, he opened an office for practice in Vermont, Fulton County, and in November of this year he was married to Miss Catherine M. Simms. At Vermont, a little one story cottage was purchased for his home, the consideration being four hundred and twenty-five dollars, only twenty-five dollars of which was paid at the time, the balance being in notes of hand. The population of the town of Vermont being chiefly composed of members of the Society of Friends, whose avoidance of litigation among themselves, and whose pacific influence over others is proverbial, the young lawyer's business was at first mostly confined to the drawing of deeds and trying occasional cases in justices' courts outside of the peaceful influence of the Quakers at Vermont. Nevertheless, one of the happiest years of his life, as Gen. Ross now avers, was spent among

these "peaceful, benevolent, kind-hearted and thrifty people." "I never think of them," he adds, "but to bless them." "And had it not been for the Mexican war," he continues, "I might still be living in my little white cottage surrounded by these best of God's people."

The Mexican war changed the whole course of his life. "American blood had been shed on American soil by a foreign foe." Congress declared that war had been inaugurated by the act of Mexico. A call was made for volunteers, and it seemed that nearly every one wanted to go. Gen. Ross's eldest brother, L. W. Ross, who had had some experience in military matters by service in the Winnebago and Blackhawk wars, organized a company, and his youngest brother, Pike C. Ross, had become a member of it. Our Ross also joined and was elected Orderly Sergeant, but before the company was formally accepted the three Regiments called for from Illinois were full. Col. E. D. Baker was then a member of Congress from Illinois, and as he obtained permission to raise another Regiment, the company containing the three Ross brothers was received and afterwards became Company K of the 4th Regiment Illinois Volunteers. As there was some doubt about the 4th Regiment being accepted, Gen. Ross did not go into camp with the company, but learning soon afterwards that the Regiment had been mustered into the service and would in a short time leave for the seat of war, he proceeded at once to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, the rendezvous of the Regiment, and reached there the day before it started for New Orleans. The office of Orderly Sergeant in the company had been filled by appointment before mustering into service, so he took his place in the ranks as a private soldier. Before he was regularly mustered into service, his brother Pike called him aside and delivered a very kind and brotherly lecture. He thought two brothers from the same family were enough for the army, and he considered it the duty of our Ross to go home and attend to matters there, but the latter persisted in going.

The 4th Illinois, with all its Rosses, left Jefferson Barracks July 23d, 1846, and went by steamboat to New Orleans. Here it was transferred to sailing vessels and landed at Brazos Santiago about August 7th, and soon debarked for an encampment on the Rio Grande. It was at this first encampment that Col. Baker was so severely wounded in trying to suppress a riot in one of the Georgia regiments.

While encamped on the Rio Grande, vacancies occurred in the offices of First and Brevet Second Lieutenants of Company K. In the Mexican war there were three Lieutenants to each company. The extra one was a *Brevet* Second Lieutenant, usually called Third Lieutenant. The First and Third Lieutenants of Company K were compelled to resign on account of severe illness, and on an election being ordered, Gen. Ross was chosen First Lieutenant of his Company.

After changing camp twice on the Rio Grande, moving each time further up the river, the Regiment was ordered to Camargo, and reached there about the middle of September. Up to this time the Regiment had belonged to the command of Gen. Shields, but at Camargo it was placed under the command of Gen. Pillow, and Shields was transferred to another field. The Fourth remained at Camargo nearly three months. Early in December it was ordered to Matamoras, and went into a camp known as Camp Patterson, situated ten or twelve miles south-west of the city.

While in camp near Matamoras, the Captain of Company K, who, as before stated, was the brother of our Ross, was called to the city on official business, which left the latter, now First Lieutenant, in command of the Company, a responsibility which had not before fallen upon him. There was in the Company, a soldier, an elderly man, who had always been detailed for hospital duty from the first arrival of the Regiment in Mexico, and had been excused from all other duty. At this time, however, the sick of the Regiment had been left in general hospital, and in making detail for guard he was put on the list. On being notified he flatly refused to perform guard

duty. So he was arrested, placed in confinement, and his place supplied by another. The next morning, Lieutenant Ross sent him word that if he would go on guard and perform his duty he would be released from confinement and exempt from further punishment, but his reply was that the guard house was not an unpleasant place and he proposed remaining there. He was allowed to remain. About noon Gen. Pillow's Orderly called upon Lieutenant Ross and said that the General wished the Lieutenant to call at his Headquarters. Upon obeying the order he found that the culprit was there before him and had made a fair statement of the cause of the trouble. The General, addressing Lieutenant Ross, said, "You are Lieutenant Ross, I believe. This man, by his own confession, has wilfully disobeyed your orders. I now order you, sir, to have him placed in a conspicuous place in your company quarters in the hot sun, have a flour barrel put over his head, and keep him there without anything to eat or drink until released by my order." Ross took occasion to explain to the General that the soldier had been very faithful as an attendant at the hospital, that he considered himself exempt from all other duties, and that if informed by the Commanding General of his obligations as a soldier there would be no need of punishment. Upon this, the General became quite excited and very emphatic in his manner and declared that Ross should see the order rigidly enforced or suffer the consequences himself of disobedience. The order was executed, but the man having the sympathies of his comrades many devices were resorted to by them to lighten his punishment which were winked at by the kind-hearted Lieutenant, who had no option but to carry out the orders of his superior.

Pillow was ever unpopular with the Illinois soldiers, and was nick-named by them "the Corporal." His unnecessary severity in this and other cases rendered him an object of universal dislike. So much so that the Fourth Illinois became unendurable to him and he to them. For this reason the Regiment was soon transferred to the command of General Quitman.

At Camp Patterson, Lieutenant Ross suffered his first and only severe illness while in Mexico, which prevented him accompanying his Regiment when it started for Victoria in the latter part of December. After remaining in the Matamoras hospital about a week he was so far improved in health as to be enabled to report to the Commandant of the post that he was ready for duty and would join his company at the earliest opportunity. It was but a short time before he received notice to get ready to go through to Victoria as the bearer of dispatches to Generals Taylor and Patterson. It took him but an hour to get ready and report at headquarters for duty. There was some little delay in making up his cavalry escort, which was composed of young men, mostly boys belonging to Kentucky and Tennessee cavalry regiments, who, like himself, were just out of the hospital. When the outfit was completed he found it to consist of twenty mounted men, an old Mexican as guide, and a young German as interpreter. All were provided with three days' rations for themselves and horses. Ross himself was furnished with a fine government horse for his own use and fifty dollars to defray expenses after the rations were exhausted. He was handed a sealed package for General Taylor and another for General Patterson. Also written instructions to proceed with them to Victoria with all possible dispatch and to destroy the papers rather than have them fall into the hands of the enemy.

After the first half day's ride one of his men became so ill that he had to be sent back to Matamoras, and the trip was made with the remaining nineteen men, reaching Victoria, a distance of three hundred miles, in six days. Of the two Generals for whom he had dispatches General Patterson was the first found. On reading the one addressed him he remarked, "And you have also something for General Taylor." Ross replied that he had, and would proceed at once to his headquarters. "But," said the General, "You must be very tired after your long ride. What you have for General Taylor I will send over by my orderly. You may dismiss your

men and report to the commanding officer of your regiment." This to Ross was a sad disappointment. He had promised himself much satisfaction in calling on General Taylor and presenting dispatches to the man who in less than five months in the previous year had fought and won the three great battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey, and whose fame was world-wide. The disappointment was great indeed. There was this satisfaction, however. He and his gallant regiment were now a part of the army of the renowned General, and he should soon see him, and perhaps some day know him. This was about the 14th of January, 1847. The next day, while calling upon some of his acquaintances, he learned that General Taylor had moved out early that morning in a northerly direction. Two days later General Patterson, to whose command the 4th Illinois now belonged, moved south, destined for Tampico. General Taylor returned to Monterey, and a month later fought the terribly destructive battle of Buena Vista. Lieutenant Ross never had the satisfaction of seeing him.

A march of two hundred and fifty miles south brought the 4th Illinois to Tampico, where it found its old General Shields in command of the city, when it soon again became a part of his command, and so continued until he was wounded at the battle of Cerro Gordo.

It must have been about the 1st of February when Lieutenant Ross arrived at Tampico with his regiment, and they were encamped near the city until March 7th, when they embarked on the ship Sharon for Vera Cruz. They were delayed till the 9th before they set sail, and then there was no wind to move the vessel. On the 12th they were but eighteen miles from Tampico, but the next night a heavy wind arose and on the morning of the 14th they were twenty-five miles south of Vera Cruz. The ship began beating up the coast, but before it reached harbor another severe storm compelled it to go again to sea. For four days their transport was driven about the Gulf, out of sight of land, by the fierce winds. On the

19th the storm subsided, and in the afternoon the Sharon, with the 4th Illinois, was safe in Sacrificias Harbor, three miles south of Vera Cruz. Cannonading had been heard the day before by those on board the Sharon. On landing on March 20th, the 4th Illinois learned that General Scott, with the main body of his army, had been there about a week, and the city was encircled by our troops. The 4th Illinois was assigned a position in the line of investment on the old Orizaba road, and about one mile and a half from the city. The work of erecting batteries was in progress, and the American working parties were constantly under fire from the forts of the city. On the 22d, some of the United States mortars were in position and opened on the city and kept up a constant fire all night. The Mexican forts ceased firing about dark. On the morning of the 23d the firing was brisk on both sides. Orders were given for five companies of the 4th Illinois to go as a working party to aid in constructing what was called the Naval Battery, three other companies to go to guard the men while at work. Lieutenant Ross's company was one of those detailed as a guard. The working party was employed during the night in mounting guns and digging away a sand-hill behind which the Naval Battery had been erected. This battery consisted of six heavy guns, four of which were sixty-eight pound Paxon guns.

Before daylight of the 24th the sand-hill had been hauled down, and the six guns were in position and pointing towards the city, with no intervening object. But the besiegers were not ready to begin work with this battery. It was so near the city and so exposed to the fire of the city forts that it could not be safely approached even from the rear excepting by night, and during the previous night but little ammunition had been brought to the battery, not enough to last during the day. Brush and boughs of trees were placed in front of our guns in order, if possible, to prevent discovery of the battery until the next day, when it was expected a full supply of ammunition would be received. So the eight companies of

the 4th Illinois and the sailors who were to man the battery were lying quietly and securely behind the sand-hills awaiting the return of darkness.

The morning was wearing away, and up to ten o'clock the Americans were unmolested, but at that time a cannon ball whistled over their heads. Then another and another. The Mexicans had evidently just discovered that one of the sand-hills had undergone a change during the night and were trying to ascertain what it meant. Soon all the forts in the city seemed to be firing at the sand-hill of the 4th Illinois. The brave sailors could stand it no longer. They jumped up in front of their guns, tore away the brush, ran out their guns and returned the fire. It soon became quite interesting. Our large guns when discharged shook the hills, and those around them could plainly hear the balls crashing through the walls and buildings of the city. The firing on our side was kept up until 2 o'clock p. m., when the ammunition was exhausted. During the contest four sailors were killed and others wounded. The Mexican forts continued their fire on the battery until night, but with little damage. When dark that evening the companies of the 4th Illinois were ordered back to their regimental quarters, and a force consisting of three full regiments took their places to guard the Naval Battery during the night.

Early on the morning of March 25th the United States batteries opened on the city in earnest. The infantry had nothing to do after their guards had been stationed but to stand out on the surrounding sand-hills and witness the bombardment of the city. It was a grand sight and was kept up until the 27th of March when a proposal of surrender was made and the city and castle were in possession of our troops.

After the surrender, Lieutenant Ross obtained permission to visit the city with some other officers. On entering at the main gate, one of the first persons he met was a private of his company. Knowing that private soldiers had not yet been granted permission to visit the city, he went to him

directly to ascertain what he was doing there and how he had gained admission. The man was in charge of a guard, moving toward the guard-house. He informed the Lieutenant that when the surrender was made he and two or three others of his company had found holes in the city wall made by our cannon, and that they had gone in to get, if possible, a good dinner, and that his comrades were already in the guard-house. Lieutenant Ross called upon the officer of the guard, and having explained the situation obtained an order to have all of his men turned over to him. Having reached the guard-house Ross called for all who belonged to Company K 4th Illinois, to march out into the street. To his surprise twenty-five or thirty men came forth and all claimed to belong to his company. Among them were representatives of all arms of the service and several sailors. The officer of the guard smilingly observed that pretty nearly all of Ross's company seemed to be in the guard-house. He had to confess that there were more of them than he had expected, and promised to see them out of the city, when they would join their comrades. They were then turned over to him, taken to the gates, and being ordered to report to their commands, all left in a very happy mood.

After the surrender, the American army could not move because of lack of transportation, for about ten days or two weeks. While awaiting orders to move our officers and men amused themselves as best they could. They visited different portions of the city to see the terrible effect of their cannon-ading, and commissioned officers were permitted to go in boats half a mile in front of the city and examine the castle of San Juan d' Ulloa. It was surprising to see how many commissioned officers the 4th Illinois contained. Some entire companies, if judged by the number occasionally found in officers' uniforms, were entirely composed of commissioned officers. An American theatrical company followed the army, and upon the surrender American plays were performed in the theatre of Vera Cruz. They were mainly attended by

officers and soldiers of the army, but occasionally a Mexican or the representative of some foreign government might be seen in the audience. Many of the actors were soldiers from the ranks of our army, and at every performance were heard some of our national songs. "The Star Spangled Banner" would set the soldiers wild with huzzas, or "Sweet Home" would melt them to tears.

It was about the 10th of April before the 4th Illinois got away from Vera Cruz. Information had come that Santa Anna with a large army was strongly fortified at or near Cerro Gordo, some forty or fifty miles distant. The 4th Illinois reached the encampment of General Twiggs at Rio del Plan about the 13th, and expected to make an attack the next morning, but the regiment was delayed nearly a week waiting the arrival of more troops from Vera Cruz. Several reconnoitering parties went out while the troops were waiting, in order to learn the exact location of the enemy and the nature of his works. With twenty men detailed from the 4th Illinois, Lieutenant Ross was directed to accompany and protect Generals Shields, Colonel Baker and Major Harris while they made an examination of the enemy's works on the extreme right. While on this expedition the party was for a while under fire.

On the afternoon of April 17th the regular troops engaged the enemy on an unfortified hill lying between the camp of the 4th Illinois and the main hill of Cerro Gordo. To the summit of this high, steep hill two cannons were pulled that night by Shield's Brigade who were compelled to stop often to remove the bodies of Mexicans that were left dead upon the field from the engagement of that day. In establishing these cannons the 4th Illinois took a prominent and active part.

After this severe work, which lasted nearly all night, the troops had but two or three hours rest before forming to go into battle. The impression was quite general that Shield's Brigade, of which the 4th Illinois formed a part, was to

compose a portion of the force for taking the main hill by assault, but this did not prove to be true. As Shields's Brigade moved out from behind the hill on which it had hauled the cannon the previous night, Cerro Gordo was in plain sight to those composing it, who were treated to a generous supply of ball and grape-shot. Instead of going up the main hill, the Brigade was led around the base. About the time the Brigade became exposed to the fire of the forces on Cerro Gordo, General Harney, who led the storming party, passed down from the hill in our possession and began to ascend Cerro Gordo. The firing from the heights was then divided between the forces commanded by Generals Harney and Shields, respectively. About the time that General Harney had captured the main hill, General Shields had turned the enemy's left flank, had reached the rear of the Mexican army, and was engaged with their reserve forces and General Santa Anna's body-guard. In crossing an open field that was swept by a Mexican battery General Shields fell, as was supposed, mortally wounded. Colonel Baker then took command of the Brigade. The battery was captured and the fighting soon finished.

Many prisoners, a large amount of specie, and General Santa Anna's headquarters were taken. Many soldiers secured trophies from General Santa Anna's tent. One of the 4th Illinois took home his wooden leg.

After leaving a guard to care for prisoners and captured property, Colonel Baker ordered the Brigade to pursue that portion of the enemy which had escaped. Seeing a number of cavalry horses without riders, the volunteers mounted them. All who could do so secured horses for the pursuit. About this time General Twiggs made his appearance in their midst, and joined in the pursuit, but apparently with none of his command with him. There were not more than four or five hundred men in this pursuing party. They pushed on at a double-quick rate, and must have gone ten or twelve miles when they came upon a large force in their front, and received a fire from the rear guard. Bodies of the enemy were seen

to the right and left. A halt was ordered, and while the men were lying on the ground resting, a large cavalry force was seen in the rear coming at full speed. It looked as if the pursuers stood a fair chance of being captured. The men were ordered to form a square to resist the cavalry, but before this was done it was discovered that they were United States cavalry, and they were not resisted, but passed on and followed the enemy to the gates of Jalapa, capturing many more prisoners. The pursuing party from Shields's Brigade, among whom was Lieutenant Ross, encamped for the night near the place where they had first halted. In the morning General Patterson passed them with an escort of cavalry. As Lieutenant Ross still held possession of his captured horse, he asked and obtained permission to leave his company and join with the advance. About a mile from the city of Jalapa General Patterson was met by the Alcalde, an interpreter, and one or two others in a carriage. General Patterson was informed that there were no soldiers in the city, none but private citizens, women and children, and that the Alcalde had come out to ask protection of the American army. In substance, General Patterson replied that the Americans were not there to make war upon, or in any way disturb the Mexican people; that it was the Mexican army and government with which they were contending that citizens not in arms would never be molested or troubled by American soldiers, and that if he would turn about and lead the way to the city their protection would begin from that moment. General Patterson and the troops with him followed the Alcalde to the city, of which General Patterson took possession. This was April 19th, and the 4th Illinois remained there until May 5th. General Scott was waiting the arrival of new troops before going further. The time of the 4th Illinois would expire July 4th, about the time he expected to be ready to use it. So it was ordered home to be discharged. The Regiment, including Lieutenant Ross, reached Vera Cruz on its return May 10th, sailed for New Orleans on the 15th, reaching there on

the 24th. It left New Orleans May 29th, and reached home about the 15th of June.

The good reports of Lieutenant Ross's gallantry and fortitude in Mexico as a soldier and officer of the 4th Illinois which reached his home in advance of himself, suggested him to his party friends, the Democrats, as a candidate for Probate Judge, of which he learned on his arrival at St. Louis. He was duly nominated, and at the election the following August was elected. He at once removed to Lewiston, the county seat, and entered upon the duties of his first civil office.

At the expiration of his term in 1849 he was a candidate for the office of County Clerk, and was elected without opposition for a term of four years.

At that time much of the tillable land in Fulton as well as of all the counties of the "military tract," was owned by non-residents, mostly land companies located in the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. These companies were represented by agents in the west, most of whom were located at Quincy and Peoria, Illinois. These western agents visited all the county seats once or twice a year to pay taxes and attend land sales. In this way Lieutenant Ross was brought into frequent contact with them, and soon drifted into the land business. He bought and sold quite extensively, and before the close of his four years as County Clerk, he was also engaged in farming and connected with a mercantile firm located at Ipava, Illinois. He was afterwards engaged in mercantile pursuits at Lewiston, which he continued up to April, 1861.

Lieutenant Ross was a member of two National Conventions of the Democratic parties, those of 1852 and 1856. These conventions he attended in the interest of Stephen A. Douglas, who was then a prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. In 1838, when a school boy at Canton, the first political speech Lieutenant Ross ever heard was made by Mr. Douglas, then a candidate for Congress. From that date until the death of Douglas he was one of his firm adherents. Although not a member of the

National Convention of 1860, Lieutenant Ross was at Baltimore when the Southern Democrats having nominated Breckenridge at Charleston, the Northern wing of the party placed Douglas in nomination. At that time Lieutenant Ross heard leading Democrats of the South declare that if Lincoln or Douglas were elected he would have to make his way to the Capitol through "seas of blood." The Northern Democrats replied that one of them would doubtless be elected, and whoever should be fairly elected must be President of the entire Union, though he did pass through "seas of blood."

About the close of his term of office as County Clerk, Lieutenant Ross aided in organizing the Fulton County Agricultural Board, and was its first Secretary and afterwards its President.

In the spring of 1861 the contagion of the war fever came upon the country and aroused the martial ardor of all. It was impossible for one imbued with patriotic impulses and military inclinations like Lieutenant Ross to escape it. Accordingly, in the latter part of April, 1861, he organized the first company that went from Fulton County to the War of the Rebellion, which became Company H of the 17th Illinois Infantry. Soon after going into camp at Peoria, May 10th, the Regiment elected him its Colonel and he was commissioned as such by the Governor of Illinois. After one month spent at Peoria in drilling and preparing for service, Colonel Ross and his Regiment moved to Alton, Illinois, where a month more was spent. About the middle of July the Regiment was ordered to St. Charles, Missouri, thence to Warrenton, and from there to St. Louis, where it became a part of the Command of General Fremont, and accompanied him, August 1st, on his expedition by way of the Mississippi river to Cairo, and August 3d, the Regiment went into camp at Bird's Point, Missouri. The 17th, was here engaged for about two weeks in building fortifications, was then ordered to a landing on the Mississippi river about thirty miles below St. Louis known as "Sulphur Springs," thence by rail to Ironton, Missouri, where

it encamped for a short time, and where Colonel Ross, about August 20th, for the first time met General U. S. Grant, who had recently been appointed Brigadier General. From here it moved to Fredericktown, about twenty miles distant, and garrisoned the place about a week.

The 17th having been attached to the Command of General Prentiss now moved under that officer to Jackson, and thence to Cape Girardeau; the latter place they reached September 2d, and here Colonel Ross had his second meeting with General Grant, then in command of the troops in south-east Missouri.

About September 10th, the 17th was removed to the Kentucky shore opposite Cairo, and aided in constructing Fort Holt. General Grant was then in command at Cairo, and about September 14th Colonel Ross was by him placed in command of a Brigade and directed to occupy Elliott's Mills, a point about half way between Fort Holt and Columbus. His force consisted of the 17th and 19th Illinois, the 2nd and 7th Iowa Infantry, a section of artillery, and about half a company of cavalry. This place, which was about twelve miles from Columbus, was occupied by his Brigade three or four days, and was named Camp Crittenden.

On assuming command of his Brigade, Colonel Ross issued the following orders:

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP CRITTENDEN, }
September 16th, 1861. }

BRIGADE ORDER }
No. 1. }

The following orders will be observed for the government and discipline of this Camp from and after the 16th inst:

1st. Until further orders the present encampment will be known as Camp Crittenden.

2d. Adjutant A. H. Ryan, of the 17th Regiment, is hereby appointed Acting Assistant Adjutant General, and will take rank and be obeyed accordingly.

3d. Quartermaster S. E. Forsha, 7th Iowa, is hereby appointed Brigade Quartermaster, and will take rank and be honored accordingly.

4th. Surgeon Marsh, of the 2d Iowa, is hereby appointed Brigade Surgeon and will take rank and be obeyed accordingly.

5th. One commissioned officer must be present at the roll calls of their

companies, and all commissioned and non-commissioned officers at all company and battalion drills. They will also give their personal supervision to squad drills and see that every private is instructed in the school of the soldier.

6th. Chaplains of Regiments will make suitable arrangements for reading the Holy Scriptures and other religious exercises on the Sabbath day. I would earnestly request that all officers and privates attend Divine service in camp every Sabbath.

7th. Captains are responsible for the cleanliness of their men, and for that purpose they will see that the members of their respective companies perform their ablutions at least twice a week.

8th. Company officers will carefully examine the food of their men, and see that it is of good quality, properly cooked, and set out in a neat and cleanly manner.

9th. No hawkers or peddlers will be permitted to carry on any trade within the Camp without first getting permission in writing of the commanding officer of the Brigade.

10th. No fire-arms shall be discharged within two miles of the Camp save for the purpose of alarm, and the commissioned officers of the several companies will be held responsible for the due enforcement of this order.

11th. The arms of the relieved guard will be discharged under the personal supervision of the officer of the guard and between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, a. m. The discharging of arms at any other time will be considered evidence of an attack, and the command will immediately prepare for action.

12th. No gambling of any description will be permitted in Camp, and the commanding officer earnestly urges the discontinuance of card playing of any kind.

13th. For the efficiency and honor of the service as well as for the general health of the men of this command, the Commandant of this post hereby prohibits drunkenness under the penalties of court-martial, and recommends that the use of all kinds of intoxicating liquors be avoided among both officers and men.

14th. The Captains of Companies furnishing men for Brigade guard will see that dinner, supper and breakfast is provided for the men on such duty at the guard house. The men on brigade guard will not be permitted to leave the guard house to return to their quarters for meals.

15th. The Captains of Companies will see that the following articles of war are read to and impressed upon the minds of their respective commands, to-wit: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 32, 33, 37, 38, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 52, 53, 54, 97, 99.

16th. The commanding officer desires to call attention to the extravagant waste of ammunition by the members of this Brigade, manifest from the continued firing within the hearing of the Camp. The army regulations make the individuals to whom issues of ammunition are made, personally accountable for its waste. He therefore wishes to impress upon the officers of the various commands, both commissioned and non-commissioned, the necessity of carefully inspecting the ammunition boxes of their men and personally super-

vising the careful and economical use of the same, and they will see that the arms of their respective companies are at all times in good order and ready for use.

17th. No private property shall be killed, injured or destroyed by the men of this Command, and it is particularly enjoined upon all Field, Staff and Company officers to prevent trespassing upon private property, and they shall, upon view or information of any such trespass, arrest all such persons and cause them to be tried by a court martial. No infraction of this order shall be tolerated for a moment.

18th. No regularly detailed guard shall transfer his duties to any person, "comrade in arms," under any circumstances, without first obtaining the written consent of the officer of the guard, who will himself be personally responsible for any dereliction of duty growing out of such transfer.

19th. To the end that perfect safety and security may be insured to this command, the Commandant of this post desires to impress upon the sentinels the importance and responsibility of their duties, and to this end the officers of the guard, immediately after guard-mounting and prior to the relief of the old guard, will read or cause to be read the following sections pertaining to guard duty and duties of sentinels on post: Sections 404 to 419 inclusive, 570 to 574 inclusive, 611 to 616 inclusive, and will explain the same fully.

20th. The officers of the day will be held responsible for the officers of the guard and its discharge of duty, and under no circumstances will a deviation from prescribed regulations be permitted.

21st. The Commandant of this post will enforce the above rules, and no shirking in their enforcement will be tolerated.

By order,

L. F. Ross,

Col. Commanding.

A. H. RYAN,

Acting A. A. G.

On submission of these orders to General Grant, with his own hand he wrote the following complimentary approval of them as his endorsement:

HEADQUARTERS, DIST. S. E. MO., }
Cairo, September 17th, 1861. }

Colonel:—Your orders meet with my entire approval. I hope you will see them enforced.

Yours,

U. S. GRANT,

To COLONEL L. F. ROSS,

Commanding Fort Jefferson.

Brig.-Gen. Com.

On the 15th the 19th Illinois was detached and sent east. On the 17th Colonel Ross was directed to fall back to old Fort Jefferson, about five miles from Fort Holt, and to occupy Elliott's Mills (Camp Crittenden) with a picket guard only,

and soon after was again at Fort Holt. This proved a very unhealthy location, and many of the men were on the sick list. As a sanitary measure, Colonel Ross was ordered to embark his Regiment, the 17th Illinois, on steamers for Cape Girardeau, a more healthy location, where those who were able aided in the erection of fortifications for the defense of the place, which at this time was under the command of Colonel Plummer, of the 11th Missouri Infantry. By him Colonel Ross was informed that Jeff Thompson had passed up west of the Cape, and was then near Fredericktown, and that he had been directed to fit out a force and drive him out or capture him. Colonel Ross expressed a wish to accompany him on the expedition. On the 17th he received notice to be ready to accompany him at any moment. The next morning they started on the march to Jackson and on the 20th encamped within twelve miles of Fredericktown. Their force consisted of about fifteen hundred men—parts of three regiments—11th Missouri, Colonel Plummer, 17th Illinois, Colonel Ross, 20th Illinois, Colonel Marsh, two companies of cavalry and a section of artillery. Thompson was reported to have about two thousand men, and was still in the vicinity of Fredericktown.

As Colonel Ross had spent a week at this place with his Regiment in August and had some acquaintance there, he took a small cavalry force of six or eight men, and pushed on to ascertain the position of the enemy by the time the command should reach town. When within a mile of the town he learned that the enemy had gone and that it was occupied by Union troops. Arriving at the town he found that Colonel Carlin, of the 38th Illinois, was there with two or three regiments, and on finding him at the hotel, Colonel Ross reported to him the approach of the forces from Cape Girardeau. An hour later Colonel Plummer arrived and held a short conference with Carlin. After this he went to Colonel Ross in the street, where the latter was awaiting him, and stated that Carlin ranked him as a Colonel and claimed the command of the entire forces. At the same time Plummer insisted that, as

the question of rank had arisen, and as Colonel Ross ranked both of them, it was his duty to take command himself, and accordingly Colonel Ross assumed command of all the forces present, and then ordered Colonel Plummer to take such part of the command as he desired and pursue Jeff Thompson. He replied that he wished the 17th Illinois, Colonel Ross's Regiment, to take the advance. After starting the cavalry to the front as an advance guard, Colonel Ross marched out of town to the south in the direction Thompson was said to have taken. Colonel Ross had not proceeded over a mile before he met Captain Stewart of the cavalry force returning, who stated that things did not look just right at the front. On Colonel Ross going forward with him a few rods to the brow of a hill Stewart called attention to a clump of bushes that had the appearance of a mask for a battery. A few men were also discovered moving about on the opposite hill, near the point where they supposed the battery to be located. A small creek with narrow bottom lands intervened. On the north side of the creek was a corn field. Colonel Ross at once filed his Regiment to the left, passed out of the road into a field, and then deployed three companies, A, F and B, as skirmishers, and ordered them to pass through the corn field. Lieutenant White's section of artillery was advanced to the brow of the hill and directed to open fire on what was supposed to be a battery on the opposite hill. He had fired but two shots before the fire of Colonel Ross's forces was returned by the supposed battery, and it was evident that a fight was at hand. Colonel Ross at once started to his own Regiment, but before he had reached it, the men on the skirmish line had met the enemy in the corn field and had begun the fight with small arms. Colonel Ross, with the remainder of his Regiment moved rapidly to the front in line of battle until he reached the skirmish line, and the entire Regiment was engaged. During the engagement, other infantry troops—the 20th Illinois and part of the 11th Missouri—formed on the left of the 17th Illinois and opened fire on the enemy. The left Company (B)

of the 17th Illinois, which was started out as skirmishers, was so far to the left that it turned the flank of the enemy and poured a destructive fire on their right flank. The enemy now began to retreat from the corn field. Colonel Ross with the 17th advanced at "double quick" and took position behind the fence that had at first sheltered the main force of the enemy. As they retreated from that part of the field the fire of the Union troops proved very destructive. The advance of Company B of the 17th Illinois was rapid, and having charged upon and captured the enemy's battery, the victory was complete and the enemy in full retreat. The cavalry now came up and pursued the scattered and fleeing forces of General Thompson for some distance, but in so doing sustained severe loss. The 17th Illinois in this battle suffered a loss of one killed and twenty-seven wounded. Only four hundred and twenty-six members of the regiment were engaged, the remainder having been left as camp guards or sick in hospital. None of the 17th Illinois, except Colonel Ross, had ever before been in battle, but all behaved like old and well-tried soldiers. In making pursuit, the cavalry, a portion of the 2d Indiana Cavalry, sustained about the same loss as the 17th Illinois had met with in the battle. Aside from these losses there were but five or six wounded on the Union side. During the engagement Colonel Ross did not see or hear from Colonel Plummer, except to receive a request from him that a company of the 17th Illinois should be sent to the rear to guard a battery. Company A, having been engaged from the beginning, was detached and sent to the rear.

The battle of Fredericktown, compared with others that followed, was an unimportant affair, but it was one of the first decisive actions gained in the West. As it was fought mainly by the 17th Illinois, and as all the men of that Regiment engaged behaved so handsomely, it was afterwards generally referred to as the fight of the "17th boys," and the commander, Colonel Ross, cherishes a feeling of pride and endearment towards all the members of this, his own Regiment, for their gallant and soldierly bravery.

Colonel Ross with his Regiment started on the 23rd of October on his return to Cape Girardeau, where he arrived on the 25th. Having on November 4th received orders from General Halleck, at St. Louis, to move out and make a demonstration on Bloomfield, the next day he marched twenty miles and went into camp at "Round Ponds." The next day he was ordered back again with his entire force, except the 10th Iowa under Colonel Perczel. He reached the Cape on the 7th, but the next day was ordered to make another demonstration toward Bloomfield. He moved out again twenty miles, where he received news of the battle of Belmont, and then returned again to the Cape, November 10th, his movements, the importance of which he was at the time ignorant of, being ordered to keep as many of the enemy as possible from Belmont, while General Grant attacked that place.

On the 29th he was assigned to the command of the post of Cape Girardeau, and the next day sent Colonel Wood with one hundred and fifty men on an expedition to Benton. December was mostly spent in drilling and other preparations for the field. On the 14th of the month, by invitation of General Grant, with two companies he went by the Steamer Illinois to Cairo, and attended a review there, and on the 16th attended reviews and inspections at Bird's Point and Fort Holt, and returned to Cape Girardeau. On the 18th he had a review and inspection of his own troops at Cape Girardeau, participated in by Generals Sweeney, Sturgis and Van Rensselaer, and on their invitation accompanied them on the Steamer Memphis to St. Louis, from whence he returned to the Cape on the 20th. From this date till January 30th, 1862, he remained at Cape Girardeau in command of that post and the troops there, the time being spent mainly in strengthening the defences of the place, in drilling and preparing the command for more active service. Several expeditions were sent into the interior of the country in pursuit of straggling bands of Thompson's command. On the 15th three expeditions were sent out, one to Benton in command of Major

Smith, one to Bloomfield under Captain Murdock, and the third to Dallas, commanded by Major Rawalt. Orders were given by Colonel Ross to those in command of these expeditions to take all prisoners found who had been in arms against the government and who had not yet taken the oath of allegiance, and to take their property, slaves included, to be used in aid of the Union cause. Again on January 25th Major Smith with two hundred cavalry was sent to Benton and below to capture a lot of rebels who had been firing on passing steamboats on the Mississippi river. Colonel Wood with two hundred infantry, and Major Rawalt with the remainder of the cavalry, were sent to co-operate with Smith, and on the 28th other forces were sent in the same direction on the same errand. These forays into sections of the country occupied by the enemy resulted in the capture of many prisoners, who were generally released on parole, with a pledge to return and deliver themselves upon demand. In this way many who had been coerced into the rebel service were enabled to return to their homes and remain there.

At the beginning of the Rebellion many problems difficult of solution arose respecting the treatment by the military of citizens and their property at the seat of war. The following letters of instruction from General Grant to Colonel Ross in reply to the latter's application for directions from superior authority, but at the same time declaring his own opinions, show that their views on some of the most important of these coincided, and that they were views which, though puzzling many at the beginning, were substantially those held by all loyal citizens at the close of the conflict.

We here copy the letter of instructions from General Grant under which Colonel Ross at this time acted. As will be seen it left to the latter a large discretion.

COL. L. F. ROSS,

Commanding U. S. Forces, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

HEADQUARTERS, DIST. S. E. MO. }
CAIRO, DECEMBER 4th, 1861. }

Colonel:—Your communication of yesterday is received and the following instructions are given in reply:

You will require Colonel Murdock to give over to the Quartermasters all property taken by them from citizens of Missouri. Such as may be reclaimed by owners you will direct to be returned unless taken from persons directly giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

When you know of depredations being committed by armed bodies of rebels within reach of you, you can use your own discretion about the propriety of suppressing them. I know your views about allowing troops to interpret the confiscation laws; therefore no instructions are required on this point; one thing I will add: In cases of outrageous marauding I would fully justify shooting the perpetrators down if caught in the act. I mean our own men as well as the enemy.

When you are satisfied that Thompson's men are coming in with honest intentions you may swear them, but in this matter I would advise great caution. As a rule it would be better to keep them entirely out of your camp, or confine them as prisoners of war. A few examples of confinement would prevent others from coming in.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Brig. Gen. Com.

Here also are General Grant's instructions through his aid, to Colonel Ross on the perplexing subject of the negro.

COL. L. F. ROSS,

Commanding U. S. Forces,

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

HEADQUARTERS DIST. OF CAIRO, }
CAIRO, January 5th, 1862. }

I am instructed by General Grant to say to you that he has carefully read your communication with reference to the slave of Dr. Henderson and fully concurs in your view of the case.

While it is not the policy of the military arm of the government to ignore or in any manner interfere with the constitutional rights of loyal citizens, except when a military necessity makes individuals subservient to the public interests, it certainly is not the policy of our army to in any manner aid those who in any manner aid the enemy.

The slave, who is used to support the master, who supports the Rebellion, is not to be restored to the master by military authority. If such a master has a civil right to reclaim such property he must resort to the civil authorities to enforce that right.

The General commanding does not feel it his duty to feed the foe or in any manner contribute to their comfort.

If Dr. Henderson has given aid and comfort to the enemy, neither he nor his agents have any right to come *within our lines*, much less to invoke our aid and assistance for any purpose whatever.

Very Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WM. S. HILLYER,

Aid-de-camp.

Here follows a letter dictated by General Grant on a subject which has not yet been so effectually disposed of as slavery.

HEADQUARTERS DIST. S. E. MO. }
CAIRO, December, 2, 1861. }

Colonel:—I am directed by Brig. Gen. Grant to say your note of to-day is received. In the prohibition of the landing of merchandise in Missouri you will be governed by enclosed General Orders, No. 4, issued from Headquarters St. Louis Dist., St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 27, 1861. As to the great demand for whiskey he agrees with you, and is of the opinion the more whiskey they could get the better, but he has issued an order prohibiting the landing of boats or any merchandise whatever between Cape Girardeau and Bird's Point, except at Commerce, on the Missouri side in future, unless expressly commanded by the General commanding the department or commander of the district.

I am sir very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. RAWLINS,

Asst. Adjt. Gen.

To COL. L. F. ROSS,

Commanding Cape Girardeau, Mo.

By the end of January it became imperatively necessary for Colonel Ross to take a leave of absence on account of severe family affliction. He left Cape Girardeau January 30th, and returned to his home in Illinois, from whence he went east with an invalid son. On his return west through Albany, New York, had he needed inspiration for his part in the great drama then being enacted, he would have received it in listening to an oration there by Edward Everett on the war. On his return he had reached Gilman, a station on the Illinois Central Railroad, when he learned that his regiment had moved into Kentucky, and instead of visiting his home, as he had intended, he immediately changed his course for the front, and reaching Cairo on the 13th of February immediately took passage on the steamer Hannibal for Paducah. Learning here that his regiment was with General Grant near Fort Donelson, he went forward at once to join it, and reached the battle ground on the afternoon of the 15th, in time to take a conspicuous part in that glorious victory of the Union army. He was at once assigned to the command of a brigade composed of his own regiment, the 17th, and the 49th Illinois, and directed to report to General Lew Wallace at the front. It

was these two regiments with the 48th Illinois which the day before had made the unsuccessful assault on the enemy's lines. Had Colonel Ross been present at that time, it would have fallen to him as the ranking officer to lead the assault and perhaps to have received the wound with which Colonel Morrison of the 49th Illinois was honored. On reporting with his brigade to General Wallace, Colonel Ross was assigned by him to hold possession of a ridge to the left. The position was stubbornly held till after dark, though constantly swept by shot, shell and grape-shot, when he was ordered to withdraw to a position near General McClernand's headquarters.

Early on Sunday morning, the 16th, Colonel Ross called upon General McClernand for orders for the day, when he learned that there were signs of a surrender on the part of the confederates, which in reality soon followed. The whole Union army, about thirty thousand strong, marched inside the works and received the surrender of the garrison. The sight was grand and imposing in the extreme. Union flags were flying, bands playing, and thirty steamboats and gun-boats were in line on the river moving to take position above the Fort. Fifteen thousand prisoners were in line and in squads over the fields. It was indeed a grand sight and one seldom to be seen in a lifetime.

Colonel Ross with his command remained in the vicinity of Fort Donelson till the 4th of March. During this time many visitors came to them from the north, among them most of the governors from the western states, including Governor Yates of Illinois, to bring healing to the sick, balm to the wounded, and cheer and congratulations for all, and make them forget the cold, snow and winds of February. On this day, March 4th, Colonel Ross and his brigade started through muddy roads, almost impassable for wagons, on their march for the Tennessee river, which they reached on the 5th at Metal Landing, and on the 6th embarked on steamers for Savannah. Colonel Ross and the 17th Illinois with Carmichael's Cavalry company taking the Minnehaha, the 29th

Illinois the Champion, the 43d Illinois the Fort Wayne, and Schwartz's Battery the Alex. Scott. There was some delay in starting, but on March 9th they were at Apple Orchard Landing, ten miles above Fort Henry. Here his fleet lay to a short time while he, on the steamer Dunlieth, visited Fort Henry, taking with him Captain Barnard of the Confederate Army, a prisoner of war. At Fort Henry Colonel Ross met General Grant on a boat tied up at the Fort, and was by him informed that he, Grant, was under censure, why he knew not, and was to be left behind, and General Grant exhibited much feeling, not anger or resentment, but pain and dejection. Colonel Ross, in common with all others cognizant of the matter, felt that great injustice had been done General Grant, and on returning to his command, in conjunction with General McClermand and other officers, signed a note expressing sympathy and regret which was sent to General Grant. About March 14th Colonel Ross arrived with his brigade at Savannah, Tennessee, and debarked; on the 18th and 19th marched to Pinehook, twenty-five miles southeast, with all the cavalry of his division and four regiments of infantry, and thence a few miles to Martin's Mills, where he destroyed or distributed among the poor a large quantity of flour that had been ground for the Rebel Army; on the 20th he returned to Savannah, and on the 21st embarked his brigade on five steamboats for Pittsburg Landing with orders to report to General Smith. March 22d on arriving at Pittsburg Landing, General Smith being sick he reported to General Sherman, then in command. This General was at the time occupying a cabin near the landing, where, it being only five o'clock in the morning, he was lying in bed, from which he rose and in his off-hand way marked out on the floor the lay of the land, and directed Colonel Ross to go out and select his own encampment. Colonel Ross's Brigade at this time consisted of the 17th, 29th, 43d and 49th Illinois, Taylor's and Schwartz's Batteries, and Carmichael's Company of Cavalry. The ground chosen by him for his camp was that afterwards occupied by General

McClermand's Division during the battle of Shiloh, April 6th and 7th.

On the 23d of March Colonel Ross, while there in camp, by the intelligence of the death of his wife at home, received a blow which, if not directly from the hand of Providence, would be accounted under all the circumstances, most cruel. His family then consisted of five children, the oldest a boy of fourteen and a confirmed invalid, the youngest an infant but nine months old. To him, thus situated, a leave of absence to return home was absolutely imperative, and it was granted by General Grant, who by this time had arrived and taken command. On the 26th he started on his melancholy errand to make provision for the care of his motherless children, and on the 30th reached his desolate home at Lewiston. April 3d, having hurriedly made arrangements for the care of his children, he was on his way back to the front, by steamboat from Havana to St. Louis by the 4th, and from here on the 5th by the steamer J. C. Swan for the Tennessee river. On the 6th he was at Cairo, and on the 7th at Paducah, where he was met by vague reports of "skirmishing at Pittsburg Landing on the 6th." On the 8th at Fort Henry he learned the truth of a great battle at Shiloh, and on the 9th was on the battle ground, where many of the dead were yet unburied. On reporting to Generals Grant and McClermand he was assigned to the command of the brigade he had left, which in the battle had been commanded by Colonel Raith of the 43d Illinois, who was mortally wounded and died soon after Colonel Ross's return. On the 24th Colonel Ross with his brigade, now strengthened by the addition of the 61st Illinois, moved three miles from Camp McClermand to a position named Camp Stanton, five miles southeast of Pittsburg Landing. This last move he was compelled on account of illness to make by ambulance, and a few days afterward had to absent himself from his command in the hospital boat on the river. On the 30th, on his return to his brigade, he found it eight miles from the landing on the road to Corinth. May 4th he moved within one mile of

Monterey, his brigade being now attached to Brigadier General Judah's Division. May 7th, being now in temporary command of the division, he held a review, at which Governor Yates and other civilians were present. On May 11th he moved forward and encamped within seven miles of Corinth, his brigade forming the extreme right of the besieging army. On the 13th at this latter camp he received his commission as Brigadier General, in which capacity he had long been acting. From this time forward till the rebels stole out of Corinth, General Ross's brigade, with the rest of the army under General Halleck, was employed chiefly in making changes of camp. On the 19th he made an expedition to the west and destroyed part of a railroad, and on the 30th, having about day-break, visited his fortifications four miles from Corinth, taken a dense smoke over the city and heavy explosions to be signs of evacuation by the enemy, reported the same to General Sherman. The next day on entering Corinth with Generals McClernand and Logan the place was found to be abandoned.

After a short leave of absence General Ross again returned to the command of his old brigade, with the 12th Michigan added to it, and now designated as the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, and on the 18th of July took command of all the forces at Bolivar, and made arrangements for fortifying the place, in which he was greatly aided by the slaves from neighboring plantations, which occupied the time up to August 18th.

August 27th General Ross was ordered to report at Jackson, Tennessee, having been assigned to the command of a district with headquarters there. On the 30th, receiving a dispatch from Colonel Crocker commanding the Iowa Brigade at Bolivar, that that place was threatened with attack—then that fighting had commenced—he immediately repaired there by train, but returned the next day, after the enemy had retired with a loss of one hundred, the Union side losing only one-fourth that number. Before leaving Bolivar he sent a dispatch to Colonel Dennis on the Estenaula, about twenty

miles northwest of Bolivar, who had about eight hundred troops, to move north to Jackson. General Ross had barely got over the railroad and back to his headquarters at Jackson when the enemy seized the railroad, fired some bridges, and were moving on Medon with a large force, but General Ross headed them off with reinforcements under Lieutenant Colonel Oliver, and by orders to Colonel Dennis to change his course for the same place and attack the enemy in rear. These foresighted directions had a happy issue. The confederates were handsomely repulsed at Medon with the loss of about one hundred, and were in full retreat west toward Denmark, when on the following morning, September 1st, Colonel Dennis met their cavalry advance and at once chose a favorable position. A few rounds of artillery being discharged at them, they charged upon and captured both the cannon. They then made six successive charges on Colonel Dennis's little force, but each time were repulsed with great slaughter, their loss in killed being over one hundred, Colonel Dennis coming off victor in the engagement, which is known to history as the Battle of Britton's Lane. The Union loss was five killed and fifty-one wounded. General Logan having returned and taken command at Jackson on the 3d of September, on the 8th General Ross went again to Bolivar to take command there, and took possession of Dunlap's Springs for hospital purposes. September 14th General Hurlbut having arrived at Bolivar with his division, General Ross was ordered to Corinth where he arrived the 15th with the 1st and 2d Brigades and was assigned to General Ord's command, and encamped the next day three miles east of Corinth. On the 17th he marched his division to Burnsville, where the next day Generals Grant, Hackleman, McPherson and McArthur arrived. Here Colonel Laggett's Brigade of General Ross's Division was sent out to reconnoitre.

On the 19th a dense smoke having been discovered in the direction of Iuka led to the belief that that place was being evacuated by the enemy, and General Ross was ordered for-

ward at five o'clock in the evening. He marched till darkness overtook his command and then went into camp four miles from Iuka, and the next day learned that the battle had been fought the evening before on the opposite side of the city by General Rosecrans, and that General Price, with the rebel army, was in retreat. On this day (the 20th) General Ross entered Iuka in the forenoon, and marched on to return to Corinth.

September 22d General Ross was ordered back again to Bolivar, when all the troops there were reviewed by General Hurlbut on the 27th, and on the 4th of October he moved toward Corinth. General Ord arrived the same evening and left for Pocahontas the next day (the 5th). Hearing cannonading on the 5th in the direction of Pocahontas, General Ross telegraphed this fact to General Grant, who, in reply, directed him to move out, which he did with alacrity, and on the afternoon of the 6th reached the battle-ground of the Hatchie. He returned to Bolivar on the 9th, and moved his division to Grand Junction and LaGrange.

On the 10th he again returned to Bolivar, and taking advantage of the lull in military operations, obtained a leave of absence from the Secretary of War to visit his stricken home, with permission to leave on the arrival of General McPherson to take his place. On the 14th he left Bolivar for Jackson, and thence to his home.

November 6th General Ross had again returned to Bolivar, and reported to General Grant, then at LaGrange. He received orders to report at Lagrange to General Hamilton, who had been given command of the right wing of the army then organizing to move south through Central Mississippi, and was assigned to the command of the division lately under General Stanley. The march soon began. November 12th General Ross led his division three miles south of Grand Junction, and on the 17th established his headquarters at Davis's Mills, which he set to work grinding flour for his troops, and where he received many refugees from the south.

On the 28th he marched fourteen miles and camped at Cold Water, and on the 29th rested at Lumkin's Mills, seven miles south of Holly Springs. December 4th he was at Waterford, on the 10th in the vicinity of Abbeville; the 11th he marched to Oxford and encamped two miles southeast of town, where he received orders to at once move his division north. The next day he was back to Holly Springs.

General Ross remained in this vicinity till January 21st, when he received orders from General Grant to turn over the command of his division to General Smith and with his staff to join General Grant at Memphis. These were acceptable orders to General Ross, as they presaged active duty in the environs of Vicksburg. On the 23d he was at Memphis, and on the 27th was on board the steamer Magnolia with General Grant and his staff, bound south. Arriving at Milliken's Bend on the 28th, and the next day at Young's Point, he was ordered to report to General McClelland, establishing his headquarters on the steamer Hiawatha near Vicksburg.

Having received orders to take command of forces at Helena, General Prentiss being in command of this post, he arrived there on the 11th of February, and on the 13th assumed command of the 13th Division.

February 18th he received orders to get ready to move with his command, the 13th Division, into the Yazoo Pass to co-operate with a fleet of gun-boats. His force consisted of nine regiments of infantry and one light field battery. On the 24th the troops embarked at Helena on thirteen transports, the gun-boats Chillicothe and DeKalb taking the advance. Owing to the bad condition of the transports, which were constantly requiring repair, and the encumbrance of coal barges which the gun-boats towed along, the progress of the expedition, especially for the first few days, was very slow. The naval officer in command of the gun-boats could not be prevailed upon by General Ross to leave his barges temporarily behind under a strong infantry guard which the military commander offered to furnish, and push forward one or more gun-

boats to Greenwood, at the confluence of the Yallabusha and Tallahatchie rivers, which was the objective point of the expedition, before the Confederates could concentrate and fortify there. On the 2d of March however, the entire command got into the Cold Water, a tributary of the Tallahatchie, which was lined on either side by dense forests and cane-brakes, and on March 6th steamed into the Tallahatchie. The progress of the expedition was not seriously opposed by the enemy till they reached a point on the 11th of March three miles above the mouth of the Tallahatchie, where the rebels had fortified a well chosen position, which they called Fort Pemberton, situated near the town of Greenwood. On account of the overflowed condition of the banks of the river it was impossible to attack the fort with infantry.

At five o'clock in the evening the attack on the fort was begun by the gun-boat Chillicothe, which was soon considerably damaged by the fire of the enemy, and was obliged to haul off. General Ross now erected a battery on shore and placed in it two thirty-pound Parrot guns. On the 13th he engaged the enemy again, the land battery co-operating with the gun-boats. The Chillicothe was soon disabled, but the fight was gallantly continued with the DeKalb, a mortar boat and the land battery. March 15th the land battery was strengthened with an eight-inch howitzer. On the 16th the 33d Missouri and 28th Wisconsin were ordered to assault and capture the fort should its guns be silenced by the land and water batteries. The land battery opened fire at noon, the Chillicothe soon after. In fifteen minutes after the action began the Chillicothe had been struck six times, and was disabled and withdrawn. The land battery obstinately continued the engagement till sunset, but without being able to seriously damage the guns of the fort. March 21st General Quinby having arrived and taken command, the effort to reduce the fort was ineffectually persevered in till April 5th, when the attempt was abandoned and the expeditionary force returned to Helena, where they arrived on the 8th.

April 9th found General Ross again in command of all the troops at and around Helena, and on the 12th he assumed command of the Post of Helena also. He spent the time from this up to the following June in reconnoitering the surrounding country, instituting regular target practice, drilling and reviewing his troops, blocking up the roads by felling timber as a means of defense against possible forays by the enemy, and penetrating the surrounding country with scouting expeditions, in one of which the Union forces had a severe skirmish with the rebels, under Colonel Dobbins, themselves losing four killed and fifteen wounded, while the Confederates suffered a heavy loss. He also devoted much of the time of the troops to the erection of fortifications which proved of inestimable value to the Union forces when the rebels attacked the place some weeks later and the bloody battle of Helena was fought, terminating so gloriously for the Union arms.

It now again became imperatively necessary for him to return home on a short leave, and on June 2d he started, returning July 6th, and the next day was assigned to the command of the troops there again.

The troops at Helena had a grand celebration on the 8th in honor of the fall of Vicksburg, which they had done so much to secure, though not immediately participating in the siege of that place. On July 9th he was assigned to the command of the District of Eastern Arkansas, which was the last command General Ross held in the army.

The Mississippi river, the great natural thoroughfare of the country, was now open and could be navigated to the mouth. The ultimate success of the Union arms was assured, and it seemed the war must soon come to a close. With these feelings of confidence in the future of that cause he had done so much to support and advance, under the pressure of urgent demands from home for his presence there, he tendered the resignation of his commission. This had been done before on account of the helpless condition of his children, but it seemed impossible then that his services could be spared.

Now, the situation being different, his urgent request was acceded to, and his resignation was accepted, and on August 2d he parted with his army comrades with much regret, became again a private citizen, feeling that only by leaving the army could he do his duty to those dependent upon him.

General Ross returned to his home at Lewiston, September 9th. He soon became engaged in business and in farming. Before the close of the war he made several visits in the south to some of the points his previous military service had brought him to, where he enjoyed reunion with former army comrades, and for a short time was connected in business with the firm of Bland, Ross & Kimball, and acted as a financial agent of the firm of E. Parkman & Co., all of Memphis, Tenn.

January 10th, 1865, at Monroeville, Ohio, General Ross was married to Mary E. Warren, with whom he returned to their home at Lewiston. In 1866 he removed from Lewiston to his farm at Avon, also in Fulton county, and devoted his time principally to stock raising. While thus engaged in 1867, without his knowledge President Johnson appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue. In 1868 he was nominated by the Republicans as a candidate for Congress, but the Democrats being largely in the ascendancy in the district he was defeated.

In 1869 General Ross resigned the office of Internal Revenue Collector in order to devote all his time to stock raising. His enterprise in this direction is indicated by his introducing in Fulton County, the year before in company with Mr. H. V. D. Voorhees, the first Norman horse brought into that county, and subsequently his introduction into that part of the country of fine specimens of Devon cattle. Whatever would tend to promote the interests of agriculture in its various departments he has always favored. He assisted in forming the Avon District Agricultural Society and was its first president.

In politics General Ross, while always advocating the essential doctrines of the Republican party, supporting the

Republican nominees at every presidential election, has constantly maintained an independent political demeanor. In 1872 he served as a delegate at large from Illinois in the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, which nominated General Grant for a second term. Yet, in the passage of the law by Congress granting back-pay to congressmen and upon the "Credit Mobilier" revelations, he did not chord with his party, but attached himself for the time being to the "Independents," and in 1874 became the nominee for Congress of the independent elements of both the Democratic and Republican parties, but as the Republican party, by a reorganization of the district through the censns of 1870 had great numerical superiority, he failed of an election by 260 votes in a total poll of 19,250. He is now in accord with the Republican party.

In 1872 and again in 1882 General Ross visited California. In 1882 he removed from Avon in Illinois to Iowa City in this state, where on his beautiful stock farm adjoining the city he has ever since, except during a short business visit to England in 1883, been engaged in the breeding and importation of Red Polled cattle, bringing the first of this strain of cattle into the State of Iowa, as he had in 1880 introduced them first into the State of Illinois.

From the tributes we have to the ability, gallantry and generosity of General Ross, and showing the affection with which his officers and soldiers regarded him, a few extracts are here made, want of space debarring the letters entire.

Mr. Marvin Scudder of Kansas City, Missouri, who was the Orderly Sergeant of Company K, 4th Illinois, which served in the Mexican War, says: "Rank did not lift him above his old associates, and only in the performance of duty did he assume any superior authority. True to the characteristics of a true soldier, he shirked no duty, evaded no responsibility, shrank from no danger, and as he was a rigid disciplinarian over himself he was a strict disciplinarian over the company; still all was done in a spirit which plainly showed that it was not done to show his authority, but that he

was proud of his men, and the honor and good of his company was the inspiring motive of every requirement. I do not think there was a man in Company K who did not bear with him from the service fond recollections of many acts of kindness and favors received at the hands of Lieutenant Ross."

Colonel A. H. Ryan of East Orange, New Jersey, who served on the staff of General Ross as assistant adjutant-general, and was afterward colonel of the 3d Arkansas Cavalry, says: "As a military man I think General Ross had few superiors, if any, of his rank in the army. I say this after having seen him tried in every way, in camp, on the march, on post duty, and in battle. In the battle of Fredericktown, Missouri, October, 1861, as colonel commanding, he displayed commanding ability and judgment; completely defeating his adversary, General Jeff. Thompson. From this time until July, 1863, and particularly in Grant's various approaches to Vicksburg, General Ross always held important and responsible commands, as post, brigade or division commander. From Fort Donelson to Pittsburg Landing he commanded the advance brigade of McClellan's Division, selecting the camping ground of the whole division, upon what afterward proved to be historic ground, the battle-field of Shiloh. In the spring of 1863, General Grant assigned him to the Yazoo Pass Expedition, one of the most intricate and perilous of the many approaches to Vicksburg, and in which General Ross succeeded in cutting his way through the Pass into the Tallahatchie river. He never to my knowledge did an unsoldierly act. He was kind and gentle, but firm in the discharge of his official duty. Intrepid and brave in action, he was ever a true and gallant soldier; a high-toned, kind-hearted gentleman, he did honor to every position and command held by him while in the service. Ever watchful of his men in camp, on the march, on the battle-field, or in the hospital, caring for their welfare in every way, he greatly endeared himself to them, and I know he still retains their love and respect, and will while one of them lives."

Captain M. S. Kimball, of Springfield, Illinois, who also was a member of General Ross's staff, writes: "General Ross is a grand man, and was a gallant soldier, loved and honored by all who had the pleasure of being associated with him."

As before stated, General Ross removed in 1882 to Iowa City, where he has since resided, a liberal, public-spirited and honored citizen. Inadequacy of space has compelled the abridgment of this sketch, and forbids the writer dwelling upon the excellencies of the character of his subject. In the ancient time General Ross would have been a prophet, in the middle ages a knight, and now, in the old world such a man would be ranked with the nobility.

AN OLD SETTLER'S ADDRESS.



THE following is the body of the eloquent address of the Hon. Jas. H. Matheny of Illinois, before the Tri-State Old Settlers's Reunion at Keokuk, August 30, 1887.

My friends, we are all here to-day to celebrate an old settlers' meeting, and you young friends must pardon us if we love to linger over the happenings of the past. There is something about the old cabin, the old fire-place, and the old spinning wheel that we old fellows can't forget. I don't propose, for one, to try to forget them. Not that they would do now. Not that they would suit this advanced age, by any means, but still the old memories that cluster around the old homes and the old times, when many of you were boys and girls, are exceedingly pleasant recollections and you must forgive us if we talk of these that we all once loved. I was born in this state—no not in this, this is Iowa, but in Illinois. I was born just thirty days before the State of Illinois, and I have been a part and parcel of that state from that day to this. I have watched its wondrous advance—

taken part in its growth and all that constitutes the glory and grandeur of that state. I remember it when there was no more than 25,000 people in it, and now there is largely over 3,500,000. The toils and the struggles endured by that people can never be described. They have advanced since those days at a rate that has been extraordinary. Their changes have been simply wonderful. In all the great avocations of life there is no comparison now with what they were then.

One of the greatest changes is in this very thing that we are doing here to-day. My friend Craig and others here remember how it used to be about public speaking. When I was a boy a good stump orator was a king. And why? For the simple reason that the great mass of the people were ignorant, if I may use that expression. There were no schools then and no newspapers for the great mass of the people. There was no mode of obtaining information except when some one, who had better opportunities, would take the stand and tell the people what he thought. The stump orator was a king then, but he is no longer. The newspaper rules in his stead.

It tires me sometimes, over there in Illinois, at our great political gatherings. We have great mass meetings over there, of course, in advocacy of some great position or interest. And what are they? Nothing but a flaunting of banners; the braying of brass instruments; the senseless marchings; the flashing of torchlights, and the infernal hiss of the torpedoes. What about the speaker? He is a mere appendage—the clown in the circus or the mountebank in the show. Nobody listens to him nor cares much what he says, knowing full well that if it is worth repeating, the morning papers will give it in full. The scenes on such occasions are painfully amusing. See the orator mount the platform, “his eye in a fine frenzy rolling,” his bosom swelling with patriotic emotion and his mind o’erburdened with grand and glorious thoughts. See him pound the air in frantic energy; howl out his “grand

thoughts" with increasing fury, in the vain attempt to rise above the rush and roar around him and at the last ingloriously subside amid the dolorous groanings of the bass drum and the scream of the "ear-piercing fife."

But it is better now. It is a good change. The people are all becoming intelligent, and you could not humbug them now if you wanted to. The merchant will lay down his yard stick and talk to you learnedly about the silver question. The mechanic comes home and delves deep into the mysteries of the tariff. The farmer comes to town with his wheat and he goes home with a lot of newspapers. This is a glorious change. There are a thousand other advances that I might refer to, that will show to you, my friends, how favored you ought to consider yourselves that you are living in this age of wonderful advancement. One thing I was reminded of to-day that struck me quite forcibly. Manners have changed so. We have changed in the matter of sociability. This is commendable. I am told that I am in a prohibition state when I get over here in Iowa, but I don't believe I would have thought it in walking up the streets of Keokuk.

You would be truly shocked to hear what took place over in Springfield not a great many years ago. One neighbor over there went to another who was a good old deacon in one of the leading churches and told him he wanted to borrow a gallon or two of whiskey. "No," says the deacon, "I can't let you have any for we are going to have prayer meeting to-night and we will need every drop." That old deacon was a good man, but he had not advanced far enough to know that he was dabbling with what was harmful.

Another advancement. Take the great question of education. How wondrous is the change in that particular! Why, as I told you before, and I may refer to it again, when I was a boy there was no such thing as going to school at all. I never went to school any. What little learning I got I took by absorption.

We had a schoolmaster or two, possibly three or four, before

I went out to work. You see I had to go to work early. My father was poor and I have managed to follow in his footsteps. We did have occasionally a broken-down Yankee come along that way out of money who would take up a subscription school so as to get enough money to take him back east. They could make impressions on our backs but very few on our brains.

But, as you have heard to-day, the country now is dotted over with school-houses, and no wonder that this American people, East and West, are giving birth to the wondrous enterprises that are astonishing the world. No wonder that the telephone and the telegraph and the railroads that are bearing the commerce of the country, are here. Why? Because the intelligence of the world is at work greater than ever before. Again, in the mode of living what an advance? When I was a boy, 10, 12, 14 and 15 years old, suppose you went to a meeting of any sort, and what would you see? Not such people, such faces as I see now. Not such bright eyes and pictures of physical health. Pale, sallow-complected women, and why? Because of the thousand exposures and privations. And then they didn't know how to live.

I have thought a good deal about mental development in making a great people, but you must first see to the physical development and then the mental if possible, and the advance of this Western people is greater in nothing than it is in the manner of living. I don't know so well how it is over here in Iowa, but I know that in Illinois if I go to one of these picnics I will find myself invited (and I always look out for that) to help eat as fine a dinner with all the delicacies and fine cooking, the pies, the cakes, the bread, as can be found at any hotel in Chicago.

People in this Western country have found out how to live. The school-master is so enlarging the brain of this people that in a generation or two the sun will shine on no such people as inhabit this Western land of ours. We are a wonderful people. We are a mixture, and I have faith in what we will be and in

humanity in general. I believe the Almighty when He made man and looked on His work and pronounced it good, knew what He was talking about. You hear some people growling about the world not growing any better—about its growing worse; never a thing going right, always something going wrong.

I believe in no such nonsense. The world is getting better every way—physically, intellectually and morally. Better in everything just as God intended it should do. I have no patience with those eternal growlers. I was over in Indiana once and I learned a lesson from a little girl over there. I had just got home from the army where I wasn't killed. I am sorry I said that, but I want you to understand I wasn't killed. However, I had got home and all I had was a mortgage over in Indiana put in the hands of a lawyer to foreclose. I had borrowed enough money to get over there and try to collect what was coming to me, but when I got there I found the lawyer had foreclosed, collected the money and spent it. He was broke up and I didn't get a cent. If ever a mortal had the blues, I had them. I started home and I had twenty-five miles to ride in the stage to get to the railroad. Along in some of that beech-woods a little girl got in. We finally went down a long hill where the trees were so thick they made it dark. Just along where the trees were the thickest and the shadows the deepest, the little girl commenced to get out. And I says to her, "you don't live down here in the dark, do you?" She answers, "yes, I make my own sunshine."

So I say to you all, "make your own sunshine and you won't be growling so much." You don't at all know what the old-timers suffered fifty or sixty years ago, and I hope you will never know. You have a perfect paradise to what they had. You have your pleasant mode of travel, your fine horses and your spring wagons; your daughters to play on the piano, and your good wife there to take care of you. No music did those old-time fellows hear more than the music of a crying child.

That was the music they had. You have everything to be thankful for. You and I have heard to-day from our friend Craig that it is only an imaginary line dividing Iowa and Illinois, and I know we are all very friendly, though you growl occasionally, I suppose, as we do over there.

But compare your condition with that of your predecessors and you will then see that you ought not to complain but that you ought to send up one continual prayer of thankfulness for your manifold blessings. We have the best country in the world, not only in a political aspect, but in its social and moral aspects. In this country there is no man that need ever hear his children crying for bread; who can not make a living for his wife and children and for himself if he will? Of course if he wastes his time and drinks it up, such a thing may happen, but in this land of ours no one need ever hear his children cry for bread. That is not always so in other countries. There are people in other countries who can't make a living, who are crushed out by tyrannical government, but that is not true here. No man here upon whom God's bright sunshine falls, who has his hands and his strength with which to labor, but can have the common blessings of life.

For this you ought to be thankful, and a song of unceasing thankfulness go up to the Grand Master instead of the growling of some people who seem to want the whole earth. Those old-timers of fifty and sixty years ago had but one wish, that was to make their wives and their babies a home. They had no political ambition, which is too much the case now with many people. Every man should be a politician to a certain extent—old settlers and young—enough to enable them to perform their duties to their country. But too many run wild about power and place in this country. I was a pretty good mechanic, and they made a poor judge out of what might have been a good carpenter. There is too much of that sort of disposition in this country, and it would be well for us all to try to correct that sort of spirit.

"How like the roaring devil, is the heart full of ambition!"

Another thing that I might speak of as among the wondrous changes. And I know of no better place to speak of it than this. That is the spirit of resistance to law. What is law? You can not see it. You can not touch it, and yet it is the guardian angel that is to-day hovering over your homes protecting all you love from pillage and violence. It is the invisible power of law. There is a spirit growing abroad in the world that is disregarding the law; that is inclined to trample down this grand superstructure built by you. It is for the young men to guard this grand temple of legalized human freedom with the same sacred fidelity that your fathers have.

We have a grand country that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the colder regions of the North to the burning sands of the South, and yet as broad as it is it is not big enough for more than one flag to float in it.

There is no room for the red flag of anarchy. The star-spangled banner is big enough to reach from the north to the south, from the east to the west. When the black flag of treason was reared in the South all men, without creed or distinction, without a moment's hesitation rushed to the rescue of the old flag. And now that another is being raised in this country I warn you whenever the time comes for you to act to trample that flag in the dust just as the Northern heroes trampled the Southern flag.

I have reason to be proud of this country—I love it. And I will tell you why I love it. I love it because it recognizes no grades or distinctions among men. I love it because the ways to power and distinction are open alike to the poor man's son as well as the rich man's. I love it because my boys, if they have the strength and courage, can win its honor as well as the man's boys whose wealth groans in bank vaults. My boys will get nothing from me. They learned that long ago. I have come to the conclusion that the best way for a man to do is to spend his last dollar in paying for his funeral services. If you leave thousands of dollars for your children they will

quarrel over it and not thank you for your pains in saving it. I learned that lesson long ago and am trying to follow it out. I want my boys to have the same chance that I had; I want them to have the same government to grow up in that I had, and I trust and believe that they will. I never exactly understood what the word patriotism meant. I never understood fighting for an abstraction. Love of country! I love this country because it protected Susan and the babies at home when I was away, and I would not have loved it if it had allowed them to be trampled upon. You love that country that you can rely upon and trust. We have got that sort of a country.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE family of the Hon. Charles T. Ransom, who died on the 5th of last April, have reprinted for private distribution, in a handsome miniature volume, some of the previously published notices referring to the death of this eminent member of the Iowa Bar. Its contents are composed of the beautiful tribute which appeared in the *State Press*, the resolutions of regret adopted by the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society, (of which Mr. Ransom at the time of his death was a member,) and the Board of Regents of the State University, and memorial resolutions and other proceedings of the Johnson County Bar, of the Supreme Court of Iowa, and of the U. S. District Court for Iowa.

“BETTER DEAD THAN HOMELESS,” by W. H. Michael,—founded on fact—Washington, D. C., Brodix Publishing Co., 1888. This is a well written fictitious work with a political bent, designed to exemplify the benefits of a protective tariff. Captain Michael, the author, as a stripling was a brave volunteer from Iowa during the war, first serving as a soldier in the 11th Iowa, and afterwards as a commissioned officer in the navy, to which he was transferred from the army. After the

war, upon completing his studies in the Iowa State University, he had an experience in journalism as the editor of an Iowa political newspaper before removing to Grand Island, Neb., his present home, and engaging in the practice of law. On the death of Ben: Perley Poore, he became the worthy successor of that scholarly writer in the official position at Washington which assigns to him the compilation of the Congressional Directory. We are happy to be able to promise some contributions from his pen to the RECORD.

PROCEEDINGS of Crocker's Iowa Brigade at the fourth reunion, held at Davenport, Iowa, Wednesday and Thursday, September 21st and 22d, 1887, is a neat pamphlet of 129 pages from the press of Egbert, Fidler & Chambers, of Davenport, for the compilation of which credit is due to the excellent literary taste of the Recording Secretary, Capt. John H. Munroe, who was a gallant soldier of the 11th Iowa.

RECENT DEATHS.

MAJOR PETER MILLER, late of the 16th Iowa Vols., in a fit of dependency last September, died by his own hand, in New York City. Major Miller was born of German parents in Michigan, and was about fifty years of age. He assisted in raising Company F of the 16th, of which he became successively Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, and Captain, and finally at the close of the war was promoted Major of his regiment. His remains, at his request, were buried beside his parents, at Ypsilanti, Mich., his former home. Major Miller while in the service was unremittingly at his post of duty, and had such spirits that he was gay when others drooped, and with voluble speech and hearty laugh made the camp ring. After attaining his majority he was the youngest officer of his rank of Crocker's Iowa Brigade, and one of the bravest, most generous, and most popular of that heroic body of veterans.

COLONEL JOHN A. GRAHAM, formerly a resident of Keokuk, Iowa, of which city he had been mayor in the old pioneer

days, died at Washington, D. C., on the 22d day of last April, in the fullness of ninety years, For the last twenty-seven years of his life Colonel Graham had been a resident of Washington City, and from 1861 to 1876 was an officer in the Register's office of the United States Treasury Department. Before coming to Iowa his home had been in Merrick County, Indiana, where for twenty-one years he had been Clerk of the County Court.

OZIAH PHELPS WATERS died at his home in Burlington, Iowa, on the 28th of last June, aged fifty-eight years. He was Past Grand Master of Masons in Iowa, and Past Grand Commander of Knights Templar, and was a most worthy exponent of this beneficent Order. At the time of his death he was the chief representative in Iowa of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.

NOTES.

MR. C. F. DAVIS, of Keokuk, some time ago at his own expense erected a monument to the Indian Chief Keokuk, which stands in the park on the Mississippi river bluff just north of the city which was named after this celebrated Indian.

SOME provisions should be made, as is well suggested by a writer in the *Des Moines Register* lately, by the legislature at its next session looking to the purchase and preservation of valuable relics of the late war associated with the names of distinguished soldiers from our state. The sword of Gen. Marcellus M. Crocker is mentioned as a typical representative of the class of articles referred to. From the heroism of the man who unsheathed it in the cause of the Union it reflects a lustre upon the whole state. Propriety forbids a solicitation of it as a donation to the rich commonwealth of Iowa from his meagerly pensioned widow, but a proffer of its purchase would be an honorable proceeding on the part of the state, which should preserve it as one of its most precious relics of the civil war.



James Lee

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JAMES LEE.



THE edicts of heredity are as inviolable as any other natural laws. One born with a disposition to rectitude will generally lean to virtue even if environed by the temptations of vicious example, while another, innately influenced by a sinister bias, will often fall into vice over the props and barriers of education and religious teaching. And so, for the origin of a noble manhood, one naturally inclining to charity, honesty, courage, and general virile grandeur, we look back to parental sources for the springs of these virtues. The high qualities which embellish the character of a good man may be developed through the influences of education and the church, but generally we cannot expect a child born of criminal parents to grow into the excellencies of character which distinguish the good any more than we would look for a Rarus from an ordinary strain of horses or an Astrakhan apple from a wild apple tree.

In the integrity of his parents no less than in their moral example and instruction we find the mainspring of the honorable character and career of James Lee.

His father, William Lee, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1809, and his mother in Edinburg the following year, both

of immemorial Scottish moral hereditaments. When a boy, after acquiring a fair education, which Scotch law and usage, above every other division of the British kingdom, provides and insists upon, his father, to learn the trade of a book-binder, was apprenticed for seven years by bonded indenture to Fisher & Brothers, an extensive publishing firm of his native city, who have also since established a branch of their house in New York City.

Seven years is a long time for a boy of fourteen to surrender his liberty, and we may well suppose that, after reading the story of Robinson Crusoe, or seeing the white sails of the ships in the harbor of Glasgow outward bound for blue water, and hearing the hoarse but melodious voices of the sailors slowly singing the refrain:

“A handy ship and a handy crew,”

he sometimes tired of the monotony of folding and stitching, paper ruling and pressing, and longed to partake of that freedom which he knew to be over the sea, for some of his brothers, he being the youngest, ere this had become hardy and adventurous sailors.

Having faithfully served his apprenticeship to the end, he bent his steps toward the world's metropolis, London, where he soon found employment at his trade. Here in St. Margaret's Chapel, an appendage of Westminster Abbey, he was married to Miss Jean Murray, November 28, 1830, by the Rev. I. T. Connel, of the Church of England, the Church of his faith. Here, also, his daughter and four sons were born and here too his wife died, and was buried from the same church she had been married in, to be followed soon by the youngest son, Robert, who was buried beside his mother.

In 1845, dissatisfied with the circumscribed sphere in which as a working man he was confined, and yearning for the opportunities afforded by republican liberty in America, sentiments which were fostered by a political organization to which he was attached, he determined to seek his fortune in the New World, and with his four children, sailed in the ship Prince

Albert from London for New York, arriving safely in the latter place after a voyage of thirty days.

In July of the same year he started for the West by the Erie Canal and the lakes, going to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he remained till the spring of 1848, when he removed to St. Louis, Missouri. In St. Louis he was employed as foreman in the book-bindery of James Hogan till 1851.

In 1851 Iowa City was the capital of the young state of Iowa, and the firm of Palmer & Paul were the proprietors of the *Iowa Capitol Reporter* (the embryo of the *State Press* of to-day) a weekly newspaper, the leading organ in the State of the Democratic party, and, as its name implied, published at the capital. This firm, composed of Major Garrett Palmer, who quite recently died at Winterset, Iowa, and the Hon. George Paul, the present postmaster at Iowa City, were at this time the State Printers and Binders. They were adepts in the art of printing, but had no practical knowledge of binding, and there being then but one bindery in all Iowa, and that of but limited capacity, they were compelled to resort to the slow, expensive and unsatisfactory method of sending this class of work to St. Louis to be done. At that time St. Louis held the same relation to Iowa that a mother's apron-string does to a child. If anything was lacking here Iowa caught on to St. Louis. So Mr. Paul turned thither in search of a competent book-binder, who might be induced to remove to Iowa, and here bind the Legislative Journals and Acts, and the Code, seven thousand copies of the latter having been ordered by the General Assembly. His inquiries brought him to Mr. Lee, with whom Mr. Paul returned to Iowa City.

Here Mr. Lee was enabled to realize his long cherished ambition to establish a book store, which he did in about a year after coming to Iowa, in connection with the State binding. The work turned out of his bindery, under the contract of Palmer & Paul, was most satisfactory, so much so that the Iowa Code of 1851 is referred to to this day as the most durable specimen of book-binding ever done in the State. He

prospered abundantly. His book store was the only one in Iowa City till 1862, and having passed from father to son, and from son to sister, still flourishes under the management of Lee & Ries as "The Pioneer Book Store."

Mr. Lee died April 23, 1871, at the age of sixty-two. On feeling that the hand of death was upon him, he summoned his children and his old-time friend, Mr. Paul, to his bedside, and verbally communicated to them his wishes as to the disposition of the independent fortune he had secured, discarding the form of a written will. He also laid upon his children wholesome injunctions, one of which was to decline the proffer of any public office. He prohibited the least ostentation at his funeral and forbade any inscription on his tomb. He was so averse to anything which might seem the result of vanity that he would never sit for a picture. His character for probity, benevolence and scrupulous business exactness was of the highest. He was very attentive to his patrons, and could not tolerate any negligence toward them on the part of his employes. In the latter years of his life the delicacy of his health prevented him from performing the duties of a salesman, but he usually sat in the rear part of his store, where he received and entertained his friends in social converse, and if a customer seemed to be unnoticed his quick eye immediately detected it, and he gave expression to a resonant sound as if clearing his throat, which immediately brought every clerk to his feet.

James Lee, the particular subject of this sketch, with such a father as has been outlined in the foregoing, could hardly fail to fill an honorable career in whatever he might have engaged in. He was born May 4th, 1839, in the city of London. One of the three million of that seething metropolis, where no lull or hush ever comes to the strife and roar of commerce and business, the chance would seem to have been small for him to have secured so much distinction in a short life of less than fifty years as to entitle him to a place in the pages of even so modest a history as this. But, like Hermes,

before he was well out of his cradle clothes he began to make provision for himself, and to lay the foundation of that character for honorable endeavor and rectitude of purpose which he inherited through his parents from a long line of Scotch ancestry. When only eleven years old he began to earn his own living in the office of the St. Louis *Republican*, where he worked one year before coming to Iowa with his father, acquiring the rudiments of the printer's art. On coming to Iowa he resumed this occupation, entering the office of the *Iowa Capitol Reporter* in the autumn of 1851, and leaving it, after having mastered the business, in 1859, to accompany his brother William on his intended journey to Pike's Peak. But after penetrating the wilderness of Nebraska, then infested with hostile Indians, forty miles beyond Omaha they met the return tide of disappointed emigrants with such bad news that they reversed their course and returned home. The next year, with Gaelic perseverance, he desired to undertake the expedition again, but his father, dissenting he dutifully yielded his wishes. And this filial reverence for parental desire was common to the whole family. His sister Margaret, in deference to her father's opinion, suppressed the tenderest sensibilities of a woman's heart. Mr. Lee was in everything a self-sacrificing person, wont to take a cheerful view of everything. "Take people as they are, not as you wish them to be," was an every-day saying of his.

A very beautiful association, founded on friendship, mutual confidence and a community of taste, which lasted for many years, and until interrupted by death, was formed between Mr. Lee, Mr. Charles G. Reiff and Mr. George P. Plumly, who died a short time before Mr. Lee. These three for many years were inseparable. Their meetings were daily, and their expeditions by field and flood many. Mr. Reiff, as the senior, soon came to be looked upon as the mentor of the party, and as such was humorously styled "Dad." If a project of doubtful propriety were broached, the question as to what "Dad" would say at once arose. If it were likely to meet with his

approval it was adopted, if not it was rejected. And if, without due consideration, some enterprise had been engaged in sure to be condemned by their chief, the word was passed, "Don't tell Dad."

The Riverside Boat Club, which planned and arranged for their friends many delightful encampments and aquatic excursions from their boat-house at Butler's Landing on the east bank of the Iowa, two miles above Iowa City, drew much of its inspiration and social charm from these three bachelors, Mr. Reiff acting as caterer and generally preceding the others by a day or two to make full preparation. The other original members of the Riverside Boat Club were John P. Irish, Green Choate,* M. W. Davis, S. J. Hess, H. O. Hutchison* and Ed. Clinton.*

His fondness for field sports sometimes took him beyond the camping grounds of the boat house club. The beautiful lake region of our state occasionally attracted him there with other huntsmen. Six years ago, with Mr. George W. Koontz and others, he visited Pelican Lake in Palo Alto County, where the blue-bills and other game were very plenty and the neighboring country not yet sufficiently settled or cultivated to obliterate the charms of its wild and native scenery, and where he could indulge his passion for hunting, fishing and camping out.

Mr. Lee visited Colorado several times during the fifteen years preceding his death, formerly on business, latterly in quest of health. The "stone of destiny" venerated by the ancient Caledonians on account of its having been used by the old Scottish kings and queens to stand upon during the ceremony of their coronation, which in the superstition of the times was regarded as the sure guaranty of fortune to its possessors, and which is now preserved as a relic in Westminster Abbey, near which Mr. Lee was born and lived as a child, would seem, to prolong the superstition to the present, to

*Deceased.

have imparted to him some of the good fortune which it was supposed to have the magic power to confer.

Cinnidh Scuit saor am fine,
Mar breug am faistine:
Fur am faighear un lia-fail,
Dlighe flaitheas do ghabhail.

The race of free Scots shall abound,
If this prediction do not fail,
Where e'er the stone of destiny's found,
By Heaven's right they shall prevail.

Or, more literally, "the race of the free Scots shall flourish, if this prediction is not false; wherever the stone of destiny is found, they shall prevail by the right of Heaven."

At any rate, his trips to Colorado, probably more by wise selection and judicious investment than by simple good fortune, crowned him with golden affluence, and, with other accumulations, enabled him to leave a fortune which moderate computation puts high in the thousands.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Lee's father advised his sons against accepting public office, which was really an unnecessary precept, as they have all been averse to holding public trusts. Nevertheless they have all literally had offices thrust upon them, and in this way Mr. Lee held the office of trustee in the City Council of Iowa City for the term of two years, beginning March, 1873, and that of a member of the Board of Supervisors of Johnson County for the term of three years, beginning January 1877, in both of which positions his services were characterized by the same business prudence that marked the conduct of his own private affairs.

After his father's death Mr. Lee continued his residence at the family home in Iowa City, with his only sister, Margaret, for whom he had a sincere fraternal affection which was warmly reciprocated. Their's was a quiet hospitable home, with an ample board and a gracious welcome for all who came, and serenity and content seemed there permanently established. But illness and decline gradually came to Mr. Lee, and after a year-and-a-half of ill health, upon partially

recovering his strength, in May of last year, accompanied by his devoted sister, he sought for a more complete restoration in the mountain breeze of Colorado, which before had given him health and fortune, and in the society of his two brothers and their families. The change brought amendment. Steady improvement inspired hope, and new plans were being formed for further travel, when death came to him suddenly at the home of his brother Henry in Denver on May 8th.

His remains were brought by his sister and brothers to Iowa City, where on the 22d they were deposited beside his father's in Oakview Cemetery, followed there by a large concourse of friends.

A special meeting of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society was held on the receipt of the news of Mr. Lee's death, at which the board adopted the following.

WHEREAS, James Lee, a member of this society for twenty years and for seventeen years a member of this board has been removed from among us:

Resolved, That in his death this society loses an active and valuable member, the community a citizen who by a life of integrity and a high-toned honorable business career has retained the character established by his father half a century ago. The two, father and son, have made the name of Lee honored ever since the settlement of this portion of the state.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the members of his family and furnished the press for publication.

Resolved, That the members of this society attend the funeral in a body.

Never having been married the immediate relatives left by Mr. Lee are his sister Margaret, who resides at the old homestead in Iowa City, his elder brother William, who married Miss Mary Jane McBride and has four children, and who resides on his farm near Denver, Colorado, where he settled in 1859, before the organization of Colorado as a territory, and where he was elected and served as a member of the convention, which in 1875-6 framed the constitution of the centennial state; and his younger brother, Henry, who married Miss Jennie, the daughter of Hon. George Paul, and has three children. This brother is a prominent merchant of the city of Denver, which has been his home since the early settle-

ment of Colorado in 1865, and where he has been elected to the lower branch of the Legislature twice and to the Senate once.

The predominant elements of Mr. Lee's character were derived from his Scotch extraction. He wore not the bonnet nor the breacan, nor did he retain the Scotch accentuation. But the Gælic traits of benevolence, personal independence and obstinate friendship were his. The continuity of his friendship was above all a distinguishing feature of the man, and was well shown in the loyalty of his interest in an acquaintance, at one time prosperous but afterwards indigent, whom he cared for in his long poverty and sickness, supplying all his wants, and finally defraying his funeral expenses, the chief claim of the recipient of his bounty being that he was a fellow-countryman.

WHO TAUGHT "THE FIRST SCHOOL IN IOWA, AND WHEN AND WHERE?"

BY T. S. PARVIN.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's,
and *truths*."—*Shakespeare*.

"Truth is brought to light by time."—*Tacitus*.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit.



SOME seven, and five, and three years ago we wrote and published articles under the same or a similar heading to that which forms the *query* we have again essayed to answer.

In each and all of those essays we told the "the truth, and nothing but the truth;" but upon neither of the occasions did we "tell the whole truth;" because we did not, as too many do who scribble for the press upon such themes, profess to "know it all." We have essayed to again "speak in public"

and take for our following the same text. And we can truthfully say with the immortal few, that our aim is to glorify our state, "render honor to whom honor is due," and to vindicate the truth, "only this and nothing more." The time which has elapsed since we wrote our first and last paper upon this topic has "brought to light" new truths and "more light." And it may be that our contributions shall afford some *data* for the historian who shall undertake the task of writing the "History of Education in Iowa."

We propose to follow this paper with one upon the "Early School Legislation in Iowa," the necessity for which may be found and made apparent by the following extract which we clipped from one of the many papers in Iowa which gave it a place in their columns.

THE FOUNDER OF THE IOWA SCHOOL SYSTEM.

It is probably not generally known that Hon. Horace Mann, the educator of Massachusetts, was *the founder of the Iowa public school system*, and which has made it one of the foremost states in the Union. When he was president of Antioch College he was selected by *a committee of the legislature* to prepare a law embodying his ideas of a public school system, which he did, providing for the township as the unit in school administration, teachers' institutes, county superintendents and normal schools for teachers. Although his law was far in advance of the public sentiment of that day, and the legislature did not adopt it entire, they did adopt the fundamental principle of it and have since been adding to the structure according to Mr. Mann's idea, as public sentiment would warrant. It was the earnest desire of that great educator to see his plans carried out in Iowa.

There are several fundamental errors in this statement, which some over-zealous friend has set afloat to belittle the state and defraud others as far back as the date of the organization of the territory in 1838 of the honor their due. President Mann was *not* "the founder of the Iowa public school system," nor was "he selected by a committee of the legislature to prepare a law," etc., as we will prove in a subsequent article. More than this, Iowa had established a State "Normal School" in 1849; held "Teachers Institutes" in 1849, and the "Township System" had been recommended as early as 1838 and often later. Mr. Mann's report was not presented

till December, 1856, reminding us of the fable of the "wolf and the lamb."

Again the necessity of a thorough research into the history of "Early Education in Iowa" is made apparent from the fact that no less than three *living* persons claim the honor of being "the first teacher of the first school in Iowa." It is a historical fact that seven cities of the ancient world put in a claim to the honor of having been the birth place of Homer the greatest poet of all time and the sweet singer of Greece. Why, therefore, following so illustrious a precedent, should not a citizen of Iowa, of Illinois, and of distant Oregon put in their claim and contest for the honor in view.

In an autobiographical sketch of one of our "old settlers," published in 1883, the author claims that "he (we will not name him, because of the gross absurdity of his claims,) was the first teacher of the first school in Iowa." The absurdity not to say folly of his claim is presented by himself in a further paragraph, where he adds that "he opened his school in Burlington, the first Monday in November, 1838." All readers of Iowa history know the Territory of Iowa was separated from Wisconsin and organized July 1838, and Wisconsin and Iowa separated from Michigan Territory, when it became a state in June 1836 and that both were "attached for judicial purposes to Michigan in April 1834. There was therefore an organized government for Iowa from 1834 to 1838 and until it became a state in 1846. The population of Iowa in 1836 was 10,531 and in 1838, 22,859 among whom there were, as any one might know, some children of a school age. At the date of our admission into the Union (1846) the population was 102,388. And in 1856 when Hon. Horace Mann presented his "revision and improvement of school laws of Iowa," and not a new "public school system," the population was 517,875. It is hardly presumable even by a gullible person that half a million people mostly emigrants from the New England and Eastern States had lived and prospered for twenty years without a "public school system."

So too must every one know, as the old settler aforesaid ought to have known, that the people of either ten or twenty thousand had not suffered their children to run wild without the benefit of schools for a period of either two or four years as his statement asserts.

In our first paper we were unable from the data at our command to trace a school back of and prior to the spring of 1834, taught in Dubuque in a building (of which more anon) erected in 1833 for "the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church," but when not occupied for divine service might "be used for a common school,"—as it was the following year.

The publication of that paper brought forth new claimants and "further light" upon the subject of our "Early Schools and School Teachers." In 1866 the *Burlington Gazette* put forth the claim of I. K. Robinson of Mendota, as the first to teach a school in Iowa, in the winter of 1830-31 in Lee County. Before the date of the *Gazette* article, December 1886, we had secured evidence that Mr. Berryman Jennings (published in the Minutes of the Old Settlers Association of Lee County, as Benjamin Jennings) had also taught school in Lee County in 1830. It may prove a matter of interest as illustrating the course pursued and the difficulties in the way, obstructing our earlier efforts to get at the facts and elicit the truth we sought, to present some of these mountains which we later reduced to mole-hills. We accidentally fell in with a paragraph stating that one *Benjamin* Jennings had taught school in Lee County as early as 1830. But an extended correspondence with the early settlers failed to inform us who he was, or if living where he resided. As a Mason and custodian of the large Masonic Library of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, we had long known that Berryman Jennings was the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Oregon, organized in 1851. After some correspondence with the officials of that jurisdiction we learned that Berryman Jennings quite old and very feeble resided at Oregon City, an old but small town on the Willamette river, and some ten or fifteen

miles above Portland (also on the same river—and not the Columbia as most people supposed). We accordingly addressed him a letter, and another when after some months we received from him a long and interesting letter, in his own hand. This letter is so full of important facts and promising great interest to the new as well as old settlers that we transcribe it for preservation in a durable form (the original is in the autograph collection we gave the Grand Lodge in June last).

OREGON CITY, November 28, 1884.

T. S. PARVIN, P. G. M., Iowa City, Iowa.

Dear Sir and Brother:—Your letter of January 7th asking whether Berryman, rather than Benjamin Jennings, taught school in Lee County, Iowa, in 1830, was received. I could not use the pen then, nor can I now, but will try with a pencil to reply. I was residing on the Half Breed Tract, now part of Lee County in 1830. Dr. Garland (We knew him well—the name is incorrectly spelled; it is Galland—his son Washington is now, 1888, living, and the earliest settler in Iowa at Montrose, Lee County,) an eminent physician and citizen lived six miles above the present site of Keokuk on the Mississippi river, near where resided several American citizens who had children of a school age. The doctor prevailed upon me to teach a three month's school. Dr. Garland furnished room, fuel, furniture, and board in his family. While teaching he gave me the use of his medical books (with which he was well supplied) to read. And after school I continued to read then till mid-summer of 1831, when I was taken sick. Convalescing, I returned to my father in Warren County, Ill. [It will be borne in mind that young Robinson, whose parents also resided in Illinois, did the same thing, removed to his father's home when school was out.]

This school room was, as all other buildings in that new country, a log cabin built of round logs or poles notched close, and mudded for comfort. Logs cut out for doors and windows, and also fire-places. The jamb-back of the fire-places was of packed dry dirt, the chimney topped out with sticks and mud. The cabin, like all others of that day, was covered with clapboards, weighted down with cross poles. This was to economize time and nails, which were scarce and far between. There were no stoves in those days and the fire-place was used for cooking as well as comfort. You mention Capt. Campbell, who went with his father to Iowa in 1830. I remember an Isaac R. Campbell, who went from near Nauvoo, Ill., to Iowa in 1830. I can hardly realize that the lad Campbell (a son of the former) whom I then knew and who would now be sixty years old, is still a resident there. I would like to relate many incidents of the early settlement of that county, but fear I might make mistakes, as some others have done.

Dr. Ross, whom I knew well, made some mistakes. [He refers to his address read at the semi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Iowa, at Burlington in 1883. Dr. Ross, whom we also knew well, was the first post-

master in Iowa, at Burlington in 1834, and also furnished a room in his house for the first school in Burlington in 1834, taught by Zadoc C. Ingraham, who died in Missouri the past winter. His son, Mr. I., is now a citizen of Burlington. Dr. Ross died at Lovilia, Iowa, also this last winter.] Capt. Campbell's mistake in my name is easily accounted for. I usually sign my name "B." I do not remember the names of the pupils of my school [Bro. J. is quite old, over eighty years and quite feeble] or of my patrons, but I do remember that I taught school in Iowa in 1830, and that it was the first school taught north of Missouri and west of the Mississippi river—a very large school district extending to Canada on the north and the Pacific ocean on the west, where there are now some thirteen or more states and territories. What a growth in fifty-five years! About thirty years ago I met Dr. Garland in Sacramento, Cal., tottering with old age. Some say he was buried near Sacramento, with no stone to mark his grave, others that he died at Ft. Madison. I don't know. [We do, he died at Ft. Madison in 1858, where he had first located in 1828.] Thus one after another of the old settlers pass away and are soon forgotten, [a sad truth, for they builded wiser than they knew," and the present generation of citizens are enjoying the fruit of their toil and labor to build a state.]

Your *Annals* [I had sent him the periodical published by the State Historical Society] of Iowa will perpetuate the names and services of some of them for the benefit of future historians.

With fraternal regards, etc.

BERRYMAN JENNINGS.

This letter, around which clusters so much of interest to old settlers and those seeking to unravel the mysteries connected with the early history of our state and especially its educational history, failed to give the *date* (save the year) in which he taught that "first school." It was at that time (1884) however deemed conclusive and so we stated in our second paper in 1886. The *Gazette's* claim of priority later in that year reopened the question, when having obtained the address of Mr. Robinson, in whose behalf the *Gazette* put forth the claim, we addressed him a letter of inquiry as to the *month* in the year 1830, he had taught his school. To that letter he promptly and courteously replied as follows:

MENDOTA, ILL., January 20, 1887.

T. S. PARVIN, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Dear Sir and Brother:—In answer to your letter of inquiry of the 17th inst., about "the early schools in Iowa," I answer, I commenced teaching a school December 1st, 1830, in the employment of a Mr. Stillwell, who was then the owner of a warehouse and wood yard at the present site of Keokuk, Iowa. His only child large enough attended the school. A brother of Mrs.

Stillwell, whose christian name I have forgotten, but whose surname was Vanausdal, Seth Wagoner and his brother of "Wagoner's Run," Hancock County, Ill., one or two children of Mr. Brierly, a sister of Mrs. Forsythe, a Chippewa Indian girl and I think a son of Dr. Muir were as I remember, members of my school. It is possible that Capt. Campbell, of Fort Madison, can furnish you the address of Mrs. Stillwell and her brother Vanausdal as they were living in the summer of 1884. The school was conducted until some time in the spring of 1831. The winter was one of remarkable severity and noted for the great amount of snow falling at one time, being over two feet in depth. If there were any schools in Iowa previous to this one, I do not know where or by whom taught. Battese, a full-blooded Indian boy, and adopted by Mr. Blondeau in his family, informed me that he had went to school and learned the letters and could spell words of one syllable but that he got flogged every time he went to recite his lessons. He was probably attending the same school with Mr. Blondeau's daughters at St. Charles or Portage de Sioux, Mo.

Yours respectfully,

I. K. ROBINSON.

In his subsequent letters he supplies two omissions, and gives the name of Mr. Seth Wagoner's brother as "Christian" and Mr. Vanausdal's Christian name as "Valentine."

One of Mr. Brierly's sons, a pupil of Mr. Robinson, is also living in this state. His father, James, was one of the representatives from Lee County in the legislature which met at Burlington (the first) November 1838.

This letter of Mr. Robinson disproves the criticism of the papers alluded to above, that "there were no settlers in Iowa in 1830, and that "Mr. R. taught school in Iowa in the winter of 1829-30."

This letter so courteously written in response to our request establishes the fact that "a school was kept" at the *landing*, the present site of Keokuk, Lee County, as early as December 1st, 1830, and was taught by Mr. I. K. Robinson, then a young man, now an octogenarian residing at Mendota, Ill.

A word explanatory of the fact disputed by the *State Register* when we published our third article that there were *children* in Iowa at so early a period as 1830. We have seen that Iowa, first called the "Iowa District of Wisconsin," west of the Mississippi river, was first organized into a government as an attachment to the Territory of Michigan, but only for

“judicial purposes” to throw the ægis of the law over the miners of the “lead mines” in the vicinity of Dubuque. There are yet a few of those early miners residing there, who commenced mining “under difficulties” as early as General Jackson’s election in 1828. The difficulties were that before the Blackhawk War of 1832 and the capture of that grand chieftain, the strip of country along the Mississippi river ceded in 1832 was not to be opened to settlement till the spring of 1833, and the settlers (squatters) were often removed (transported across the river) by the U. S. troops, stationed at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, under command of Captain, afterward General and President Taylor and his lieutenant, afterward the famous Jeff. Davis.

But prior to this in the year 1824, the Indians, Sacs and Foxes, in a treaty ceding a portion of their lands in Missouri and Illinois, ceded to half-breeds of their tribe the celebrated “half-breed tract,” comprising a large portion of the county of Lee, on the Des Moines Rapids.

Later the “New York Company” purchased of a portion of those half-breeds their share (for they held it in common), and sent parties out to reside upon and hold it. Many of those persons were heads of families and had children, and at that early day established schools (we purposely use the plural) on the tract.

The priority of claim was still in doubt upon receipt of this interesting and valuable letter of Mr. Jennings giving particularly *the month* of the year in which he taught that so-called first school. We addressed the same query to Captain James W. Campbell, then and now one of the leading business men of Ft. Madison, Lee County, where he has resided for almost sixty years. Mr. Campbell was one of Mr. Jennings’ pupils, whereupon his testimony becomes conclusive of the fact to which he testifies. As these letters are historical evidences of an essential fact elucidating the early history of education in Iowa, we present them to our readers in this form for preservation for the use of the future historian of

Iowa. That from Mr. Jennings was written by his daughter and is as follows:

OREGON CITY, February 14, 1887.

T. S. PARVIN,

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 24th was received some days ago when my father was laboring under a severe illness. He is recovering, but unable to attend to his correspondence, and I hasten to reply for him. He does not remember the exact month, it is so long ago, but it was in the fall of 1830 that he commenced his school and closed that year in December, as near as he can recollect. Father left Iowa and came here (Oregon) in the year 1847. [Here follows some data furnished for a sketch of his life we will present in our Masonic annals should we survive our aged brother.]

Yours respectfully,

LILLIAN M. JENNINGS.

The following is the letter from Capt. Campbell who not only fully corroborates the statement of Mr. Jennings but is more full and minute.

FT. MADISON, March 20th, 1887.

I have delayed answering your question relative to the authenticity of the facts stated as to the first school taught in Iowa. I now have information which is unquestionable, and communicate to you the following facts:

Berryman Jennings was the first to teach a regular school in Iowa, which he did at what is now Nashville, Lee County, Iowa, in October, 1830. This locality was then known as Ahwipetuc on the Half-breed Reservation. The first school taught at Pucke-she-tuc, now Keokuk, was taught by Jere Creighton in the winter of 1832-33. He was a shoe-maker by occupation and about sixty years of age then, and came from New Orleans, La. The attendants at Creighton's school at Keokuk were Valincourt Vanorsdal, Valincourt Stillwell, Margaret Stillwell, Forsythe Morgan, John Rigg, alias Keokuk John, George Crawford, Henry C. Bartlett, Mary Bartlett, Mary Muir, Sophia Muir, Michael Forsythe, Eliza J. Anderson and the writer, J. W. Campbell.

In regard to the claim of Mr. I. K. Robinson's friend that he taught the first school in Iowa, there is some mistake. He, or his friend for him claim that Valincourt Vanorsdal and the Muir children attended his school. I have a letter now from Vanorsdal stating the contrary. Now I have in my possession Dr. Muir's books, which show that he was a practicing physician at Gale-na, Ill., and did not remove to Iowa (Keokuk) till the autumn of 1830, a short time before Berryman Jennings opened his school at Ah-wi-pe-tuc. And further, I have in my possession Mr. I. K. Robinson's receipt, signed by Chauncey Robinson, for school services at Commerce (then 1830) now Nauvoo, at which school I attended August 5th, 1830, on the hill in the Gouch school house, about three hundred feet east of where the Mormon Temple was in after years built. Mr. Robinson is in error in his statement that Francis Labersure was one of his scholars. He was not less than twenty-six years old at that time, and was far advanced in educational accomplishments over Mr. Robinson or

any one else at Keokuk at that date. He was educated at a Jesuit school at Portage de Sioux under the supervision of the Chouteaus, and was their interpreter for the American Fur Company at that time. Mr. R. claims he was an attendant at his school taught in 1830 1831. [This Indian or Half-breed, called by Mr. Campbell, Labersure, must be the same person that Mr. Robinson calls in his letter, Battese.]

I think it superfluous to add more in refutation of the claim of Mr. Robinson being the first school teacher in Iowa. That honor belongs to Berryman Jennings, of Oregon, and his pupils now living, Capt. Washington Galland, at Montrose, Lee County, Tolliver Dedman, and myself assert these facts.

Yours truly,

J. W. CAMPBELL.

Not having the address of Mr. Dedman, and having personally known Capt. Galland for nearly fifty years, we addressed him and give his reply in corroboration of Capt. Campbell's statement.

Not that any further evidence is needed, though it makes "assurance doubly sure," but as containing additional facts bearing upon that very early period in our history we append the letter addressed us upon the same and other subjects by Capt. Washington Galland now as at that early date a citizen of Lee County. We are certain we need offer no apology for the insertion of these letters in full rather than present extracts therefrom.

Capt. Galland writes:

MONTROSE, IOWA, April 16th, 1887.

PROF. T. S. PARVIN, Cedar Rapids:

Dear Sir and Brother:—Replying to your favor of the 9th in regard to the school taught by Berryman Jennings, now a P. G. M. of Oregon, I would say from my best recollection and limited data at my command, that the time must have been the fall and winter of 1830, and the place Ah-wi pe-tuck (the Indian name), afterwards "Brierly's Point," then Nashville, and now changed by order of the Board of Supervisors of Lee County, to the town of Galland, that being the name of the post-office.

The "settlers" resident with families then were, as far as I can now remember, Dr. Isaac Galland (my father), Isaac R. Campbell (father of Capt. J. W. Campbell), James and Samuel Brierly—Samuel afterwards married Sophia, a daughter of Dr. Galland—W. P. Smith, Col. — Dedman (father to Tolliver, referred in Capt. C.'s letter), and Abel Galland. My father's brother lived with his family in a cabin some distance back from the river and on the hill. Among those without families was Berryman Jennings, our school teacher.

Among the young people who were his pupils I can only remember the following names: James W. Campbell, Tolliver Dedman, James Dedman,

David Galland, Thomas Brierly, Eliza Galland, and I think, but am not sure, George W. Kinney, then a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age (a brother of my mother), and myself.

With sincere and fraternal regards,

WASHINGTON GALLAND.

The testimony here produced and from living witnesses and all of them parties either teachers or pupils of the first two schools taught in Iowa conclusively establishes the following facts:

1st. That Berryman Jennings, now of Oregon City, Oregon, taught a and the *first* school in Iowa, in Lee County, near the present site of Nashville on the Des Moines Rapids, October to December inclusive, 1830.

That three of the pupils of the school yet reside in Iowa (two of whom testify to these things), viz.: Capt. J. W. Campbell, of Fort Madison, and Washington Galland, of Montrose, Iowa, and Tolliver Dedman.

2d. That I. K. Robinson, of Mendota, Ill., taught in the same county and where Keokuk now is in December, 1830, January and February, 1831.

That two, if not three, of his pupils are still living in Iowa Thos. Brierly and Valincourt Vanorsdal and Mr. Seth Wagoner, in Illinois.

3d. That the claim of the third claimant for these first honors that "he was the first teacher of the first school in Iowa," is not true, as he himself says in his autobiography that "on the first Monday (fifth day) of November, 1838, he opened the first common school in Iowa." It must have been very *common* indeed even for that early period, as he did not seem to know that a dozen "common schools" had been "opened in Iowa," before he came to Burlington, Iowa, the 5th day of May, 1838.

The facts are interesting to know that schools were taught in Iowa four years before our connection with Michigan, six earlier than our union with Wisconsin and eight before Iowa had an independent organization. It is also worthy of note that amid the mutations of time pupils now honored citizens

of our State still survive in our midst. And that those venerable teachers still live (at this date, 1888), though past four-score years of age, honored and respected in the countries where they reside and have lived for so many years.

Within a year we have personally met two or three of those old pioneers, Captains Campbell and Galland, whom we have known for half a life-time and found them hale and hearty and full of reminiscences of early times.

Within a month the "Iowa Masonic Library" at Cedar Rapids has been presented by Louis A. Gerolamy, artist Chicago, with a fine large crayon portrait, nicely framed, of Past Grand Master Jennings, whose claim to the honor of having taught "the first school in Iowa," is fully established. Such a portrait should grace the walls, also, of the Department of Education at Des Moines—and were it not that "the school-master is abroad," and but little interest, seemingly, felt in matters of "ye olden times," the fathers of our educational system would be more highly honored, and such honors no longer bestowed solely upon those—as shown in one of our extracts—who come in as laborers at the eleventh hour.

CO-OPERATIVE CHRISTIANITY.



ON November 25th last, the Rev. Wm. Salter, D. D., in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the original formation of the Congregational Church in Burlington, of which he has for many years been the pastor, preached a memorial sermon to his congregation, which has been published in a pamphlet with the above title, from which we make bold to take some extracts, on account of the local historical and personal references they contain, which will be found as follows:

* * *

"We commemorate to-day a work * * that was commenced in this city fifty years ago, on a similar last Sunday

in the month of November, 1838, then as now the 25th day of the month.

The scene is changed. Burlington was then a frontier town. Fifty miles west was the Indian line. This was the Black Hawk Purchase, which had come into the possession of the United States on the first day of June, 1833. It had been attached to the territory of Michigan for two years, 1834-6; it had constituted a part of the original Territory of Wisconsin for two years, 1836-8; it was then the Territory of Iowa, which had been organized the previous summer, and of which Burlington was the capital. The first legislative assembly of the new territory was then in session, in what was known as Old Zion Church. The first land sales were then taking place. There was stirring activity and excitement. The people were intent upon making homes and receiving their titles from the government. They believed that they were laying the foundations of what would some day become a great and prosperous state; but their minds never expatiated over such a realization as fifty years have brought.

Among the first settlers were men of Christian faith and devotion who planted the gospel upon these shores. Dr. Wm. R. Ross, who built some of the first cabins in 1833, who was the first postmaster of the town, told us in this place five years ago that the school and the church were founded in 1834. He was a man of public spirit, of unbounded generosity, a warm-hearted Methodist. He was the right-hand man of the teacher and the preacher. One of his cabins furnished the first school house. He built "Old Zion" Church, which was free for every order to preach in." His work survives not only in the large and flourishing Methodist Church, that has grown out of his labors, but also in all the churches and schools that have been built from that day to this. His work joins with theirs in pledging and binding our city to the sacred cause of education, and to the Christian religion. They are all as living stones, built into a spiritual house in that measure of intelligence and virtue and piety, which marks us as a

people, and which in each and every part rests upon the one Christian foundation. * * *

This church was born of the spirit of Christian co-operation, that led good men of a former generation to merge doctrinal and denominational differences in a larger charity, and absorb points of variance in a unity of the spirit and in the bonds of peace. At the very time this part of the country was reclaimed from the savage, and was thrown open to civilization as the consequent of the Black Hawk War of 1832, there were students in Yale College, who were considering what mission was awaiting them in life, and what work there was for them to do in the Christian ministry. In the class of 1834 there were two students who became ministers of the gospel in Iowa, James A. Clark and Reuben Gaylord. Another member of the same class, William H. Starr, studied the profession of law, and settled in this city, and was one of the founders of this church. It is interesting to trace the connections of our history with one of the great seats of learning in our country—to see how the select Christian influences that have been centered there for two centuries have flown out in blessings to portions of the land far remote. The enlargement of mind which such a college gives to young men inspires them with high aims and noble ambitions.

In addition to Mr. Starr and his wife, who were both natives of Connecticut, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Edwards occupied a chief place among the founders of this church. Mr. Edwards was a native of Boston and cherished with a religious fervor its traditions of the school and the church. With these four persons eight others joined in forming this church, making the whole number twelve, of whom five were gentlemen and seven ladies. They met in a building on Court street at the northwest corner of Main, then occupied by a school, and were joined together under the ministry of the Rev. J. A. Clark, as living stones upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone.

Mr. Clark had come to the west the previous summer as a missionary of the American Home Missionary Society, and was then stationed at Fort Madison. He was invited to remove to Burlington, but was already making a home in Fort Madison, and preferred to continue there. For several years the church enjoyed the ministrations of the gospel only at irregular intervals by missionaries of the American Home Missionary Society, who were laboring in the territory; mainly, in addition to Mr. Clark, by Rev. Asa Turner, Rev. R. Gaylord, Rev. W. C. Rankin. The Rev. John M. Boal, from Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, came here in 1842, and labored a few months. The meetings were held in private houses, or in small halls over stores. Early in 1843 the ground we now occupy was purchased, the foundations of a church building were laid that summer, about which time the Rev. Aaron Dutton, who had studied theology with President Dwight, and was pastor at Guilford, Connecticut, for thirty-five years, came to Iowa under a commission from the American Home Missionary Society and visited Burlington; but sickness compelled him to return to Connecticut.

On the 23d of October, 1843, a number of young clergymen arrived in this city, who had been students together in the Theological Institution at Andover, Massachusetts, where, as they looked out upon their own country and upon the world, the field to which the Divine Master seemed to point the way more plainly than to any other, in answer to many inquiries and to many prayers, was the Territory of Iowa. They came under the direction and at the expense of the American Home Missionary Society. Of this company the Rev. Horace Hutchinson was invited to remain here. The following is from his first quarterly report to the missionary society:

"I came here to remain about the first of November, though I preached here a few times before. Our congregations have nearly trebled since I came, as they had no regular preaching before. Our room is full in good weather, and more would

come if there was room. The audience is uniformly attentive. The church numbered eighteen members at the time of my coming. At the reorganization of the church under its present form (Congregational) others came; at our last communion six more united, making our present number thirty-two. Eight or ten more, we hope, will join us at our next communion, though prejudices of education may prevent some. Our Sabbath school numbers not far from one hundred scholars. Our Thursday evening prayer meeting is interesting and tolerably well attended, considering the circumstances of many of our members. We need a house of worship much. Our congregation would soon more than double if we had a good place of meeting. I feel sad when I write that we have had no revival since I came. I think there has been a steady progress, but there are some evils here which a revival alone can remove. These evils are such as arise naturally from the unsettled state of a new community, educated in different sections and under different influences. Hence there is a sad want of union among Christians which sadly weakens our power to do good."

The reorganization of the church was completed on the 28th of December, 1843, by the adoption of a new constitution, of which the following is an extract:

"WHEREAS, the subscribers having been known and recognized as the New School Constitutional Presbyterian Church of Burlington, Iowa, at a regularly called meeting, have freely and voluntarily agreed to change the form of government of said church, all the elders concurring therein, so that it shall hereafter be recognized and known as the Congregational Church of Burlington, do hereby bind themselves and their associates to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This church shall be called the Congregational Church of Burlington.

ARTICLE II. Satisfactory evidence of Christian character

and assent to the confession of faith and covenant shall be the conditions of membership."

Only one of the members disapproved of the change at the time and declined to concur in it, but in after years approved of it and became a member of the church, and continued with us until removed by death.

After a faithful and devoted ministry of two years Mr. Hutchinson's health failed. Called to lay down the cherished work of his heart and to leave the field which he had assiduously cultivated and the friends which his kindness of heart and his noble qualities of mind had attached to him, and the beloved companion, who had left her New England home to share with him in the privations of a frontier missionary, it was not without a struggle that faith triumphed, and he bowed in resignation to the Holy Father's will. It was my privilege to be with him at the last, and to stand by his grave as his form vanished, "dust to dust." We had been companions together in sacred studies. I had seen his activity and muscular vigor on the ball ground and on the skating pond; we had joined together in the parting hymn of our class:

"Where through broad lands of green and gold
The western rivers roll their waves,
Before another year is told
We find our homes—perhaps our graves."

We had been companions in travel around the great lakes and over the prairies of Illinois to this place. and now he was called to lay down his work, and I was called from another field in the territory to leave the humble beginnings I had made there, and enter into his labors.

After long and painful struggles a House of Worship was erected upon this ground, in December, 1846, at a cost of \$6000. For two years later the church remained dependent upon the A. H. M. S., and received aid from its treasury. The whole amount expended by that society in the cultivation of this field was \$1480. The sum of \$800 was also collected by Deacon Shackford from Christian friends at the east to aid

in the building of the first house of worship. These facts of our early history may remind us of the affiliation of Christian sympathy and co-operation with our beginnings, on the part of those far away, which is interwoven with our work, and should also remind us that as in our feebleness and weakness we freely received, so also in our wealth and in our strength we should freely give to help others in the new and remote places that are in need.

Albert S. Shackford and James G. Edwards were our first deacons. Men of superior intelligence and deeply imbued with the Christian spirit, they were pillars of honor and strength to the congregation. Few young laymen acquire such maturity and consistency of character as Mr. Shackford possessed. I had known him when a boy in his New Hampshire home by the sea. Largely from his partial friendship, and in response to letters from his hand, I came to Burlington to preach. He was the superintendent of the Sunday School, and had introduced into its opening exercises the responsive reading of the scriptures, which continues to this day, and which is now generally adopted in all Sunday Schools. He carried into every department of Christian activity the sweet and gentle courtesy and kindness and the quick intelligence that were his uniform characteristics. But I was permitted to enjoy his sympathy, counsel and support for only a few months. He died at Auburn, New York, August 17, 1846, where he had stopped for rest, while on a trip to New England.

Mr. Edwards came west in 1829, and took an active part in the counsels and labors of those high-minded and philanthropic men who were associated in the settlement of Jacksonville, Illinois, and with those Yale men who founded Illinois College. Theron Baldwin, the founder of Monticello Seminary, and Dr. Sturtevant, for many years president of Illinois College, were his cherished friends. He removed here in 1838. He was the founder and for more than twelve years the editor of the *Hawk-Eye*. As a christian, he was a man of

firm religious convictions, warm in his affections, catholic in spirit, zealous in every good work. For two years, 1839-40, he was superintendent of a Union Sunday school, which was held in Old Zion Church, and he was subsequently superintendent of the Sunday school of this church for several years. The interests and honor of this church lay near his heart. It was the child of his unceasing toil and care. The stranger, the sick, the bereaved, the poor, the pastor, had in him a sympathizing and helpful friend. Generous, as men said, to a fault, no call of charity, no object of benevolence, appealed to him in vain. His home was hospitality itself, always graced with guests. Unless detained by sickness, his place was never vacant in the sanctuary or in the meeting for prayer.

Rev. Abner Leonard was a man of mark, prominent and honored among the early founders of this congregation, as in other walks of life. His mind was vigorous and independent. He was an intelligent farmer, a skillful horticulturist; his farm and garden and orchard stocked with the best of all the products of the earth. Preferring the simple principles of the Congregational order * * he gave his influence to setting up that order here, and became a member of the church bringing to its counsels dignity and discretion, and inspiring respect for its character and work. He too, was given to hospitality, and was a lover of good men and a liberal supporter of religious institutions and charities.

For twenty years, 1851-71, Deacon Ritchie served the church, and many were witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly and unblamably he went in and out among us. In our years of feebleness and poverty he frequently served as trustee and as treasurer of the church and society, and, by painstaking and care, making a little go a good ways, by the prudence of his counsels and the uniform kindness of his spirit, largely contributed to our harmony and prosperity. Gifted in prayer, which he made a study, and ready to every good work, he kept in special sympathy with the poor and neglected, and often embraced opportunities to speak a word

for his master to the humblest and lowest. For many years, and with great heartiness, he acted as depository of the County Bible Society, and helped in promoting the circulation of the Scriptures. Among his last services in the Sunday school was to teach a large class of colored refugees, who came here during the war. Scrupulously conscientious and just, he pursued the even tenor of his way with uniform courtesy and kindness, and was a fine example of that balance of character of which the Apostle speaks, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Amid many cares, and with habits of close attention to business, he preserved spirituality of mind, and never lost relish for acts of Christian duty, for works of charity, or for divine worship. Having filled out life with usefulness, he was borne to his grave as a shock of corn in its season with a bunch of ripened grain in his hand.

After the death of Deacon Shackford, David Leonard was chosen to the office of deacon. and in a life of eminent fidelity, consistency and devotion, sustained the honor of religion as a man of God, an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. Though his home was at a distance of three miles from the church, no one was more regularly in his place in the sanctuary, or more steady and steadfast in every good work. Firm in his moral and religious convictions, they gave strength and elevation to his character, as they were finely symbolized in the superiority and dignity of his person. Sharing the pure tastes of his father in horiculture, he did his part in embellishing the land with the choicest varieties of trees and plants, to enrich the orchards and gardens and environ the homes of the people with beauty and protection. The summons came suddenly that called him into the joy of his Lord. It was the universal feeling that a Prince in Israel had fallen.

Deacon Moses Hill brought to us the strength and glory of the granite hills of New Hampshire, amid which he was born. His firm and resolute character, rooted in holy faith, blended with benignity and grace and a tender conscientiousness and a zeal for religion pure and undefiled, gave honor to the Chris-

tian profession, and justice, temperance, truth and love his inward piety approved.

Deacon Charles Hendrie brought to our Christian work the activity and energy that marked him in the industry and enterprise of a life full of labor and toil. Never sparing himself, a man of public spirit, zealous for progress and improvement in society and the nation, for the elevation of labor, and the advancement of both the temporal and the spiritual welfare of mankind, he was a living stone in our Christian foundations, true to the Divine Master, giving strength and support to every endeavor for the bettering of the world and the promotion of Christ's kingdom.

Deacon John Darling walked among us in simplicity and godly sincerity, an example of the Christian virtues, showing forth the lineaments of his Saviour in the daily beauty of a life hid with Christ in God, and unfolding in his conversation and conduct the excellent fruits of the holy spirit.

All these died in faith. They rest from their labors.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

* * *

To the cause of temperance, to the cause of public education and the common school, to the cause of our country and of human liberty the world over, to the work of our national salvation in the horrid times of the civil war, this church has given the best of its energies and strength. We have believed—it has been as an article of the Holy faith among us—that the great principles of our national life make us as a republic of God, that they came into the world with the advent of our Saviour, and are as really an outcome and expression of the Christian religion as any article in any creed that the Christian world has constructed or approved. Believing that godliness has promise of the life that now is, and making it our daily prayer for the coming of God's kingdom down from the

skies, that His will may be done in *earth* as it is in Heaven, we have accounted the purification of human society, the regeneration of nations, the moral and social reformation of the world, the advancement of social Christianity, an integral portion of our religious work, and have preached practical righteousness and the golden rule and human brotherhood as the common law of man's earthly life. * * * *

The ladies of the Church gave a public reception to the older members, and to other persons not of this congregation, on the 27th of November. A goodly number of septuagenarians and octogenarians were present, and received cordial salutations of respect and honor; also one lady in her ninetieth year, at whose wedding, in 1817, General William Henry Harrison was present. Portraits were exhibited of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Edwards, Rev. Abner Leonard, David Leonard, Charles W. Ritchie, Moses Hill, John Darling, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Jaggar, Thomas Hedge, E. D. Rand, Mrs. Catherine Nealy, Mrs. Eliza J. Foote, Mrs. John Buel, Mrs. Lydia Lorrain, Mrs. Stevens Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Sherry, Mrs. Clark Dunham, Mrs. Enoch May, Mrs. Emily Jaggar, Mrs. Mary E. Palmer, "who have all gone into the world of light." The oldest living person whose photograph was exhibited is the Rev. William C. Rankin, now in his ninety-fourth year.

A STRAW HAT.

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING TO MRS. LUCY FLETCHER KEL-
LOGG, AGED 94, OF KEOKUK, IOWA.

By REV. O. CLUTE.

'Mong valued gifts from many friends,
Upon my mantel lies,
A Gypsy hat of plaited straw,
Of fairy shape and size.

And with the hat a cherished note:—
"This hat my mother sends,
On this, her ninety-fourth birth-day.
With greeting to her friends.

"Her aged fingers deftly wrought
To plait each yellow strand,
Each measured stitch that binds the
braids
She sewed with steady hand."

And so among my precious gifts
I prize this hat of straw,
And oft to friendly eyes I show
Its work without a flaw.

And often when the firelight flares
Its flashes on the walls,
Her peaceful face, her gentle voice,
This fragile hat recalls.

As 'mid these changing lights I sit
At twilight's lonesome hour,
This fairy hat o'er all my sense
Exerts a mystic power.

I spurn the trammels of the flesh,
To inner eye and ear,
Through subtler ethers visions fall,
And voices sweet and clear.

A distant home, a happy group,
Before my vision rise,
Where busy towns are clustered thick
Beneath New-England skies.

I see the children at their sports,
I hear a merry call,
And Lucy's shout amid the rout,
Is merriest of all.

Along the roads with asters fringed
Go happy groups to school;—
Their lessons learned they toe the
Such is the rigid rule. [mark:

In the long line fair Lucy stands,
Light gleaming in her face;
They read, they spell, the rules they
That govern verb and case. [tell.

As home they go the western sun
Its light around them pours;
Their waiting mothers welcome them,
At many open doors.

When supper's ended round the fire
In busy groups they draw,
'Mid merry jokes and stories old
To plait the yellow straw.

Young Lucy's voice is cheery there,
And dextrous are her hands,
As fast they bend the pliant straw
To braid the even strands.

Again as daylight fades away,
And fire more brightly glows,
This mystic hat o'er all my sense
Its might of magic throws.

Maid, mother, grandmother pass by,
Great-grandam now appears,
Upon whose placid brow there rest
Almost a hundred years.

I see a quaintly castled house,
 Along whose roomy halls,
 'Mid sound of many busy feet,
 Her gentle footstep falls;

A spacious room where floods of sun
 Through curtained windows spread,
 And round her, with angelic touch,
 A saintly halo shed.

Here loving hearts guide loving hands
 In constant works of love,
 For her whose peaceful life below
 Reflects the peace above.

A gray-haired son here daily reads
 The news from many lands;
 And while she lists her skillful touch
 Still braids the even strands.

And from the work her dainty skill
 Here wrought without a flaw,
 She sent with friendly words to me,
 Yon precious hat of straw.

O, aged friend, not long thy feet
 Shall walk with ours the way,
 Not long with ours thy voice shall
 God's blessing on the day. [ask

Not long to wisps of worthless straw
 Thy skillful touch shall lend
 A priceless worth, to those who get
 The gifts from thee, their friend.

For, all too soon, thy call will sound;
 "Come home, O welcome guest,
 Thy work is done, thy crown is won,
 Now enter into rest."

For us too soon, but not for thee!
 For in thy fearless eye,
 And softly shining on thy brow,
 The light of Faith doth lie.

Thou trustest that his perfect love,
 That made this world so fair,

Will joy provide for every child,
 With more than Father's care.

With faith like this thou canst not
 Thou liv'st in joy to-day; [fear.
 Thou'lt live in joy where'er thou art,
 For God is God always!

Thou'lt walk His higher paths with
 Familiar to their ways; [feet
 Thou'lt hear with joy familiar words
 From friends of other days.

Thy deeds seem saintly work e'en
 Upon our ears doth fall [now;
 Thy gentle speech in tones as sweet
 As when the angels call.

Thou seem'st in truth a spirit here,
 And round thee seems to shine
 A light as from a brighter world,
 A radiance divine.

Perchance thy ear now hears the
 song

Heard first on Christmas morn:
 "Peace on earth, good will to men;
 To-day the Christ is born."

We hail for thee this Christmas day:
 To thee we greetings bring,—
 That same sweet song of peace and
 Thou hear'st the angels sing. [love

"Glory to God!" thy friends below
 Unite in this glad song;
 "Peace on the earth, good will to
 Rejoin the risen throng. [men:"

When thou shalt join these risen
 friends,
 Who now so near thee draw,
 We'll prize for aye as work of thine,
 These priceless hats of straw.

IOWA CITY, IOWA,

Christmas, 1887,

A TRIBUTE TO THE 16TH IOWA.



ON. GILBERT B. PRAY, the present Clerk of the Supreme Court of Iowa, at the reunion of Crocker's Iowa Brigade at Davenport, September 21st and 22d, 1887, paid the following eloquent tribute to the 16th Iowa Volunteers of which he was himself a gallant soldier:

"General Belknap, to you or the members of Crocker's Brigade, it is needless to say a word of or for the 16th Iowa. You know them; you have tried their mettle and seen it tried. Your blood and theirs was mingled in the same soil. In all that makes a brotherhood of soldiers, they have joined you and been one with you. If there were none to hear save you, my comrades, it would be needless to address you, but to a very large number the war and its soldiers is a tradition or history. It seems to me like a passing dream, yet it is twenty-six years this month since the first of the companies that were mustered into the 16th regiment came into your city and were quartered here, forming the nucleus of what was supposed to be the last regiment Iowa would be called upon to furnish for the war; and oh, how fearful the boys were that they were going to be left; that the war would be over before they got to the front.

They were gathered here and mustered during the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862, seven as fine companies of men as ever gathered on a tented field or mustered into any service in any land. Two other companies were mustered at Keokuk, and the tenth at St. Louis, the three being the equal of the seven in every respect. Every company was a good one, every soldier was a good man, and of course the regiment was good—so good that the "Old War Governor" sent them to the field without a chaplain; and from beginning to end this regiment never had a chaplain, and, as was said by a waggish war correspondent at the time, had no need of one, for the following reasons:

First—Because it was a moral regiment, and the office would be a sinecure.

Second—Because the form of prayer was always either marching or fighting, and in this way they got sufficient exercise.

Third—Because the form of prayer adopted by the colonel was such that it could be said by any soldier in the regiment.

Fourth—There was only one deck of cards allowed in the regiment.

I know the fourth reason is correct, because, when on a former occasion I alluded to the Crocker Brigade as the “four of a kind” brigade, there was not a man in the 16th Iowa who knew what I meant.

As the child goes forth from the arms of the loving parents to perform a willing service, so went the boys of the 16th from the doors of their Iowa homes, willingly, gladly, into the service of an imperilled country, assuming all the risks of war, without a doubt, without a fear.

The regiment left your city and the state in March, 1862, and ere they returned for muster-out had made a record for themselves and for Iowa that was and is to-day untarnished, and that was and is unequalled, save by other Iowa troops.

That record is as long as the road from Pittsburg Landing to Washington, by way of Corinth, Iuka, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Kennesaw, Nickajack, Atlanta, Andersonville, Jonesborough, Raleigh and Richmond—a record that would of itself be a history of the war in the west. Every milestone on that long road is a monument of the valor of the 16th, a headstone at the grave of a departed hero.

In July of 1865, after this long and toilsome road had been traversed on foot, after these great battles had been fought and great victories won, after the last rebel had been disarmed, this regiment returned to your city, not in holiday attire; not on dress parade; not seeking plaudits or laurel wreaths, but oh, so glad to get back to dear old Iowa's soil again. It was then we were glad to see you people of Davenport, and the

kind little greetings you gave us then sunk deep into our hearts and have made us remember you kindly and desire to return, as we have.

The ranks of this regiment were then decimated and torn; many a friend of the old boys looked in vain for the faces of some who departed with it but were not of it then, save in spirit and memory.

Though it had had the names of over two thousand men upon its muster-rolls during the four years of service, it returned on that bright morning with but a trifle over four hundred.

Of those who returned not I cannot speak. No pen or tongue can do them justice. They have given their all to their country, to the good name and glory of their state; they were with God.

But of the living, if I may be permitted to speak of them, I can say, four hundred braver men, truer and manlier, never returned to honor a state or enrich its citizenship. Every man who could be worn out by toilsome and weary marches had been worn out. Every man who could be made to fall by the wayside by sickness or disease had long since fallen. Every man who could be made disheartened or whose spirit could be broken had long before been broken down. Every man who by the chances of war could be was wounded or killed; for this regiment had accepted every opportunity to meet its country's foe. They had represented you and their state in that highest type of citizenship—the volunteer soldier. No greater compliment can be paid them than that expressed by that greatest of volunteers, our lamented friend and comrade, General Logan: "They were ready in storm and in the sunlight; they were ready in the darkness or daylight. When orders came they marched, they moved, they fought, whether their guns were of the best quality or not; whether their clothing was adapted to their position or not; whether their food was all they would have it or not—was not the question with these men. The question was: Does our leader want us to go? And when must we move?"

These men marched through valleys, over hills and mountains, across rivers and through marshes. There was no question as to time and number of the enemy; but where is the foe—the foe of your country and theirs?

They returned, asking naught but permission to stand side by side with you in the duties of civil life and citizenship, asking naught but the privilege of bearing their strong arms and aiding in the struggle to repair the waste of war; aiding in building up an empire of peace within the domain of Iowa.

As the rain-drops on the great river become assimilated with and a part of it, so the volunteer soldier melted away and became part of and one with the citizenship of Iowa. As such you know and respect him to-day. Under the impulse given society by the return of so many earnest workers, Iowa has marched steadily forward on the old route-step of her volunteers.

Since that return twenty-two years have elapsed; the middle-aged man and matron who on that day watched for the return of a son are now old and decrepit. The young man and the maiden who welcomed the return of a lover, friend, or brother, are now in middle life; and the dancing, joyous, light-hearted girl who waved her little handkerchief in sheer delight at sight of the marching column is now in the full tide of maturity and womanhood, and the barefooted boys who crowded the curbstone and hurraed themselves hoarse, where are they? You will find them in all the toils of manhood. To them the war and the soldiers is a tradition. They have given place to a generation who must learn its story from history; for the good of the nation, may they learn its lesson well. No boy is expected to remain a boy except the boys in blue. As such you won lasting name and fame. No matter how old you get, in the hearts of this generous people "boys in blue" you will remain forever.

To-day the 16th is with you again. Many of you do not recognize them, but they are the same brave boys who returned to you twenty-two years ago. True, many of them

are now wearing the gray, but it is the gray that crowns a loyal life—a gray that comes to all, and brings respect from all; the gray mist that dims the eye, and frosts the hair, and denotes the passing away; the gray mist of that eternal morning; the gray that warns you to honor them with the tributes of to-day. It is a gray that has come there through age, hastened by the exposure of sleeping under the stars or standing guard amid snow and sleet. They are a little stooped and bent, and the eyes of all are dimmer than when, in days of yore, they sighted their guns. The limp of rheumatism plainly marks their steps as they keep time to the drum-beats to which they marched a quarter of a century ago. But in heart and spirit they are the same grand fellows who made so much history for this country to be proud of.

“Some day the air will echo to sweet music
Of drum and bugle-call and martial tread;
And with the flag draped o’er his pulseless bosom,
The gallant soldier will be cold and dead.

“And all the tributes heaped upon his bosom
Will fail to fill his heart with joy or pride.
But had he heard in life one-half your praises,
Or felt your fond caress, he had not died.”

Davenport was and still is the home of many of this regiment. This but adds to the pleasure we have in coming to your city. Here resides that gallant and most meritorious officer, Colonel Sanders, one of the living idols of the regiment. We are delighted to visit him at his home. Here was the home of one who was not permitted to return with us, one who after winning the greatest renown that comes to a volunteer soldier, found rest from the turmoils of war in the peaceful serenity of a soldier’s grave; one who at the hands of our greatest leader, the gallant McPherson, received the golden medal, voted by Congress to the bravest man of the 17th army corps; the one who of all the brave men of the 16th regiment, or of the Crocker Brigade, of all the gallant soldiers of the 17th army corps, was designated the bravest of the brave; his home was here, and here his memory is cherished

and the golden medal preserved to his honor. I refer to Lieutenant Samuel Duffin, of Co. K. 16th Iowa.

In honor of him and his memory, and in honor of the memory of all his brave comrades who fell in their country's battles, or have since fallen in the battle of life, the surviving members of the 16th regiment, and of Crocker's Brigade, the bonds of whose fraternity were cemented by the agonies of war, are glad to accept the hospitalities of the good people of Davenport.

WAR MEMORIES.



BY the favor of Gov. Kirkwood I was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 11th Iowa Infantry Volunteers on the organization of that regiment. I joined it at Camp McClellan, the place of rendezvous, three miles above Davenport, on the Mississippi river bluff. The Colonel, A. H. Hare, lived at Muscatine, and had not yet joined. The Lieutenant Colonel, William Hall, was in command. Hall's home was in Davenport, where he had been a young attorney. He was about thirty years old, wore his dark hair, parted in the middle, long and streaming over his shoulders. He had a full dark beard and a pale intellectual face. He was kind-hearted, generous, gay with his friends, impulsive and brave. He had a fine mind, lodged in a small frail body. He labored under a chronic nervous disease, which made his legs unreliable. In walking, when he threw forward his foot to take a step, it was sure to go too far forward, or to one side, or perhaps backwards, while the other, when it came its turn to progress, would execute movements opposite and contrary. This unfortunate infirmity, which was temporarily benefited by stimulants, often occasioned him to be wrongly accused of intoxication when he was sober, and credited with sobriety when he was toned up with whiskey. The parents of Col. Hall's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, had an elegant and

hospitable home on one of the hills back of the city, and here, just before leaving camp McClellan for the south, Hall took all his officers one evening to tea. Our table zests are much enhanced by the recollection of delicious flavors relished when hungry youths, and the rich aroma of Mrs. Higgin's coffee has often lent for me a sweet flavor to bad decoctions of rye and Rio since that evening.

It was a cold snowy November day on which we left Davenport on a steamboat. The men murmured at being crowded on one boat and exposed to the weather, and Gov. Kirkwood being aboard he obtained additional transportation when we landed at Burlington, and half the regiment was transferred to another boat. We took aboard Col. Hare at Muscatine, and the Major, J. C. Abercrombie, at Burlington. The Major, who proved himself a very trusty and gallant soldier, had command of the battalion on the boat I was on. Soon after leaving Burlington supper was served on the boat, the cabin of which was assigned to the commissioned officers. At this hour a great many of the men reported themselves sick. I requested the steward of the boat in such cases to supply them with cabin fare and allow them beds in the state-room. Pretty soon the long dining table in the cabin was lined on either side with sick soldiers disposing of the cabin viands at a rapid rate. Abercrombie, who had had experience as a soldier in the Mexican war, took me aside, and told me those men at the table were evidently not sick, and that if I did not use more discrimination I would soon have the whole battalion in the cabin. After promising more care, I soon learned from the Major that he was familiar with the place of my residence, which he said he often had visited on business during the sessions here of the legislature, but, as I divined from the drift of his conversation, to pay his addresses to a young lady at the Crummy House.

Col. Hall's ill-health made his temper irritable at times. After the battle of Shiloh, in the slow march from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth, we were for some days encamped in a

dense swamp, devoted previously to our coming entirely to the uses of owls and ticks. One night Hall lay there in his tent unable to sleep. He had issued strict orders against noise in camp after taps. On this night the orders seemed to be ignored. *To hoo, to hoo*, sounded a voice, very distinct and very human, and to a nervous man could easily be transmuted to *Tough Hall, Tough Hall, to h-l, to h-l*, or anything else disrespectful. The Colonel called the guard who was pacing in front of his tent, sent for the officer of the day, and had many *suspects* arrested. But the offender was not detected till dawn revealed the culprit roosting on a pine bough over the Colonel's tent, in the form and semblance of a screech owl. The Colonel accepted the apologies of the bird, who sent his regrets in a parting *to hoo, to hoo*, and Hall devoted his attention for some time afterwards to extricating himself from the toils of a huge tick.

It was during this short campaign that the "scratches" became so prevalent as to suggest to a casual visitor the idea that the regular old-fashioned itch was raging in the army as an epidemic. All soon became familiar with the pests which occasioned the discomfort. On one occasion when the camps of the 16th and the 11th joined, Surgeon Wm. Watson of the 11th, visited a friend in the 16th, to which I had by this time been transferred. He began to chafe his friends of the 16th with the prevalence of "grey-backs" and their large size in the 16th, claiming that the 11th was comparatively exempt from the nuisance. At this moment Capt. Alpheus Palmer of the 16th, by the light of our rail fire detected an enormous one crawling on the cape of Watson's overcoat. This so turned the jest against Watson that he shunned the camp of the 16th for sometime afterward.

It was about this time that the Government having authorized an additional assistant surgeon to each regiment, the new medical officers began to join their regiments. Dr. D. C. McNeal, of Clinton county, was appointed to the 16th. McNeal was a man of varied abilities. In addition to his profes-

sional qualifications, which were good, he had been a Methodist minister and an editor, and was an amateur actor, musician and ventriloquist. He wore a full beard and his goatee reached to his belt. Soon after he joined the 16th I made a visit to Chaplain Estabrook, of the 15th, and in the course of conversation remarked on the arrival of McNeal. Estabrook was a very social man, and distinguished himself in his brave ministrations to the wounded on the field during the battle of Shiloh. On this occasion he was sitting on a camp stool at an improvised table where he had been writing. At the mention of McNeal's name, he laid his face between his hands on the table, and I could see by the convulsive motions of his sides that he was indulging in a fit of silent laughter which he could not suppress. After a while he raised his head, and, gave me some account of McNeal's varied accomplishments, which I soon afterwards learned for myself.

It was while we were at Grand Junction, just previous to the beginning of the Central Mississippi campaign, that McNeal, tucking up his beard, changing his dress, and disguising his voice, deceived Capt. Turner, of the 16th, into the belief that he, McNeal, was Judge Thayer, then of Muscatine, but now editor of the *Clinton Age*, who was expected daily on a visit with others from Iowa. Turner was seated on a canvas stool, taking a hand in a game of old sledge, by the light of a tallow dip, on an inverted candle box, but was so completely deceived that he deserted the game, shook hands, and entered into conversation about home matters with the supposed judge.

It was before this, and while we were at Bolivar, that Col. Add. H. Sanders, of the 16th, now editor of the *Davenport Tribune*, who was near-sighted, mortified himself before a squad of comrades. We had just gone into a new camp, and the tents were pitched irregularly. Sanders had everything in his tent always in precise order. In this instance he came into Capt. Palmer's tent, supposing it to be his own, and flopped down on the cot, and began to give directions how

those present should conduct themselves while there. "I don't want you, captain," he began, "to smoke that strong pipe in here, nor you, doctor, to put your feet on that stool." Pretty soon some one intimated to the colonel that he was in the wrong pew, when he hastily beat a retreat.

Sanders, however, was not given to retreating before the enemy. He was brave to rashness, and if commissioned officers had been included in the competition for prizes for bravery, he would have given Sergeant Duffin a hard tussle for the gold medal. I recollect how disappointed he was after the battle of Iuka because he had not been wounded. Two weeks afterwards we had another battle at Corinth, where Sanders was more fortunate. The first day's fight was nearly over and Sanders was still unwounded, though wooing the enemy's lead. Finally, in desperation, he rode a long way in front of his regiment, as if to reconnoitre, and the coveted bullet came, carrying away a good-sized slab of flesh from the outside of his thigh. With all his bravery he dreaded pain, and while being taken to the rear expressed some anxiety to know whether the ball was lodged and would have to be cut out which proved unnecessary, as the missile, after laying bare his thigh bone, which glistened like a smooth quarter, had gone on, perhaps to kill another less lucky man.

DONATIONS TO THE IOWA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—LIBRARY.

From Historical Society of Pennsylvania,

Magazine of History and Biography, July.

From Miss Elizabeth Thompson, Stamford, Conn.,

"The High Caste Hindu Woman."

From Yale University,

Obituary Record of Graduates of Yale for the year ending
June, 1888.

Catalogue, 1888-9.

- From American Geographical Society, N. Y.,*
Bulletin for June, September and December.
- From J. P. Walton, Muscatine,*
Proceedings Old Settlers' Celebration of Iowa's Semi-Centennial, July 4, 1888.
- From Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.,*
Quarterly Report, ending March 31.
Annual Report on the Foreign Commerce of the U. S.
- From New York Genealogical and Biographical Society,*
Record for July and January.
- From Publishers,*
"American Antiquarian," for July, September, November.
- From U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Office,*
Report for 1886.
- From Smithsonian Institute,*
Smithsonian Report, 1885, Part 2.
- From N. E. Historic and Genealogical Society,*
Register for July and October.
- From M. W. Davis,*
Fish Commissioner's Report, 72-3, 74-5, 75-6.
Twenty-six volumes Miscellaneous Works.
- From U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington,*
Annual Reports, 77-8, 79-80, 81-3, 84-5.
Annual Bulletins, 6 volumes.
Fisheries Industry, Sec. 1, plates.
- From Hon. T. S. Parvin,*
Proceedings Grand Lodge, 1888.
- From Hon. Frank D. Jackson, Secretary of State,*
Laws passed at 22d General Assembly.
Twenty copies Supreme Court Reports.
Horticultural Report, 1887.
Report Joint Committee to Investigate Office of Auditor of State.
- From F. D. Stone, Secretary, Philadelphia,*
Proceedings of Banquet to commemorate the Framing and Signing of the Constitution of the U. S.

From John R. Schaeffer, Secretary.

Premium List State Fair, 1888.

From Library Company, Philadelphia,

Bulletin for July.

From Omaha Public Library,

Annual Report, 1888.

From American Congregational Society, Boston,

Thirty-fifth Annual Report.

From Department of State, Washington,

Reports from the Consuls, Nos. 91-96.

From Signal Service,

Weather Report for May.

Report of Chief Signal Officer, 1885, '86, '87.

From National Museum, Rio de Janeiro,

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From Rev. C. D. Bradlee, Boston,

Four Pamphlets.

Sermons of all sorts. Bound.

From Boston Public Library,

Bulletin, Summer Number, 1888.

From Department of State, Washington, D. C.,

Foreign Relations of the U. S., 1887.

Commercial Relations, 1885-6, 2 vols.

From T. H. Lewis, St. Paul, Minn.,

Seven Pamphlets on Archæology.

From New Jersey Historical Society,

Proceedings No. 1, of Vol. 10, 1888.

From Secretary Crocker's Iowa Brigade,

Proceedings of 4th Reunion, 1887.

From New Hampshire Historical Society,

Proceedings, Vol. 1, Part 4, 1884-88.

From Prof. W. J. McGee,

Three Formations of the Middle Atlantic Slope.

From Dr. J. B. Kessler,

Two Pamphlets.

From University of California,

Register of the University, 1887-88.

Address at the Inauguration of Horace Davis.

Annual Report of Secretary of Board of Regents, 1888.

Report on Physical Training.

From Board of Education, New York City,

Higher Education a Public Duty.

From Essex Institute.

Historical Collections, October, November, December, 1887.

From the Author, Oscar W. Collet, St. Louis,

Notes on Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac."

From Col. L. B. Marsh, Boston, Mass.

The Genealogy of John Marsh, of Salem, and his descendants.

From the American Antiquarian Society,

Proceedings of Society, April 25, 1888.

From Gen. W. W. Belknap, Washington, D. C.

An address by Gen. Edward F. Belknap, Col. 4th Iowa
 Vet. Cavalry at reunion, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 1888.

Proceedings of the 19th Annual Reunion, Army of the Po-
 tomac.

The Inauguration of President Patton of Princeton College.

From School Board, Oskaloosa, Iowa,

Manual of the Public Schools of Oskaloosa.

From Department of the Interior.

Forty-four Miscellaneous Reports.

From Hon. Pliny Earle, Northampton, Mass.

"Ralph Earle and his Descendants."

From Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society,

Journal for September.

From H. D. Rowe, Esq.

Fifty Pamphlets.

From Dr. C. M. Hobby,

Cerebro Spinal Fever as a cause of Deafness.

From Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston,

Collections of Society, 1888.

From Dr. Samuel A. Green, Boston,

Trials of a Public Benefactor.

Manual of the General Court, 1880.

Report of the Young Men's Christian Service, 1888.

Hubbard's Map of New England.

Proceedings on the Presentation of three Portraits to the
Peabody Normal College University.

Thirty-three Miscellaneous Pamphlets.

From Commissioner of Labor, Washington, D. C.,

His Third Annual Report.

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Proceedings for October, 1886.

From Treasury Department,

Quarterly Report.

From Birchard Library, Fremont, Ohio,

"The Loyal Girl of Winchester," 1864.

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Sketch of the Life and Writings of Sidney Lanier.

From State Library, Harrisburg, Penn.,

Nine volumes Reports.

From Bureau of Education,

Thos. Jefferson and the University of Virginia.

Industrial Education in the South.

From Cayuga County Historical Society, Auburn, N. Y.,

Collections of Society, No. 6.

From the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore,

"Arnold Toynbee."

From C. W. Donling, Utica, N. Y.,

"New Amsterdam," "New Orange," "New York."

From American Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia

Historical Researches for January.

From Gov. Wm. Larrabee, Des Moines,

Statutes of the United States passed at first session 50th
Congress.

RECENT DEATHS.

O. F. MAIN, born in Canandaigua, Ontario County, New York, but a resident of Iowa since 1855, died at his home in Marion, Linn County, August 7th, 1888, aged 58 years. He had been engaged in the Methodist ministry, and was prominent in the Masonic and other benevolent orders.

MAJOR WILLIS DRUMMOND, formerly conspicuous in Iowa politics, died at San Diego, California, January 19th, 1888. He was elected to the State Senate of Iowa in 1857, was editor of the *McGregor News*, and served with distinction in the war of 1861, and afterwards was Commissioner of the General Land Office during the administration of President Grant.

W. F. HUDSON, Assistant Disbursing Clerk of the Federal House of Representatives, died August 25th last, in Washington City. Mr. Hudson's residence had been in Iowa before his removal to Washington.

THE wife of Gen. George W. Jones, died on the 29th of last April. She was the daughter of Charles Cirrille Gregoire, a French political refugee of noble birth, who in 1795 married Miss Mary Meunier of Philadelphia. In 1808 Gregoire removed to St. Genevieve, Missouri, where he engaged in trade with the Indians, and where Mrs. Jones was born, June 7th, 1812, and where on her seventeenth birthday she married Gen. Jones. Gen. and Mrs. Jones had had their home in Dubuque or its vicinity since 1830. Mrs. Jones ornamented the various high positions held by her husband and well represented in Washington the social refinement of the west.

NOTES.

A NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, has recently been formed at Washington City, with the Smithsonian Institute for its repository.

THE city of Boston, through an authorized committee, has determined to erect statues to the memory of Genls. Grant and Sheridan and Admiral Farragut.

The old settlers of Muscatine County celebrated Iowa's semi-centennial anniversary at Muscatine last Fourth of July. The principal speakers were Hon. J. P. Walton, Rev. A. B. Robbins, and Hon. Theodore S. Parvin.

HON. CHARLES B. RICHARDS, of Fort Dodge, is the owner of an autograph order of Gen. Washington, dated at Valley Forge, March 9, 1778, directing Capt. Caleb Gibbs to send Lieutenant Livingston and fifty men to Norristown as an escort to Messrs. Richards, Clymer and Potts, which has been in the possession of his family for more than a hundred years. The order, which is written on heavy unruled paper, is in a good state of preservation and little faded. Some time ago it was deposited in the State Library at Des Moines through Hon. Charles Aldrich.

AT the beginning of 1888 there were in the army thirty-five commissioned officers whose appointments were credited to Iowa. Of these two were in the medical department, one in the pay department, three in the corps of engineers, seven in the cavalry, three in the artillery, sixteen in the infantry, one post chaplain, and two on the retired list. Eleven of them served in the volunteers and one in the regular army during the war. The highest in rank are two colonels, Edward Hatch, who was captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of the 2d Iowa Cavalry, and brigadier-general and brevet-major-general of volunteers, and who is now colonel of the 9th Cavalry, and next below the ranking colonel of the army, and Charles E. Compton, who was sergeant-major of the 1st Iowa Infantry, captain in the 11th Iowa Infantry, major of the 47th and lieutenant-colonel of the 53d U. S. Colored Infantry, and is now the colonel of the 4th Cavalry. Both these cavalry colonels went to the war from Muscatine, and by wounds and gallant service nobly earned their preferment.





*Sincerely, Yours,
Burren R. Shennan*


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GOVERNOR BUREN R. SHERMAN.

 BUREN R. SHERMAN was born in Phelps, Ontario County, New York, on May 28th, 1836; being the third in a family of nine sons, six of whom attained majority. His parents were Phineas L. Sherman and Eveline Sherman, both of whom lived to over seventy years, and died in Iowa in 1873 and 1876 respectively. His father was an axemaker by trade, and a man of considerable prominence in his county, whose efforts in the cause of temperance, and for a free-school system, and honest government, were of wide influence. Originally a Democrat, but of the Silas Wright school, he abandoned his party because of the slavery issue, and was one of the organizers of the Republican party, with which he continued ever after, living to see the full fruition of his hopes—his country a nation of freemen, and nowhere a slave. Young Sherman attended the schools of his native village, and also in Elmira, New York, whither his father had removed in 1849, until in 1852, when he was apprenticed to S. Ayres, Esq., a prominent jeweler in that city, with whom he remained until in 1855, when the family removed to Iowa and settled on an unbroken prairie in what is now Geneseo Township, Tama County, and

there commenced life anew as Iowa pioneers; the nearest neighbor two miles distant, and the nearest postoffice nearly twenty miles away. Here he worked, "breaking" prairie and "chopping in" sod corn, until in 1857 he obtained employment in the store of Dr. Jesse Wasson, who had platted the new town of Laporte City, with whom he remained about two years. In the meantime he continued the study of law, which he had commenced in Elmira, under the patronage of Messrs. Diven and Hathaway, eminent lawyers of that city. At the June term, 1859, of the District Court of Cerro Gordo County, Hon. John Porter presiding, Mr. Sherman was examined, and on motion of Hon. W. P. Hepburn, then district attorney of that judicial district, was duly admitted to practice law. Afterwards, in 1860, he was admitted in the Supreme Court of the state. In the spring of 1860, Mr. Sherman removed to Vinton and entered into a law partnership with Hon J. C. Traer, which continued until the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, when Mr. Sherman promptly enlisted as a member of Company G, 13th Iowa Infantry Volunteers, commanded by Col. M. M. Crocker, one of Iowa's bravest and greatest heroes. He was promoted through the grades of second sergeant of his company and sergeant major of the regiment to that of second lieutenant of Company E. At the great battle of Pittsburg Landing, or "Shiloh," as now called, Lieut. Sherman was very severely wounded, and left to die on the field; but after the battle was over he was discovered, and sent to the military hospital at Mound City, Illinois, for treatment; His recovery was almost miraculous, for his wounds were not dressed until his arrival at the hospital on the sixth day after the receipt of the injuries, and he yet suffers from their effects. However, in due time he was allowed to return to his regiment, having in the interval been promoted to the rank of captain, and remained in active service, doing what duty he could, until the summer of 1863, when his wounds breaking out afresh, and incapacitating him for field work, he tendered his resignation, which

was accepted by Gen. Grant, in special field orders, "on account of wounds received in battle." He thus left a service personally agreeable to him, because in the line of patriotic duty, and which also promised further promotion, and returning to Vinton, was complimented by a public reception by the citizens. Capt. Sherman was personally popular in his regiment and throughout his brigade, which was the famous Crocker's Iowa Brigade, composed of the 11th, 13th, 15th and 16th Iowa regiments. It was as assistant surgeon of the 11th Iowa the writer first made his acquaintance, which he still cherishes. After the war, the surviving members organized a brigade society, and Capt. Sherman was unanimously elected their first president, in which capacity he served several years, and was succeeded by Maj. Gen. W. W. Belknap, of the 15th Iowa, who has been unanimously retained to this day. The secretaries, Cols. H. H. Rood and J. H. Munroe, have also continued in service from the organization of the society.

Capt. Sherman is an honorary member of the societies of the 3d Iowa Infantry, and the 22d Iowa Infantry, and of the 21st Illinois Infantry, which was the regiment first commanded by Gen. Grant. He is an active member of the G. A. R. Department of Iowa, and of the military order of the Loyal Legion, and also of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

On his return to Vinton, Capt. Sherman desired to resume the practice of law, but a grateful people immediately elected him county judge, and afterwards clerk of the District Court, to which latter position he was three times re-elected, finally resigning to accept the more responsible office of auditor of state, to which he had been elected in 1874, and which he assumed in January, 1875, removing to Des Moines for that purpose. His administration of this office, the next in importance to that of the governorship, of the executive offices of the state, was marked by a thoroughness not always found in public position, and he proved himself a worthy successor to Hon. J. W. Cattell, and "Honest" John Russell, than whom

the state never had more industrious nor deserving officials. Auditor Sherman's reports were models of clear and concise statement, and it was in reference to them that the legislature, for the first time in the history of the state, ordered a second large edition printed for general distribution. Mr. Sherman was twice re-elected auditor of state, thus serving three full terms, and retiring therefrom in January, 1881, being succeeded by W. V. Lucas, of Cerro Gordo County.

At the October election, 1881, Mr. Sherman was elected governor of Iowa, and on the 12th day of January, 1882, in the presence of the General Assembly and a large concourse of the people, among whom were his former compatriots in arms in large numbers, he was inaugurated. He brought to the discharge of the duties of this exalted station the same modest demeanor, and the same habits of industry, which had ever characterized him; and from the beginning it was evident that the state had a chief magistrate in fact, as well as in name. To his credit, be it said, Governor Sherman was always accessible to every citizen. Himself a man of the people, who had grown to manhood among them, and was a part of them, he relied upon the people, and was trusted by them. Never has the state enjoyed a more thoroughly democratic administration than was that of Governor Sherman. Without bombastic display, or self-important manner, the new governor went about his duties with the quiet determination of a man who desired to meet every responsibility rightfully belonging to him, and his success therein fully demonstrates the wisdom of his positions.

The most serious question then agitating the public mind was that of constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic, which Governor Sherman insisted should be submitted to the people for final judgment. In this he antagonized many of the leading men of his party, but he could not be swerved from his position, that the people had the right to be heard upon all important questions; a doctrine he had avowed in his inaugural address: and despite all opposition, the legislature

approved, and the proposed amendment was ordered submitted at a special election to be held in June following. The canvass for and against the measure was one of the most earnest ever known in Iowa. Governor Sherman did not hesitate to distinctly avow his opinions; and in public speeches, and by correspondence, advocated the amendment. He was the only state officer who dared to publicly voice his position, while some of his associates in the state offices did not even dare to vote upon the proposition. The amendment was adopted by a majority of nearly 30,000 votes, and immediately the governor issued his famous proclamation announcing the result, and declaring the amendment to be a part of the Constitution of the state. A question was then raised as to the legality of the legislative act in providing for the submission, and on appeal to the Supreme Court, it was held, but by a divided court, that the act was not valid; and, as a consequence, the amendment was not a part of the Constitution. Public meetings were called in all parts of the state, and intense excitement prevailed; so that a state convention was held and resolutions adopted, demanding that the governor should convene the legislature in extra session in order to procure a resubmission of the amendment. But, in a calm and dignified letter to the committee, he refused, because he did not believe such action as proposing amendments to the Constitution would be valid, except at regular sessions of the legislature; a position not then popular, but which the reflective judgment of the ablest jurists in the state has since fully approved, and is now universally endorsed by the people. A less prudent official, or an executive who was disposed to play the demagogue, might then easily have plunged the state into almost endless litigation, besides the expense attending the session.

In a recent interview with him by the writer hereof, Governor Sherman still insists that the court had no jurisdiction of the subject matter; that its holding was extra-judicial, and as a consequence the amendment is as valid in the Constitution as any other part of that instrument.

Governor Sherman favored other reforms in state policy, among the most important of his recommendations being that allowing taxes to be paid semi-annually, which was enacted into a law and has given universal satisfaction; also relative to uniformity in text books used in the common schools, and for state publication of the same. These, however, have not yet been adopted, although a growing sentiment in favor, manifest throughout the state, promises better results in the near future. In his attention to the various state institutions, Governor Sherman proved himself efficient, and in all the exacting duties of his office, was ever the courageous and careful official, who understood the requirements of his position, and was diligent in their performance.

At the Republican State Convention in 1883, Governor Sherman was unanimously renominated, and in October following was again elected as governor of Iowa. He was inaugurated on the 17th day of January, 1884, the ceremonies being held in the rotunda of the new capitol, conjointly with those of the dedication of the building. Besides being the first state officer to occupy the building, it was during his first term in the gubernatorial office that the last vestige of the war bonds was paid, and our citizens relieved of the stigma of a bonded debt; and during his second term the capitol was practically completed, and occupied by all the state officers and the General Assembly.

The duties and labors of the executive office during Mr. Sherman's second term were not materially different from those of the first, but throughout he gave to their administration his entire time and devoted service. In January, 1885, he was confronted by a new question, as to what should be done with a public officer, who on re-election failed to make accounting for the acts of his previous term, which the law required of him, before his new bond could be approved. Although this was in the case of a high state official, Governor Sherman did not hesitate as to his duty, and suspended the officer; and the order being resisted, he summarily ejected him from the

office. In this proceeding he was strongly endorsed by the ablest lawyers in the state, by all the ex-governors, and also by the best citizens of the state, who believed that no discriminations should be made on account of rank, or high position, but that a state officer should be held to as strict accountability as the most humble official. There were some, however, moved by selfish desires, who were not satisfied, and a public meeting was held in Des Moines, at which inflammatory speeches were made, denouncing the governor for his action, and declaring that unless he retraced his steps, and reinstated the suspended officer, he would not live forty-eight hours! And himself and his family were fairly deluged with anonymous and bitter letters, threatening his life, unless he changed his course! But a man who had faced death upon battle fields was not to be dismayed by these cowardly methods, and Governor Sherman persevered with that grim courage which belonged to him, because satisfied he was in the right, and the law would uphold him. In this he was not disappointed, but was sustained by the Supreme Court of the state, in an elaborate and learned opinion delivered by Chief Justice Adams, which settled the legal status of the matter, and confirmed the governor in his authority. After his retirement from office, his successor, the new governor, Larrabee, reinstated the removed official; but he was immediately impeached by nearly the unanimous vote of the House of Representatives, and a long and exciting trial resulted, the Senate sitting as the Court of Impeachment. On the final vote, although question was scarcely made upon the facts as charged in the articles of impeachment, a bare majority of the Senate voted "not guilty;" and the precedent was established, that if an officer refused to make accounting, and therefore was not allowed to continue in office, he might, on trial before an Iowa Senate, be certain to expect excuse for disobedience to the plainly written law, and immunity from punishment therefor! To what extent party policy interfered to bring such result, the writer will not venture to express

opinion. The reader may contrast the finding of the Senate with the judgment of the Supreme Court, and judge for himself.

Aside from those above related there were no extraordinary incidents during his four years' administration. A state official informs the writer that in the appointments to office, of which Governor Sherman had an unusually large number, he was exceedingly careful, and with one exception all his nominations were promptly confirmed by the legislature or executive council; and, as to that one, the same council, after reflection, approved the selection, thus leaving the record unbroken.

He closed his official term, January 14th, 1886, on the inauguration of his successor, and retired from office with clean hands and an honored name, and established in the confidence of the people.

As a public speaker, Governor Sherman is one of the most experienced, and ranked among the ablest and most eloquent in the state. And his written messages and addresses show him to be a man of superior practical and literary ability. The writer remembers a speech by him in Iowa City, at the banquet given by the citizens to the Iowa Brigade Society, at its reunion in 1885, there being present many distinguished guests from abroad, which was highly commended for its originality and comprehensiveness, and proved the resources always at his command.

In Masonic circles, Mr. Sherman has been honored by election to the highest positions in the fraternity, and is now an officer and life-member in the Supreme Council of Masons of the Thirty-Third Degree.

The Iowa State University has bestowed upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., in recognition of his abilities and faithful service in the cause of education in Iowa.

Governor Sherman was married at Vinton, in August, 1862, to Miss Lena Kendall, one of the most estimable and accomplished of young ladies. He removed his residence to Waterloo in the spring of 1887, where he now resides

with his family, consisting of wife, daughter Lena, and son Oscar E., all of whom enjoy the esteem and friendship of the people. He is engaged in active business life as president of the Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Governor Sherman was the youngest in years of any of Iowa's governors, and is yet in robust health, and in the very prime of his manhood.

In preparing the foregoing brief biographical sketch of one of Iowa's heroic volunteers and exalted citizens, hardly more than the most striking episodes of his official life, military and civil, have been touched. With bravery goes modesty, and knowing Governor Sherman's aversion to praise, however merited, all inclination to eulogy has been restrained as inappropriate to the living, and liable to be misinterpreted as flattery, which surely would be offensive to him.

F. LLOYD.

THE IOWA SCHOOL SYSTEM.

BY T. S. PARVIN.

"I will find where *truth* is hid, though it were hid indeed within the center.—*Shakespeare*.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."—*Bryant*.



IN a previous paper we both asked and answered "Who taught the First School in Iowa?" Berryman Jennings, October to December, 1830, at Nashville, Lee County.

We shall in this article discuss the query, "Who is the Founder of the Iowa School System?" or, as another writer puts it, "Who is the Father of Free Schools in Iowa?" Rather we shall not essay to answer who, but prove that the Hon. Horace Mann, whom both writers claim is, *is not*.

In that paper we transcribed one of the articles which has run the gauntlet of all our leading papers of the state, for the

purpose of putting in a denial of all the essential points stated, as we wished to reach the public ear at an early date. Now we will present our proof.

The IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD is the official organ of the Iowa Historical Society, and therefore the proper place for both the history in whole or part of Iowa when written, and also the preservation of proper *data* of that history, to be written some future time.

The points presented by his *injudicious* admirers,—we say “injudicious” because we are a sincere and honest admirer of the man and work, are:

1. That Horace Mann “was selected by a committee of the legislature,”
2. “To prepare a law embodying *his* ideas of a public school system; which he did,”
3. “Providing for the township as a unit in school administration;”
4. For “Teachers Institutes;” and
5. “Normal Schools for Teachers;” and
6. “*County Superintendents;*”
7. And that *he* “was the founder of the Iowa public school system.”

(1). At the special session of the General Assembly held at Iowa City, July 3d, 1856, Gov. Grimes in his message “recommended that *three* competent persons be selected to REVISE all the laws on the subject of “Schools and School Lands.” Thus the General Assembly approved but did not originate the idea. It passed a law July 14th providing that “there shall be three commissioners appointed *by the Governor*, whose duty it shall be to revise and improve the school laws of Iowa;” not as asserted to ignore existing laws, and present a new law “embodying the views” of any one man, nor yet of three men.

In his succeeding, and last, message, Gov. Grimes reports December 3d, 1856, that *he* “had in compliance with law, appointed Hon. Horace Mann, of Ohio; Mr. Amos Dean, of

New York, president (chancellor) of the State University, and F. S. Bissell, Esq., of Dubuque, commissioners to revise the school laws of Iowa. Here the first statement is proved wholly incorrect and unfounded, and here we might rest upon the law maxim—*Falsum in uno, falsum in omni*. But we will proceed with number

(2). The commissioners were, 1—under the governor's recommendations; 2—under the law providing for their appointment; 3—under the governor's commission, *only* to "revise and improve" the existing school laws of Iowa, and not prepare a new law,—new system, "embodying the ideas" of Mr. Mann, one of the commissioners, nor based upon the ideas of all the three. 1—The governor in his message July 3d, says to "revise all the laws on the subject of schools." 2—The law reads: "It shall be the duty of the commissioners to *revise* and improve the school laws,"—of what? not Mr. Mann's ideas, but "of Iowa." 3—The governor reported that "commissioners had been appointed," how and for what? "under the law, to revise the school laws, etc." Nay more. The commissioners in their report, December, 1856, say in the first sentence: 4—"The undersigned,"—two of the commissioners, Mr. Mann and Amos Dean—"appointed to revise the school laws of Iowa." Again they say: "They found the previous legislation of this state, upon this great subject, in the main, judicious in its provisions, etc." Clearly then Iowa had already a school system, and some man or set of men must have been its "founder" unless like Topsy, it had no maker. Neither Mr. Mann nor Mr. Dean ever claimed to have created a *new* system but only to "revise" the old. The revised law, not new one, presented by the two commissioners it is claimed contained Hon. Horace Mann's "ideas of a public school system" in that the two, not one, commissioners embodied in that law—

(3). "The township system as a unit of school administration. 4.—Teachers Institutes. 5.—Normal Schools for Teachers.

Each and all of these three had been recommended and two of them practiced in the Iowa School System for years. Gov. Lucas, Iowa's first executive, in his first (and indeed subsequent) message recommended this wise provision and in language quite as plain and unmistakeable as that used by the two commissioners. Hear ye him. Message, November 12, 1838, the Governor says, and it was the *first* "subject" he treated upon, "The subject of providing by law for the organization of townships * * * I consider to be of the first importance. Without proper *township* regulations it will be extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to *establish* a regular *school system*." Again further on he "emphatically calls the attention of the legislature at the commencement of our political existence to a well digested system of common schools, and as a preparatory step toward effecting this important object. * * * I urge," he repeats, "upon your considerations the necessity of providing by law for the organization of townships." Bear in mind that he, Lucas not Mann, did this in November, 1838, and not December, 1856, or almost two decades later. Horace Mann and Amos Dean *recommended* and so did Lucas, and so did several governors and superintendents of public instruction, between the years 1838 and 1856, recommend "the township system as the unit of school administration." All they did, all they could do, was to recommend, for both in 1838 and 1856 the legislature neglected, to use a mild term, to enact into an act their wise, wholesome and important suggestions, upon this and other topics also. It would take too much space to follow up this, the first, with other later recommendations of the successors of Gov. Lucas and the several superintendents upon this vital—as we regard it—point. It has not even yet been made universally the unit of administration, because the old and imperfect district system still prevails and obtains among us. Moreover, "Teachers Institutes" had been held, both county and state, since 1849, April, and June, 1856. So the law was the outgrowth of, and engrafted upon the system in use and

not the reverse—better keep the horse *before* the cart. They had been held every where, and became bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of our system; only the state from the beginning had not provided the means to defray the expenses of holding the same till after Superintendent Benton had recommended and urged the measure.

Again “Normal Schools for Teachers,” no more than Teachers Institutes, originated with Mr. Mann or Mr. Dean, for the State of Iowa had by law provided, in 1849, for the establishment, and did establish “Normal Schools for Teachers” at Andrew and other places. And again in 1855, the state opened a distinct “Normal Department for Teachers” in connection with the State University; which was free to all, largely attended, and made most efficacious in the work of education in the state. These two measures—“Teachers Institutes” and “Normal Schools” were seven years older than Mr. Mann’s appointment, recommendation or bill, and had already become one, and inseparable from the Iowa school system.

(6). Here is a *new*, and the only new feature, as claimed by these false claimants in the bill reported by Messrs. Mann and Dean—*County Superintendents*. And we italicised it in our enumeration of the several points because it was *theirs* not “his,” nor indeed ours before. It was and is a most “important addition” to the school system of Iowa; and most gladly do we acknowledge its merits and give to them, not him, all credit for its recommendation and incorporation into our system.

(7). A few words as to whether Mr. Mann alone or Messrs. Mann and Dean are the founders of the “Iowa Public School System.” It was a *joint* commission; the two labored together; the two submitted their report; the General Assembly praises them alike for their service. Is there a man in his senses who would assert that Amos Dean, chancellor of the State University of Iowa, would share with Horace Mann equally in the compensation if he had not equally shared in the labor? Thus why and wherefore ignore Dean and give

all the credit to Mann for their joint labors. Yet more, Hon. J. B. Grinnell, who was the chairman of the committee in the Senate—a warm personal and political friend of Hon. Horace Mann; selected for that work by Gov. Grimes, himself to have in special charge the bill of the commissioners, says distinctly personally to the writer at the recent State Teachers' Association in December, 1888, and by letter dated January, 1889, that the Hon. Amos Dean was entitled to share (half and half indeed) the honors of that report; and the authorship of the bill reported. Moreover, he writes that in later years when in Congress, Mr. Mann was his colleague, and in a conversation had at Washington with him upon this subject he (Mann) generously gave to Mr. Dean full credit for his share of the work. Why then, in view of these facts, omit the name of Mr. Dean in all reference to that "Revision?"

Iowa became a state in December, 1846. The constitution provided for the office of superintendent of public instruction. Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Jr., a classical teacher of experience, was elected and served in that capacity six full years before the revision of the school laws by Messrs. Mann and Dean. Is it presumable, on the contrary is it not the absurdity of folly, to suppose for a moment that the great and growing state of Iowa, full of people and legislators born, raised and educated in the older and earlier states with school systems of long date, and with such an educator as Benton could and would remain all the ten years without a school system? That it would "watch and wait" 'till Mr. Mann should come along and give our people the bread of life—an educational system, without which no state can grow into greatness or even exist as a government? It is time, high time, that these libelers of men, and of truth, be silenced and made to hide their brazen faces in shame.

The Iowa school system has no one or even two men for its "founders." It was not created at one time, nor did it have an author at one period. It is a growth; a development from the beginning in 1838 and through all the years 'till 1858; a

period of a full score of years. It has grown much since, and will continue to grow, improve and develop with the years, and the wants and the demands of the people and the age.

To Messrs. Mann and Dean great credit and honor is due, and we who knew them and were in office in the state at the time of their appointment and labors, most gladly give to them the credit their due of a most thorough "revision" and improvement of the previous school legislation of our state. But to others, especially to Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Jr., is due in a larger measure and a greater degree, the honor of having left the impress of his educated mind and experience and character upon the school system of Iowa.

Neither Hon. Horace Mann, nor Amos Dean, nor the two jointly "were the founder of the Iowa public school system," nor are they or he (Mann) "the father of free schools in Iowa."

"The truth makes us free" and there is no truth in the claim so absurdly and falsely set forth by these writers that to Horace Mann belongs this honor.

In conclusion we will quote from an address delivered by Hon. Geo. G. Wright, ex-chief justice and ex-U. S. senator, October 13th, 1886, before the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, at Keokuk, who knew whereof he affirmed, being an *old settler* himself: "The pioneer lawyers, farmers, merchants, ministers, men of business from all the eastern states, and from the lakes to the gulf, made our laws, framed our constitutions, * * * *organized our school system*, * * * and what we are to-day is largely due to them. We owe them a debt of gratitude, which grows with the years and without the possibility of liquidation."

APRIL 30TH, 1789-1889.



UPON the 28th day of September, 1787, the constitution, having been duly signed upon the 17th of the same month, was submitted to Congress through "His Excellency, the President of Congress," with a letter by George Washington, president of the convention; whereupon it was unanimously

Resolved, That the said report with the resolutions and letter accompanying the same be transmitted to the several legislatures in order to be submitted to a convention of delegates chosen in each state by the people thereof, in conformity with the resolves of the convention, made and provided in that case.

The battles of the convention were fought over upon twelve fields—Rhode Island at first having refused to call a convention. Acts of ratification were passed in order and manner as follows:

Delaware.....	Dec.	7, 1787—unanimously.
Pennsylvania	Dec.	12, 1787—46 to 23.
New Jersey.....	Dec.	18, 1787—unanimously.
Georgia.....	Aug.	2, 1788—unanimously.
Connecticut.....	Aug.	9, 1788—128 to 40.
Massachusetts.....	Feb.	7, 1788—187 to 168.
Maryland.....	April	28, 1788—63 to 12.
South Carolina.....	May	23, 1788—149 to 73.
New Hampshire.....	June	21, 1788—57 to 46.
Virginia.....	June	26, 1788—89 to 79.
New York.....	July	26, 1788—31 to 27.

North Carolina at first refused to ratify without a bill of rights and amendment by a vote of 184 to 84.

Rhode Island did not call a convention, but submitted the question to the town meetings, where it was rejected by a vote of 2708 to 232.

Both North Carolina (November 21st, 1789) and Rhode Island (May 29th, 1790) ratified the constitution.

With the ratification by New Hampshire, June 21st, 1788, the constitution was given full force. Congress received notice of the ratification of New Hampshire, July 2d, 1788. The several ratifications were referred to a committee who were empowered to report "an act for putting the said constitution

into operation in pursuance of the resolutions of the late federal convention."

The committee reported upon July 14th. As debate arose upon the question of the location of the seat of the new government, action was delayed until September 13th, 1788, when the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the first Wednesday in January next, be the day for appointing electors in the several states, which before the said day, shall have ratified the said constitution; that the first Wednesday in February next, be the day for the electors to assemble in their respective states and vote for a president; and that the first Wednesday in March next be the time, and the present seat of Congress,* the place for commencing proceedings under the said constitution.

During the winter of 1788-9 the election of members of the First Federal Congress occupied the thought of the people. Many of the ablest and best men of the nation were chosen to the House and the Senate.

After the 13th of September, 1788, the Congress of the Confederation felt its work accomplished, and though nominally in session no quorum was obtainable. This culpable want of punctuality and apparent indifference to public business seemed to be transmitted to their successors, though "bad roads" were made the excuse for delays. The vote of the electors upon the first Wednesday of February was not officially announced to the president-elect until the 14th of April, simply because the votes were not opened and counted until the 6th of April—more than a month after the government should have been in operation. The Senate consisted of twenty-two members; House, fifty-nine.

Upon the evening of March 3d a salute of farewell was fired in memory of the dead confederacy. Upon the morning of March 4th a salute was fired in greeting the new government—kept at home by "bad roads." Eight senators and thirteen representatives answered the roll-call upon this day,

* Early in January, 1785, Congress had removed to New York on account of troubles by soldiers at Philadelphia.

which should have witnessed the beginning of new things. It was the 1st of April before a quorum appeared in the House, and five days later twelve senators announced the Senate organized. Upon knowledge of the organization of the Senate the House was engaged upon the discussion of financial measures, but adjourned in a body to the Senate chamber for the purpose of counting the electoral vote and declaring the result. The Senate was not ready to receive their visitors, questions of etiquette having been discussed after the sergeant-at-arms of the House had appeared at the door of the Senate. Ignorance of methods of procedure, except those in vogue in the English parliament, is a valid excuse for delay. The vote of electors was announced as follows:

STATES.	Washington.	Adams.	Huntington.	Jay.	Hancock.	Harrison.	Clinton.	Rutledge.	Milton.	Armstrong.	Telfair.	Lincoln.
New Hampshire..	5	5										
Massachusetts	10	10										
Connecticut	7	5	2									
New Jersey.....	6	1		5								
Pennsylvania.....	10	8			2							
Delaware	3			3								
Maryland	6					6						
Virginia.....	10	5		1	1		3					
South Carolina....	7				1			6				
Georgia	5								2	1	1	1
Total.....	69	34	2	9	4	6	3	6	2	1	1	1

George Washington was the unanimous choice of the electors, and was declared president. As the next highest candidate was John Adams, he was declared vice-president* though not having a majority of the electoral votes. It will be seen that New York (in recent years often a pivotal state) had no voice in the first presidential election. Internal dissen-

*Each elector voted for two persons, either of whom might be president as majority should determine; the second becoming vice-president.

sions prevented the casting of her vote upon the day designated. Had the entire vote been cast by the states which had ratified the constitution Washington would, without doubt, have received eighty-one votes, as there was no opposition to him in New York. The apparent opposition to Mr. Adams was due in part to the purpose of tendering Washington the presidency without going to the House as would have been necessary if Adams had received an equal vote with Washington.

The method of choosing electors is interesting. New Hampshire chose by the legislature; Massachusetts elected two and chose the other eight from sixteen names sent up from the eight congressional districts by the legislature; Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia chose by direct vote of the people; the remaining five states—Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, South Carolina and Georgia, elected by legislatures. Popular vote was not what we are accustomed to in this day. The voter then must own property, rent a house or pay tax. There was little chance for a poor man in those days of restricted suffrage to express his will at the polls. Bancroft in his history of the constitution gives the following account:

"On the 14th of April he (Washington) received the official announcement of his recall to the public service, and was at 10 o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth on his way. Though reluctant in the evening of life to exchange a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, he bravely said: 'Be the voyage long or short; although I may be deserted by all men, integrity and firmness shall never forsake me.' But for him the country could not have achieved its independence; but for him it could not have formed its union; and but for him it could not have set the federal government in successful motion. His journey to New York was one continued march of triumph. All the way he was met with addresses from the citizens of various towns, from societies, universities and churches. His neighbors of Alexandria crowded around him with the strongest personal affection, saying: 'Farewell, make a grateful people happy; and may the being who maketh and unmaketh at his will, restore to us again the best of men, and the most beloved fellow citizen.'

"To the citizens of Baltimore, Washington said: 'I hold it of little moment if the close of my life shall be imbittered, provided I shall have been instrumental in securing the liberties and promoting the happiness of the American people.'

"He assured the society for promoting domestic manufactures in Delaware that the promotion of domestic manufactures may naturally be expected to flow from an energetic government; and he promised to give a decided preference to the produce and fabrics of America.

"At Philadelphia, 'almost overwhelmed with a sense of the divine munificence' he spoke words of hope: 'The most gracious being who has hitherto watched over the interests and averted the perils of the United States, will never suffer so fair an inheritance to become a prey to anarchy or despotism.'

"At Trenton he was met by a party of matrons and their daughters dressed in white, strewing flowers before him.

"From Elizabethport he was conveyed in a barge manned by pilots dressed in white, between gaily decorated boats to Murray Wharf, in New York, where he was met by members of Congress and state officers, who escorted him to the house of Gov. Clinton for dinner."

The merchants of New York had subscribed a sum of \$25,000 to be expended upon the building used as a capitol. The work not completed led to a delay of the services of inauguration till the 30th of April, when the oath of office was administered by Chancellor Livingston after which the inaugural address was delivered, in person, in the Senate chamber, and at the close the president and both houses of Congress were escorted to the Church of St. Paul, where the chaplain of the Senate read the prayers suited to the occasion.

Recently Mrs. Margaret Mitchell died in Cleveland, Ohio, at the age of 100 hundred years and three months. She was four months old at the time of President Washington's inauguration. At the age of eighteen she might have witnessed the trial trip of Fulton's steamboat upon the Hudson River. At the age of thirty-one she could not have found an iron plow in all the world. She had attained the age of forty-one before she could have taken passage upon a railway train. Up to forty-four years of age she knew no way of building a fire, except by borrowing coals from a neighbor's hearth, or in use of steel, flint and tinder. She was forty-nine before the first steam vessel crossed the Atlantic Ocean. At the age of fifty-five the postoffice furnished the only means of communication with distant friends. At her birth she was one of less than three million of people within the bounds of the United States.

At her death probably sixty million citizens survived her. Her span of life extended through the administrations of twenty-two different presidents and into that of the twenty-third. She was a charming woman and could entertain her guests with stories of every presidential canvass except the first. Such a statement gives one a clearer idea of the progress of this country than can be obtained in any other way. Tracing backward the conveniences we now enjoy and which to us appear as if they had always existed, we find them recent in origin when placed beside such a life.

We of this day of steam and electricity may excuse the apparent slowness of the fathers of the republic when we compare our means of travel and of communication with theirs.

[From "Iowa in War Times"—Chapter XXVII of Adjutant S. H. M. Byers's new work, recently published.]

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

DECEMBER, 1864.



HALF the people of America have grown from childhood to manhood since the country was electrified by the news that Sherman's army had marched from Atlanta to the sea. Twenty years have gone, and we begin to know better the significance of the most picturesque as well as the most important campaign of the civil war.

Not less than seventeen Iowa regiments took part in the brilliant campaign.

The 9th Iowa Infantry, commanded by Capt. McSweeney, severed the last link of the railroad that connected Sherman's army with the North. The last train had passed northward from Atlanta, when, on the 12th of November, the Iowa boys tore up the track and filled in the cuts behind it—when, without a base, without communications, and with a three hundred miles march in front of it, the army swung loose for the sea.

The battle of Chattanooga had proved the most crushing disaster that had happened to the confederacy during the war; but a greater disaster still was waiting the South. Grant had gone to the armies in the East, and Sherman was threatening to cut what was left of the confederacy in two. Of course that could not be done without first destroying or crippling the rebel army in his front. It was a long and perilous journey for an army from Chattanooga to Atlanta, the "gate city of the South." Nature had fortified the country against invasion almost every foot of the way, and a well commanded army of veterans occupied intrenchments, and river banks, and bridges, and mountain heights, in such force as to make almost disheartening any attempt at a forward campaign. Sherman's campaigns, however, had all been of the forward kind. He had seldom fought twice over the same ground, and he led an army accustomed to victory. In himself was represented a type of soldier that comes not once in a century; courageous, original, blest with great resources of intellect; a trained soldier with the heart of a civilian, perfect in knowledge of the conduct of wars, cool in judgment, audacious in action, enthusiastic in the cause he was fighting for; an intense patriot, and possessed of the universal affection of his troops. Only such a leader could undertake with hopes of success a campaign so difficult as the 120 days' battle that lay between him and Atlanta. This 120 days' fighting was more than preliminary to the march to the sea; in a sense, it was a part of that march. To destroy the armies in front of him, to take Atlanta, the central flourishing depot of the South; to destroy the lines that fed Lee's army; to show the Confederacy that their very interior and strongest places were not invulnerable; to put a victorious Northern army right in the heart of the South, and show the world that it could stay there; this was what Sherman set out to do. To do it, the Atlanta campaign become a necessity; so did the march to the sea. Throwing the same army that marched to Savannah right into Lee's rear, and later compelling him to surrender to Grant or flee

to the mountains, was the additional possibility planned for, and believed in, long before the march seaward was commenced. The plan to strike Lee's rear with Sherman's army from Atlanta, 1000 miles away, developed slowly. Its execution meant a tremendous move on the military chess board. Lee saw the fatal danger, ere the campaign was half done, and mentally resolved, as we see later, on *leaving Richmond* the moment Sherman's columns should get as far toward him as the Roanoke River.

The terrific events in Sherman's campaign, between the Tennessee River and Atlanta, had never been surpassed on the continent. They were scarcely surpassed by the great single battles of Spottsylvania, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor. It was not so much one very great battle, as a constant succession of heavy battles and fights in the woods. Day and night were heard the roar of cannon and the clash of musketry. Those not engaged in the perpetual conflict on the lines could scarcely sleep when the cracking of musketry ceased at times, so accustomed were they to the continued sound of guns. It was like a constant siege, filled up by never ending assaults, charging breastworks, taking bridges, maneuvers, reconnoissances, skirmishes, and battles; then the siege, and the assaults on Atlanta itself, the flanking movements, and, at last, the end. "Atlanta ours, and fairly won," flew across the wires to Washington, and the first act in Sherman's campaign was finished. It had been a tremendous succession of hard fighting—a constant battle for four months. The great commander on the James realized the magnitude of the events. "You have accomplished," said Grant, in a letter to Sherman, "the most gigantic undertaking of any man in this war."

And what next? Grant wrote from Virginia. And he, too, asked what next. What had Sherman gone to Atlanta for? Could he stop there? "It is now my opinion," wrote Sherman to Grant, "that I should keep Hood employed, and put my army in fine order for a march on Charleston (the sea)." These

are the first written words about the "march" to be found in the records of the war. And again he wrote: I would not hesitate, were there a new base in our hands at the coast, to cross the State of Georgia with 60,000 men." The possibility of a march somewhere seaward, had, as said, been looked forward to when the army left Chattanooga. Where he should strike, when he should strike, or whether new events would permit a march at all, were left wholly unsettled in his mind in the beginning; but at Atlanta, Sherman conceived the true plan, and adopted the direction he would take, if only Hood would be foolish enough to march his confederate army north into Tennessee, where Thomas stood waiting to welcome him. At last Hood did move, and northward; and, to make the blunder more visible, Jefferson Davis himself rushed out to Palmetto, near Atlanta, and approved the plans of his general. Addressing the soldiers and the public, he pictured Sherman's army as now about to be lost. Advance he could not; and the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow was child's play compared with what would happen were the federal general to attempt to fall back. A scout took the speech to Sherman, and that moment he determined on his "march to the sea." Davis was commander-in-chief of the confederate armies, and his speech had convinced Sherman that the confederate president was as weak in generalship as he was strong in boasting.

All surplus material and men were at once sent to the rear, and arrangements for another move in the brilliant campaign completed.

The origin of the plan of marching to the sea was Sherman's own, as much as was the execution of it, spite of certain malevolent critics who sought to rob him of this part of the glory. "The honor is all yours," wrote President Lincoln, when success had crowned the march; "none of us went further than to acquiesce." Nothing but the overzeal of one of Gen. Grant's admirers, or the malice of some jealous enemy, could have thought to put the origin of the march in doubt.

To Halleck, Sherman now telegraphed: "I prefer for the

future to make the movement on Milledgeville, Millen, and Savannah;" and almost the same day he telegraphed Gen. Grant: "If Hood goes north, why will it not do for me to leave Tennessee to Thomas and his forces at Nashville, and for me to destroy Atlanta, and march across Georgia to Savannah or Charleston?" Grant advised him first to follow Hood, destroy him, and afterward move toward the sea. Thomas opposed the idea of moving south entirely, as did others. In no direction was the undertaking much encouraged. Events were drifting slowly; Hood was starting northward, and then Grant telegraphed to Sherman on November 2d, 1864: "I say go on, then, *as you propose*." Being authorized to act, Sherman wrote to Thomas, speaking of the march: "I want all things bent to the plan. I purpose to demonstrate the vulnerability of the South, and make its inhabitants feel that *war and individual ruin are synonymous terms*." And again, to Thomas: "The only hope of a Southern success is in the remote regions, difficult of access. We have now a good entering wedge, and should *drive it home*. We must preserve a large amount of secrecy, and I may actually change the ultimate point of arrival, but not the main object." Still again to Thomas: "Let us keep Beauregard busy, and the people of the South will realize his inability to protect them." Beauregard was kept busy—very busy. He, like Hood, and all the rest of the confederates there, had, in fact, been having a busy time of it for many months, opposing soldiers like Thomas, Schofield, Logan, Howard, Hooker, McPherson, Dodge, Blair, Morgan L. Smith, Cox, Gresham, and others of the great fighting heroes of the Atlanta campaign.

To Stanton, Sherman now wrote: "I will wait a few days yet to see what head he (Hood) makes about Decatur, and may yet turn to Tennessee, but it would be a great pity to take a step backward." On the same day, learning more of Hood's starting north, he telegraphed again to Washington: "I am pushing my preparations to march through Georgia." He had telegraphed to Thomas that "things must be bent to

his plan," and they were bent. Messages were sent in every direction to urge haste in getting the trains and the sick to the rear; no neglect, no delay of any kind would be brooked for a moment. Even apparent delays, and the temper of the commander flew to a white heat, no matter who might be at fault. Certain condemned horses and cavalry trains had been ordered sent back. Somebody had blundered, or not been prompt. "I gave ten days' notice," exclaims the general, in a furious telegram to the chief of cavalry, "and I want to know who is responsible for this outrageous delinquency? I hope all will be killed or captured. Be ready for the saddle at an hour's notice." Here is the laconic order for the final destruction of Atlanta:

Capt. Poe:—You may commence the work of destruction at once, but don't use fire until towards the last moment.

SHERMAN.

In burning Atlanta, he was *fighting* the rebels, not *conciliating* them. Of course, a roar followed all over the South, finding a little echo even in the North. It did not disturb him. "If my reasons," he wrote to Washington, "are satisfactory to the United States, it makes no difference whether it pleases Gen. Hood and *his* people or not." He was now ready for the start. Jefferson Davis was apparently doing his best to aid him on his way. Cotton was no longer to be "king" in the South. Jefferson Davis had said it. "Corn" must grow on every field. It must have been with a grim smile that Sherman wrote to Secretary Stanton: "Convey to Jefferson Davis my personal and official thanks for abolishing cotton, and substituting corn and sweet potatoes in the South. These facilitate our military plans much, for food and forage are abundant."

Just then came the news of Sheridan's victory in the East. Sherman had been killing men all summer, and he liked to see war of just the killing kind, the more desperate the better, and the sooner ended. The kindest hearted man in the world, he still liked Sheridan's way. "I am satisfied," he wrote the latter, just before leaving Atlanta, "and have been all the time,

that the problem of this war consists in the awful fact that the present class of men who rule the South must be killed outright, rather than in the conquest of territory. Hard bulldog fighting, and a great deal of it, remains yet to be done." Sheridan was one of the men he believed capable of doing it. The South had thrown down the desperate gage of battle. It was kill or *get killed*, and while Sherman, as his course always proved, pitied the South and would have given his life for honorable peace, nothing to his mind could bring that peace so quick as fighting in dead earnest; peace restored, no man in all America so prompt to offer the hand of reconciliation.

Sherman's first thought, after Atlanta had been taken, was to march on Augusta, connecting with the coast by the Savannah River. "If you can manage," he writes to Grant, on September 10th, "to take the Savannah River as high as Augusta, or the Chattahoochee as far up as Columbus, I can sweep the whole State of Georgia."

In fact, *three* routes seaward had been considered by Sherman: The line direct south, striking the sea at Appalachicola; the line to Augusta, and the middle, or southeast one to Savannah. Events proved the last the best in many senses; that route followed, Lee's army could be hurt the quickest, and it was *Lee's* army now, not Hood's, that Sherman was striking at. It was also time to choose. The whole confederacy was waking to the danger of leaving him longer at Atlanta. The time had come, possibly, to drive him to death. Davis said it had come. Hood was reaching his lines of communication, and quietly putting an army between him and the North. Grant telegraphed Sherman on the 27th September, that an awful effort was being made to crush him at Atlanta. Three courses were open to him; to remain at Atlanta, and risk losing his supply lines; to turn back and follow Hood's army northwards; or to cut loose, march south, and destroy Lee's chances from his far rear. He had already determined, however, not to fight the old ground over again—to take no

step backward, but leave Hood and his northern invasion to the competent hands of Gen. Thomas.

The gigantic labor of supplying large armies from distant points can scarcely be realized. To feed Sherman's army about Chattanooga, from its supply base at Nashville, had required the labor of thousands of men and teams, and the use of one hundred and forty-five railway cars daily. That meant the use of a hundred locomotives and a thousand railway cars. The risk to supplies, with thousands of well led hostile cavalry in the rear, was too serious to contemplate. A move somewhere from Atlanta was rapidly becoming not only the best thing to do, but a necessity, if the fruits of the last campaign were not to be lost.

The *reville* beat at four o'clock in the morning of November 15th, 1864, and waked the sleeping soldiers about Atlanta to break camp and start, many of them, on their last campaign. Daylight saw sixty-two thousand two hundred and four men, with sixty-five cannon, moving in separate, but nearly parallel, columns seaward. The orders had been carefully given; every officer, every soldier, knew his place, and something in the very air told them they were starting on a march that would end with the closing of the war. Sixty-two thousand men was no small army to cut loose from a base and enter the lines of a hostile country, with no foothold but the ocean beyond. The last mile of the railroad behind had been destroyed; the last message, a good-bye and an "all right," had been telegraphed back to Thomas; the wires were cut, the last link lost communicating with the North.

Passing the city in flames and ruin, Sherman rode forward, joined one of his columns, and the "March to the Sea" had begun.

Three hundred miles southeast lay Savannah and the ocean. Toward this point all columns were headed, though greatly diverging at times, threatening important positions, like Macon and Augusta, right and left, and, by mysterious movements on the flanks, leading the enemy at the front to concentrate to-day in one place and to-morrow forty miles away.

Two great wings, almost equally divided as to numbers, formed the marching army. The right was led by Maj.-Gen. Howard, and Maj.-Gen. Slocum commanded the left, with soldiers such as Blair, Davis, Williams and Osterhaus,* directing army corps, and veterans like Corse, Geary, Force, Ward, Mower, Morgan, Woods, Hazen, Smith, Leggett, Baird and Carlin, leading divisions, fighting men, every one of them, and the soldiers were veterans, hardened by scores of battles.

Sherman's cavalry, kept under his personal direction, was commanded by Kilpatrick—but in numbers, it was inferior to the cavalry of Wheeler in his front, and hanging on his flanks. The enemy possessed strong garrisons all along the seacoast and in the interior towns. Columns from these were liable to be concentrated and thrown in front of Sherman at any hour; troops from Virginia, even, might be hastening, by train, to stop the invaders' way. If there had been audacity in conceiving the movement, and entering on the march, the utmost caution and vigilance were necessary to prevent surprise, detection of routes and concentrating of hostile forces at unexpected places, and at unexpected times. Possibly for safety, the cavalry force seemed inadequate, but the weakness was made up by a force never before known in war—the mounted "foragers." Every twentieth man in the army was regularly detailed to scour the country right and left, and sometimes front, for food and forage. In three days' time the greater number of these foragers had mounted themselves on some species of horse or mule, and the "foragers" became a sort of irregular, or partisan cavalry—flying hither and thither at all times, and in all places. They confiscated horses, mules, cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, grain, fodder, potatoes and meat in such enormous quantities as to supply the whole army. Only occasionally were the regular rations in the supply trains touched at all. The army was living completely off the

*Maj.-Gen. G. M. Dodge, commander of the Sixteenth army corps, who had played so important a role in the battles of Atlanta, helping to make the march to the sea a possibility, was wounded, and home on leave of absence. Logan also was absent on leave.

country. The corn Jefferson Davis had ordered planted in the cotton fields was feeding Sherman's soldiers. The "foragers" were becoming the historic personages of the campaign. They were men accustomed to danger, to improvising defenses, to fighting on foot or mounted, to ambushes and open fields; soldiers of infinite resources, and it is doubtful if any cavalry in existence could have been half so useful to the army as Sherman's mounted "foragers." Their irregularities, and they were not great, for discipline met them when they came to camp, were overlooked in the good that they accomplished.

At times on the march, the whole army concentrated, as at Milledgeville, Millen, and at the approaches to Savannah, and diverged, or else marched in parallel lines, seldom more than twenty miles from flank to flank, keeping to the right and to the left of them, as protectors, the Savannah and the Ogeechee rivers, leading seaward. Sometimes the columns, as at Duncan's farm by Macon, met the enemy, and with a sharp battle hurled them back; or, as at the crossing of Briar River, where the cavalry met in severe engagement, fighting for a bridge, or when the advance ran on to the hidden intrenchments in the swamps outside Savannah. Unexpectedly, however, there was little fighting on the march; but fighting, of a desperate kind, too, might still occur at any moment. Once, the enemy's wires were tapped, and a dispatch captured saying that Bragg, with ten thousand men and part of Wade Hampton's cavalry, was leaving Augusta for Sherman's rear that very night. Day after day the invading army tramped along through the unknown country, their very whereabouts a mystery to the waiting North, whose anxiety, fed by false reports from Richmond, became intenser every hour.

For twenty days the columns swung along with a steady step, and then, in the distance, they beheld the sea. The swamps, the woods, the intrenchments and the well manned forts guarding the city of Savannah had been reached. Sherman's eyes strained for the white sails of the friendly fleet.

They were not to be seen. His army lapped almost around the city, but there was no possibility of reaching the seaside or the union ships. On his left, lay the swamps, the forts, and a rebel army; on his right, bristling with heavy guns, and armed with heroic men, frowned Fort McAllister. That captured, communication with the fleet were possible. Different troops begged the privilege to assault. Just before sundown of December 13th, a division of blue coats under Maj. Gen. Hazen appeared from the thick wood skirting the approaches to the fort. From the top of a rice mill across the river, Sherman, glass in hand, was watching the movement. In front of these men whose guns glistened in the slanting rays of the setting sun, stood a strong fort armed with heavy guns, protected by a deep ditch, by continuous palisades and abatis, and by veteran soldiers.

Sherman looked at the setting sun and feared the approach of night. "Signal Hazen to assault at once," he ordered. The little signal flag at his side fluttered a little, and was answered by Hazen's whole line advancing to the palisades. That moment the fort belched forth its artillery. Steadily the line advanced, spite of hidden torpedoes exploding under their feet, spite of the musketry and shells from the fort, and in a few moments entered the cloud of smoke made by the battle. For a minute, only the rattle of musketry was heard; all was darkness there, and then the cloud-vail lifted, revealing the stars and stripes planted on the fort. In fifteen minutes, Fort McAllister had been taken by assault. Such quick work had hardly been done in the war. That night communication was established with the fleet, and Sherman slept in Fort McAllister alongside the dying and the dead. The second step of the march to the sea was finished, and from the whole North went up a prayer of thankfulness. The end of the war was now in sight. The resources of the South were gone; Lee's lines of supply were cut in two, and the confidence of the South in her leaders was turning into hate. For Sherman to serve South Carolina as he had served Georgia,

to march his army to the Roanoke, demolishing Charleston and Columbia on the way, would be to end the war. In a sense, Richmond was already taken by a force 500 miles away. Gen. Lee saw what Sherman's movements were resulting in. "It was easy to see," he writes in a private letter three years later:

WARM SPRINGS, VA., July 27th, 1868.

General Wm. S. Smith:

* * * * *

As regards the movements of Gen. Sherman, it was easy to see that unless they were interrupted I should be compelled to abandon the defense of Richmond, and with a view of arresting his progress, I so weakened my force by sending re-enforcements to South and North Carolina that I had not sufficient men to man my lines.

Had they not been broken, I should have abandoned them as soon as Gen. Sherman reached the Roanoke.

[Signed.]

R. E. LEE.

Sherman *did* reach the Roanoke or its neighborhood, and was but eighteen miles away when the evacuation of Richmond began.

If the hopes of the South failed when Sherman reached Savannah, the spirits of the North were correspondingly buoyant. Grant himself, so reticent usually, hastened to lay a tribute at the feet of his friend:

* * * * *

I never had a doubt of the result when apprehensions for your safety were expressed by the president. I assured him that with the army you had, and you in command of it, there was no danger, but you would strike bottom on salt water some place; that I would not feel the same security—in fact, would not have intrusted the expedition to any other living commander. I congratulate you and your army upon the splendid results of your campaign, the like of which is not read of in past history.

Now, more than ever, Sherman and his army felt they were striking Lee's army from behind, Hood was no longer a factor in the game, and the force between Sherman and the Roanoke River was not a force to fear. It was Lee, Sherman was thinking of only. To Halleck, he wrote on the 24th of December: "I think my campaign of the last month, as well as every step I take from this point north, is as much

a direct attack upon Lee's army as though I were operating within the sound of his artillery;" and to Grant, three days before Christmas he wrote: "I have now completed my first step, and should like to join you *via* Columbia and Raleigh. If you can hold Lee, and if Thomas can continue as he did on the 18th (referring to his battle of Nashville) I could go on and smash South Carolina all to pieces, and break up roads as far as the Roanoke." Grant *did* hold Lee, and Thomas *did* do as well as on the 18th, and Sherman *did smash things all to pieces in South Carolina*. He went to the Roanoke and Lee went from Richmond.

The war was done, and Sherman's victorious soldiers tramped on another 400 miles to Washington. The fighting had commenced on the Tennessee River, the marching ended on Pennsylvania avenue, and whole divisions of the soldiers who saluted the president that afternoon of the grand review, had marched with their rifles on their shoulders a distance of almost 3,000 miles.

Iowa's part in the grand march to the sea, in its adventures, in its skirmishes, and in its occasional fighting, had been prominent and honorable. The Iowa soldiers there were mostly veterans of many marches and of many battles. To them, the campaign was one grand holiday. The weather was good, rations, by foraging, were abundant, and the stimulus was theirs of a great excitement—a marching to new victories, and, in a sense, to new discoveries. The far interior of Georgia was like a sealed book to many of them, and they were about to open it with their swords.

Fortunately for all concerned, there was but little hard fighting on the way. The boldness of the movement paralyzed the enemy, and Sherman's columns marched along as they chose. The opposition the South seemed capable of making at river crossings and other points of vantage was trivial in the eyes of Sherman's soldiers. The experiences of all the Iowa regiments were much the same—to-day in the vanguard, tramping and skirmishing along—to-morrow at the rear, looking after

the trains and the stragglers, of which there were few, and warding off the almost impotent blows of some stray squadron of rebel cavalry.

When Sherman's right wing swung off to Macon and fought the little battle of Duncan's farm, some of the Iowa soldiers were there as supports to Kilpatrick's cavalry. When the troops were tearing up the railroad, Gen. C. R. Woods's division, containing, among other troops, the 4th, 6th, 9th, 25th, 26th, 30th and 31st Iowa, was placed as a rear guard. On the 22d of November, a rebel division came out of Macon and attacked a part of Woods's troops, led by Col. Walcutt. A severe little battle ensued and the rebels were beaten. Many of the rebel soldiers constituting this attack, were students in a Macon college—young boys, sons of the aristocratic families of Georgia and the South, who had been sent to that quiet interior town to be far from the dangers of war. In an unexpected moment, war was on them. They were pressed into the service, and in the attack on Woods's division many of them were slain.

Brave Gen. Corse, of Iowa, of Chattanooga and Allatoona fame, led a division in the marching army, and his boys, among them the 2d, 7th and 39th Iowa, achieved no little distinction for their rapidity in destroying the enemy's railroads. Gen. Elliott W. Rice also led a brigade in the victoriously marching army, where the soldiers tramped their fifteen and twenty miles a day as lightly as on some promenade. The famous Crocker Brigade under Gen. Belknap, was there too, and on reaching Savannah was the first to strike and destroy the railroad running to Charleston. Three miles back of Savannah the brigade was under a heavy fire of artillery, but by wading through a swamp, and advancing on the enemy, Belknap's men soon silenced the skirmishers and the batteries that had been doing no little harm. One company of the 53d Illinois, in the fourth division, lost eleven men in killed and wounded by the explosion of a single shell from these same batteries.

In two or three days the brigade found itself in a position

protecting a road at the left of the 17th Corps, with a strong eleven-gun fort in front of it. Here the 15th Iowa acted as advance skirmishers, and, under a severe fire of artillery and musketry, the brigade drove the rebels back and beyond a pond within three hundred yards of the fort.* Arrangements

*During the march, and for many long months previous, the writer had been a prisoner at Columbia, South Carolina. The gaining of any news as to Sherman's army marching through the interior of the South was most difficult. Newspapers were not allowed in camp. The prisoners all knew from rumor, however, and from the excited condition of the guards about the prison, that "great things" were going on outside. A friendly negro who was allowed entrance to the prison camp was finally persuaded to secrete the morning newspaper in a loaf of bread which he was permitted to sell to one or two of the prisoners. Hungry as my little mess always were, the newspaper was more welcomed than the loaf of bread. It was always read to our little coterie in secret, and then destroyed. There was no difficulty in gathering from its troubled columns that Sherman's army was hitting the rebels to the very heart. One chilly night, while tramping up and down the prison pen, there suggested themselves to the writer, the words of the lyric poem of Sherman's march to the sea. They were adapted to music by a fellow prisoner, and sung daily by the prison glee club, along with the "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Yankee Doodle," etc; the singing of Southern songs being imposed as a condition in granting permission to sing the others. We didn't mind it, though. Rebel songs were better than no songs in such a place. One day an Iowa officer, Lieut. Tower, of Ottumwa, who wore a wooden leg in place of the better one lost in battle, was exchanged. In the hollow of that artificial limb he bore many secret missives north from his comrades in prison, and among the papers was the "March to the Sea." In theaters and public places north, the lines attained to an unexpected approbation. As the lyric gave its name to the picturesque campaign it celebrates, and as it is the production of an Iowa soldier, it seems appropriate to reprint it in a book about Iowa men.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe—
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,

were made to pass through the pond, and the order was given to assault the works on the morrow. The first advance of the skirmish line on the 25th, revealed the enemy gone, when the fort and its cannon fell into union hands.

The 9th Iowa had broken the last rail at Atlanta connecting Sherman's army with the North, and the 16th Iowa was about the very first to strike the works of the enemy at Savannah by the sea. The 7th Iowa, the 10th, 15th and 31st, had all been slightly engaged in skirmishes by the way, and when Gen. Hazen's division assaulted and took Fort McAllister, the 10th Iowa held and defended the road over which the enemy

And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day.
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree;
But we twined them a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

O! proud was our army that morning
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is ours."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain
That echoed o'er the river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

had hoped to get re-enforcements into the fort. All the Iowa regiments that had participated in the march, also engaged in the short siege of the city, and when Savannah fell, they marched on that more arduous campaign with Sherman through the Carolinas.

“THE CHURCH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.”



FROM the *Iowa Churchman*, which copies from the *New York Critic*, we append the introductory part of an article with the above title from the pen of Rt. Rev. William Stevens Perry, Episcopal Bishop of Iowa, referring to the presidential inaugural ceremonies one hundred years ago, and showing the devout spirit in which the “Father of his Country,” entered upon the duties of the first presidency.

“On the morning of April 30th, A. D., 1789, the church bells throughout the land summoned the people to prayer, in view of the induction into office of the father of his country as president of the United States. The simple ceremonies attending this noteworthy event took place at the City Hall, New York, which then occupied the site on Wall Street where the treasury now stands. This building, a stately structure of composite architecture, was fitted up for the occasion with suitable adornments; and from the gallery looking out on Wall Street, the oath of office was administered to the president in the presence of a vast concourse of people. Proceeding to the Senate Chamber, Washington delivered to both houses of Congress his inaugural address, a document abounding in evidences of a deep religious feeling, such as might be expected from the Christian and churchman the father of his country was. At the close of the public exercises of the inauguration, the president, attended by the members of both houses of Congress and the whole assemblage of spectators, proceeded on foot to St. Paul’s Chapel, in Broadway, where

the *Te Deum* was sung, and the church's prayers were said by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Provoost, the first bishop of New York, and one of the chaplains of Congress. Thus piously, and in humble recognition of an overruling Providence, was inaugurated our first president, and the century of the republic's executive just completed.

"In this St. Paul's Chapel—Trinity, the mother church still being in ruins—Washington regularly attended the services of the church. In his diary from 1789 to 1791, we find with almost unvarying regularity the weekly record: "Went to St. Paul's Chapel in the forenoon." In the north aisle, adjoining the north wall of the church, was a large square pew, called "the President's pew." Over it was a canopy, supported by slender shafts. Against the wall, in a handsome frame, hung the emblazoned arms of the United States—the spread eagle with the shield bearing the stars and stripes. Opposite was "the Governor's pew," with its canopy and its blazon of the arms of the State of New York. On Sundays the President and Lady Washington, as she was universally styled, were wont to drive in their coach and four up Fair Street to church; and, entering by the north door, to take their places in the canopied pew; while the dignified and elegant Provoost, celebrated for his patriotism no less than his scholarship, conducted the services from the reading desk and chancel, and then, from the high pulpit with its old-time sounding-board above, delivered the chaste and classic sermons for which he was celebrated. The venerable Major Popham—himself a hero of the Revolution—who sat in the north aisle near the president's pew, has left on record his testimony that from time to time the President and Lady Washington remained to the sacrament, and "that he believed without a doubt that they both received the holy communion." When Trinity was re-opened, the president and his household attended divine service there, and McGuire in his "Religious Opinions and Character of Washington" (page 414), cites the direct and conclusive testimony of "a lady of undoubted veracity," then

living "that soon after the close of the Revolutionary war, she saw him partake of the consecrated symbols of the body and blood of Christ in Trinity Church in the city of New York." Prior to the war, and during its continuance when opportunity offered, the fact of his reverent communicating at the altars of his church is established beyond peradventure."

AN INCIDENT OF FRONTIER LIFE.



REV. CHARLES C. PIERCE, Chaplain U. S. Army, writing from Fort Supply, Indian Territory, Nov. 9th, 1888, to the *Philadelphia Ledger*, relates the following affecting occurrence, which doubtless will recall to old settlers like horrors which have darkened the early history of Iowa.

"To-day has brought me a very sad experience, and my own sympathetic nature has been so largely drawn upon that I must tell the story, so that my friends in reading may drop a tear and breathe a prayer for these lonely dwellers on the plains, whose sorrow is to be the burden of my story.

Twelve miles from the military post from which I am writing a ranch is located, and we are the nearest neighbors of those who dwell there.

On Saturday morning, while the father was here, his little child, two and-a half years of age, strayed away from the ranch, accompanied by a very small dog with which the child was accustomed constantly to play. The mother, busied with household cares and the charge of a much younger child, did not notice the absence of the little fellow till the morning had worn away, and then, missing him and being filled with alarm, she mounted a horse and began to search. Meeting with no success, and the father having meanwhile returned, word was sent to the post, coupled with a request for reinforcements in the search.

Night was fast approaching, with promise of frost, and the

country being full of wolves and panthers, with other beasts as fierce, every heart was stirred by the thought of a little child subjected to such exposure. Twelve Cheyenne Indians employed as Government scouts, and familiar with every inch of the country, were sent out to spend the time as far into the night as possible in the search. Sunday was an anxious day for us all, inasmuch as the scouts, whose return was hourly expected, did not come at all. No word reached us till the close of divine service in the evening, and that gave no relief. A night and day and another night well begun, and still the little wanderer was roaming the barren country, or, worse than that, perhaps torn in pieces by the beasts that infest it.

Forty cavalymen immediately mounted their horses and started for the ranch, for, though the remaining hours of the night were too dark for such a search, the hours they gained in travelling permitted them to enter upon their work of mercy with the first signs of morning.

Those of us who had children of our own clasped them in a firmer embrace than ever, and prayed that the Angel of the Covenant might defend the little wanderer from the beasts. Monday night came and no news, save that the footprints of the child and his faithful little dog had been found and then lost again. Fresh wagon ruts had been seen also, and a squad of men sent to follow up the trail in the hope that the travelers passing through the country had seen the child, and, imagining father and mother to have forsaken it, had taken it up.

But Tuesday's search was fruitless, and all but the agonized parents were ready to give up the task as hopeless. But at their solicitation another day was given and another troop of cavalry added to the number engaged in the search. It seemed impossible that any reward should follow the labor, but in the afternoon more footprints were found twelve miles from the ranch, and later on, as a cavalryman dashed along, a little dog ran out from a ravine, frightened at the noise. It took but a moment's search to find the child, its flesh untouched by beasts,

but bruised with falls and scratched with thorns. The marvel is that a baby (for it was nothing more) could have walked so far—twelve miles in a straight line, but double that in the circuitous path it had chosen. But it is a greater marvel that it should have been unharmed by the ravenous brutes that cover these plains, and that were constantly encountered by the men in their search; yes, a greater marvel to one who does not think of God. It was alive, and a courier was despatched with the news to the heart-broken mother. But, alas, the little traveller had not been equipped for his nearly five days of fasting and a bed upon the frosty ground, and in twenty-five minutes the arms of the soldier who had lifted him up held only a corpse. It was only a funeral procession that met the mother's gaze.

For two days the parents were left with their dead and then the body was brought in for burial. An unused wing of the post hospital was set apart for the service and soon it was crowded with officers and ladies, soldiers, Indians and cowboys. A more motley company I have never seen, nor, generally speaking, one more free from emotion. But as the mother looked upon the scarred face of her darling before we laid it away, not only were soldiers weeping, but strong Indians and hardened cowboys were sobbing as though their hearts would break in the fullness of their sympathy.

A little mound lies heaped above the body now in the post cemetery yonder—I can see it from my window as I write—and the only thought that lessens the bereavement is, that the spirit has gone unto God who gave it.

“IOWA IN WAR TIMES.”



HE above is the title of Adjutant S. H. M. Byers's new work, from which we have copied into this number of *THE RECORD*, the chapter on "The March to the Sea," a glowing description of that romantic campaign. This chapter fittingly closes with the song which gave its

name to the campaign, and which secured for its writer, the author of the book under review, a fame and a hearing before the world for all time; for had he written nothing else, with these thrilling verses alone his name would have floated with the English language on the stream of time to the end. One who could write this lyric could write nothing tame or stupid, whether verse or prose. The history begins with a tributary chapter to John Brown, and his connection with Iowa and Iowa personages during his sojourn here, just before his raid at Harper's Ferry, and then devotes several chapters to the war governor, Samuel J. Kirkwood, and his just and successful administration of the chief executive office of Iowa, amid difficulties and discouragements which would have been insurmountable to almost any other man. Entering upon a description of the heroic acts of Iowa soldiers, this begins with an account of the glorious 1st Iowa at Wilson's Creek, and proceeding in the same inspiring key to which the introductory chapter is set, describes every battle, skirmish or event, in which Iowa troops took part during the rebellion, which includes a very large portion of the military events of the civil war. It is the best book as yet produced by any Iowa writer, and the reader is constantly impressed with the honest and independent effort of its author to do justice to every Iowa soldier and citizen, of whatever rank or station. Although devoted chiefly to an account of Iowa soldiers and their battles, which is illustrated by many portraits and representations of battles, those who worked and suffered for the union cause at home are not forgotten. The names of all those deserving of mention it was of course impossible for Adjutant Byers to obtain, but he has embalmed many of the most prominent of them in his history. The second part of the work is taken up with a condensed history of each separate Iowa regiment, which makes it valuable as a work of reliable reference. The book is very beautifully printed and bound, and comes from the press of W. D. Condit & Co., of Des Moines, who have it on sale, or it may be obtained of the author, whose address is Oskaloosa, Iowa.

A LOVE STORY A CENTURY OLD.



IN PERKINS'S "Annals of the West," it is thus related how Cincinnati, the metropolis of Ohio, in 1789, first acquired ascendancy over her older rival, North Bend, now famous only as the former residence and present burial place of the first President Harrison.

"Through the influence of the judge, (Symmes,) the detachment sent by Gen. Harmer to erect a fort between the Miami rivers, for the protection of the settlers, landed at North Bend. This circumstance induced many of the first emigrants to repair to that place, on account of the expected protection which the garrison would afford. While the officer commanding the detachment was examining the neighborhood, to select the most eligible spot for a garrison, he became enamored with a beautiful black-eyed female, who happened to be a married woman. The vigilant husband saw his danger, and immediately determined to remove his family to Cincinnati, where he supposed they would be safe from intrusion. As soon as the gallant officer discovered that the object of his admiration had been removed beyond his reach, he began to think that the Bend was not an advantageous situation for a military work. This opinion he communicated to Judge Symmes, who contended very strenuously that it was the most suitable spot in the Miami country, and protested against the removal. The arguments of the judge, however, were not as influential as the sparkling eyes of the fair female, who was then at Cincinnati. To preserve the appearance of consistency, the officer agreed that he would defer a decision till he had explored the ground at and near Cincinnati, and that, if he found it to be less eligible than the Bend, he would return and erect the garrison at the latter place. The visit was quickly made, and resulted in a conviction that the Bend was not to be compared with Cincinnati. The troops were accordingly removed to that place, and the building of Fort Washington was commenced. This movement, appar-

ently trivial in itself, and certainly produced by a whimsical cause, was attended by results of incalculable importance. It settled the question at once whether Symmes or Cincinnati was to be the great commercial town of the Miami purchase. This anecdote was communicated by Judge Symmes and is unquestionably authentic. As soon as the troops removed to Cincinnati and established the garrison, the settlers at the Bend, then more numerous than those at Cincinnati, began to remove; and in two or three years the Bend was literally deserted, and the idea of establishing a town at that point was entirely abandoned.

“Thus we see what great results are sometimes produced by trivial circumstances. The beauty of a female transferred the commercial emporium of Ohio from the place where it was commenced to the place where it now is. Had the black-eyed beauty remained at the Bend, the garrison would have been erected there, population, capital and business would have centered there, and our city must have been now of comparatively small importance.”

DONATIONS TO THE IOWA HISTORICAL SOCIETY LIBRARY.

From Rhode Island Historical Society,

Life and services of Rowland Gibson Hazard.

Proceedings of Society, 1888-9.

From New England Historical and Genealogical Society,

Register for January.

From Hon. Henry Sabin, Superintendent Public Instruction,

Advance Sheets of Biennial Report.

From Signal Service,

Reports as Published.

From Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell Mass.,

Their bound volume of Almanacs, 1889.

- From Dr. Wm. Salter, Burlington, Iowa,*
Sermon delivered on the 50th Anniversary of the Founding
of the Congregational Church.
- From Ohio Archaeological Society,*
Quarterly Report for December, 1888.
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A Christmas Reminder—Being the names of 8,000 persons
confined on British prison ship during the War of the
Revolution.
- From Department of Interior,*
Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia.
Industrial Education in the South.
Proceedings of National Educational Association, 1888.
- From Johns Hopkins University,*
The Establishment of Municipal Government in San Fran-
cisco.
Municipal History of New Orleans.
- From Hon. Isaac Smucker, Newark, Ohio,*
Ohio School Report, 1887.
Centennial History of Licking Co., Ohio.
- From Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.,*
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Extracts from the Press on Sermons of all Sects.
- From General G. M. Dodge, New York,*
Paper read before the Army of the Tennessee, at Toledo,
Ohio, September 15, 1888, on Transcontinental Railways.
- From Department of State, Washington, D. C.,*
Consular Reports, Nos. 97, 98, 99, 100.
- From Bureau of the Mint, Washington, D. C.,*
Product of Gold and Silver in United States, 1887.
Report of the Director of the Mint, 1888.
- From Comptroller of the Currency,*
His Report, vol. 1, 1888.
- From New Jersey Historical Society,*
Two bound Volumes, and fifteen Pamphlets.

- From Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.,*
Report of Imports and Exports.
- From Kansas Historical Society, Topeka,*
Sixth Biennial Report.
- From Chief of Engineers, Washington, D. C.,*
Annual Report for 1888, in four volumes.
- From the Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.,*
Report for 1886-7.
History of Education in North Carolina.
- From General C. W. Darling, Utica, New York,*
The Rise of Christian Associations.
- From New Jersey Historical Society,*
The Old Burying Case.
- From Hon. George K. Clark, Boston,*
Genealogy of the descendants of Nathaniel Clark of Newberry, Mass.
- From American Geographical Society, New York,*
Bulletin of Society.
- From Department of State, Washington, D. C.,*
Trade of Great Britain with the United States.
- From Dr. J. M. Loner, Washington, D. C.,*
Washington's Rules of Civility—A paper found among the early writings of George Washington.
- From General S. V. Benet,*
Report of Chief of Ordnance, 1888.
- From Historical and Philosophical Society, Cincinnati, Ohio,*
Annual Report, 1888.
- From Yale University,*
Report of the President, 1887-8.
- From United States Fish Commissioner,*
Fishery Industries of the United States, Sec. I. text.
- From Hon. Frank D. Jackson, Des Moines,*
Official Register for 1889.
- From H. F. Lewis, St. Paul,*
Minor Antiquarian Articles.

From Dr. Samuel A. Green, Boston,

Suffolk Deeds, Vol. IV.

Twelve Pamphlets.

From Library Company, Philadelphia,

Bulletin for January.

From Dr. F. Lloyd,

Official Army Register for 1886.

From Mercantile Library Association, San Francisco,

Thirty-sixth Annual Report.

From Smithsonian Institute,

Joseph Henry on the Magnetic Telegraph.

From American Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia,

Historical Researches for April.

From Publishers, Boston,

Education, as published.

From Publishers,

American Antiquarian.

RECENT DEATHS.

H. F. MOELLER, formerly a member of the 16th Iowa Volunteers, died at What Cheer, Iowa on the 3d of last January.

E. G. WHITE, formerly lieutenant colonel of the brave 22d Iowa Volunteers, died at his home at Audubon, the 27th of last March, at the age of 63. His military service began when only sixteen years old, as a soldier in the Indian Florida war, in 1837, where he served two years; he also served two years in the Mexican war as a private. During the civil war he enlisted in the military service of his country as a private of Company E, 22d Iowa Volunteers, but was immediately elected first lieutenant, and in a few months was promoted captain. During the siege of Vicksburg, where his regiment was distinguished above every other for heroic daring in the charge of the 22d of May, as a reward for bravery he was raised to the rank of major, and the following year attained

the rank of lieutenant colonel of his regiment. For bravery at the battle of Winchester he was complimented in orders. Col. White was a Christian soldier, and was attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was twice married, and leaves a large family. He was buried by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic living at Audubon.

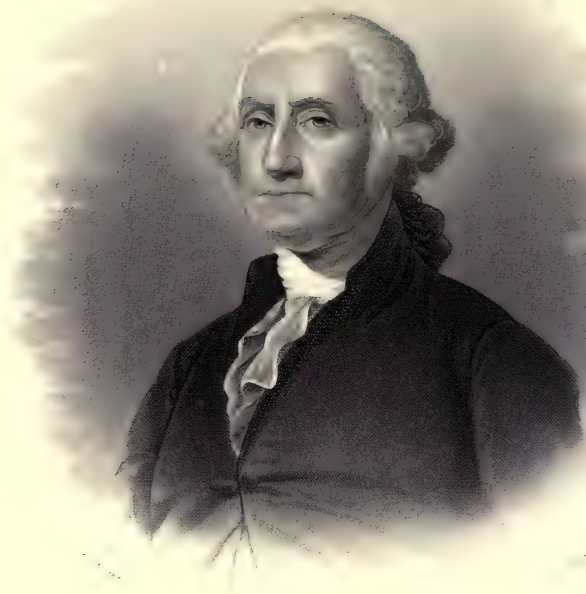
NOTES.

WE have received from Prof. L. F. Parker a copy of the "catalog" of Iowa College for the year 1888-9. It shows the number of students graduated at the last commencement 22, and the total number in attendance 541, against 390 the previous year. The number of professors and teachers is twenty-seven.

THE executor of the estate of the late James B. Hosmer, of Hartford, Conn., found in the safe of the deceased a solid gold snuff box of the value of five hundred dollars. It had been presented by the City of Albany, N. Y., to Commodore Macdonough, as a testimonial commemorating his victory on Lake Champlain, and afterward came into the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society. Many years ago the box was turned over to Mr. Hosmer, as president of the society, for safe keeping.

THIEVES recently broke into the rooms of the New Haven Historical Society, located in the old State House at New Haven, Conn., and made away with the sword of Admiral Foote, held by the society as a relic. It was a valuable presentation sword, studded with jewels estimated to be worth six thousand dollars.

THE horse Camauche is said to be the only living thing that survived the Custer massacre. He is in charge of Capt. H. J. Nowlen's troop (I) of the 7th Cavalry, stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas. His body presents many scars, the relics of wounds received at the Little Big Horn. He receives tender care from the soldiers, and no one is allowed to ride him.



George Washington

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 3.

INTRODUCTORY.



IT having been determined to devote this number of the HISTORICAL RECORD to the preservation of the proceedings of the national centennial celebration as observed in Iowa City, April 30th, 1889, commemorative of the first inauguration of Washington as president of the United States, a word of explanation is perhaps called for.

It seems proper that an event so important and so universally observed, should be testified to historically in a form for permanent preservation, and easily accessible for reference at the next recurrence of this centennial period. Most cities of Iowa, as of all the country, held similar celebrations, but it would be impossible to record the observance of more than one in our work. That which occurred in Iowa City is selected for this purpose, both on account of propriety and convenience, as a fair sample of them all, and cannot be faulted on the ground of localism. No city is more representative of Iowa than the first permanent capital of the territory and state, around which twine the historical memories of half a century and more. Here is the "old capitol," a monument of our pioneer government, the voices of whose orators seem

to linger in its halls, as the sound of the roaring sea is heard in the empty shell. Here are the graves of Lucas, our first governor, of Carleton, the admirable judge, of Folsom, the deep counselor, stamped with the eccentricity of genius, of Griffith, the most illustrious young soldier of Iowa, and if we refer for the nonce to the living, here is the home of Kirkwood, the war governor, toward whom every head in Iowa is reverently bent. Again, here are the learned and learning of the State University, spreading out, in its multiplied departments, on a stupendous scale, and sending its nourishing influences to the furthestmost parts of the commonwealth. And here too is the seat of the State Historical Society, whose office it is to collect and preserve these materials for future history.

In the First Presbyterian Church of Iowa City, in the forenoon of April 30th, 1889, after the service suggested by Rt. Rev. William Stevens Perry, D. D., Episcopal bishop of Iowa, as representing that attended by Washington in St. Paul's Chapel, New York City, on the day of his inauguration, the pastor of the Congregational Church of Iowa City, Rev. M. A. Bullock, delivered the following

ADDRESS.

Psalm xcv, 2—Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

One hundred years ago, a new nation inaugurated its president and set in motion the wheels of administration, which, in their main features, still remain and bear grandly forward the machinery of government.

But like the wheels in Ezekiel's vision, they are full of life, and their rims are full of eyes, and every part of American life is noted, for the spirit of a living government is in the wheels, and on the firmament borne up by this living power is a movable throne, dear to the popular heart, because it expresses its desires and is coëxtensive with its will.

One hundred years! A century of national life and

progress! A long time in individual experience, but a short time in the history of nations. England, Russia and other European governments point you to several centuries of national life and history, and proudly declare that their governments have witnessed all the great events in Christian civilization. China turns the pages of its venerated histories and shows you the annals of millennial periods and proudly says: "In the dim twilight of your mythical ages our government was old in years, and our emperors ruled over the fairest part of the earth."

What then is a single century? Why has there been a proclamation making this a national holiday? Why in every town of importance throughout this vast republic do the citizens of the commonwealth assemble in meetings similar to this? Why does the *30th of April, 1889*, have a greater significance to us than *April 30th* had in *1888*? Not simply because it completes a century of national life, but because it completes that century in accordance with *certain fixed principles*, dear to the American heart, peculiar to the American people, and indicative of that strength of character and of government which has elevated this young nation to a position second to none in the history of the world. That is why we come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

We shall not forget in this joyful celebration the man who one hundred years ago was inaugurated president of the young republic. His character, like the influence of the New England fathers, has left its impress upon American life, and has helped to shape the destiny of the nation.

The name of Washington will be handed down from generation to generation as the father of his country. The century has produced but one other man whose name can be yoked with that of Washington,—Lincoln, the savior of his country. We may say that circumstances made these men great; nay, their greatness lay in the fact that they were equal to the emergency which circumstances thrust upon them and

the people. Other men may have had the same inherent qualities of greatness, but God called them to be leaders in times of special danger and of great moment to the commonwealth.

It is well then that we note briefly the elements of manhood which made Washington great, and mark the influence of his character in the development of our national life, and then look for a moment upon the fruitage of the century.

It was not alone the skill of *Colonel* Washington who led successfully his men against the Indian warriors, that marked him as the coming man of his day, but it was the bulk of his manhood. His wisdom increased with his responsibility. His energy was commensurate with his wisdom, and his patience was all the more marked because of the slanders and opposition of those who were jealous of him. Men were not all saints in those days; they were not all patriots; they did not all sympathize with the men struggling for the rights laid down in the Declaration of Independence. Some men were only too glad to take advantage of adverse circumstances.

Washington and his men at Valley Forge, suffering, patient, alert, patriotic, appeal no less to the American heart, and touch a responsive chord, than when with consummate daring they cross the Delaware and march to the capture of Trenton. Such was his balance of character that adverse winds did not unnerve him, and the treachery of supposed friends did not deter him from duty. Nor did the renowned victory over Cornwallis at Yorktown inflate him with pride and fill him with unholy ambition. Honors came to him because he had earned them, and were thrust upon him not because he sought them.

It was a glorious victory which he achieved over Cornwallis; it was a greater victory and much more glorious when conquering any latent ambition which might lurk within his heart, he spurned the kingly crown which the soldiery would have placed upon his own brow. In that act reflecting his true manhood, his patriotism, his honesty, his character shines

forth in the clearness of sunlight, and we see the *citizen* who had not forgotten his country, nor the principles for the support of which, relying on the protection of Divine Providence the people mutually pledged to one another their lives, fortunes and sacred honor. If when called to the presidency of the United States, he clothed the office with a dignity not always maintained in after years, it is because the dignity of *his department* has not always been handed down to his successors. He was a gentleman of the old school; courteous, formal, yet kind in heart, pure in his affections and intensely patriotic. He loved the retirement of his own beautiful plantation on the banks of the Potomac; and, having led the armies of the republic to glorious victory, he would gladly have spent his remaining days in honorable retirement as a private citizen. But unanimously called to official life, he surrenders the happiness of home life to the call of his country. But after eight years of service, in obedience to his convictions of duty, and in consonance with his own desires, he declines re-election to an office which might have been held for life, and in that declination gave expression to such views of government which have made it one of the most remarkable state papers in our history. In it he lays down certain fundamental principles in accordance with which our nation has had its remarkable growth. He saw the danger of a loose confederation of states and said to the people: "Remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable."

In our growth in territory we have not forgotten this wise admonition. We have worked in that line, and though it took a civil war to establish the government permanently on that basis, yet it has been done, and in this centennial year we rejoice in the complete development of that principle in our national life. We, the people, are one nation, not a confederation of principalities, and this unity of government is the result

of that *vigor of administration which is begotten of great ideas*. The end for which a nation is called into being must be great, far-reaching, humanitarian, then will its administration be vigorous, its development glorious, and its permanency secure.

We declared in the beginning that it was our conviction "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." On this memorable day we renew our conviction, and thank God that through the vigor of our government those words mean more to-day to the American people than ever before in our history. And we agree with Washington, that "to the efficacy and permanency of our union a government for the whole is indispensable" and that geographical distinctions are inimical to good government. We believe with him, that the true foreign policy is to "observe good faith and justice toward all nations; (and to) cultivate peace and harmony with all." We also believe with him that "all obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities are destructive of the fundamental ideas of government and of fatal tendencies. Thus did his prescient mind forecast some of the problems with which we have wrestled and give wise counsel as to the management of the ship of state.

Washington was a man of strong religious convictions. From these he derived his strength of manhood. He never tried to hide these convictions, but like President Harrison he showed the people his heart, and opened the door to its innermost shrine. Listen to these words from his farewell address: "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." It was in this belief that our New England forefathers laid the foundation of a Christian

nation; in this belief that they established Christian colleges and churches; and it is in accordance with this conviction that the educational system of the government has developed,—a system whose aim is to furnish opportunities for the best education, and to inculcate likewise sound teachings in morals and religion.

The experience of the last century has taught us that freedom of speech and of worship is in harmony with strong government and religious growth. Intellectual strength and conscientious worship are in accord. We have found that public education can be Christian without being bigoted or sectarian. It needed just such a government as the United States to demonstrate that fact to the world and in the fullness of time God called this nation into being, and entrusted unto it a mission whose fulfillment is only just begun. Why should not we come into His presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms? Under the fostering care of our government it is possible for man, untrammelled by bigoted rule, to make the most of himself for Christ and humanity. He fears neither the Siberian mines nor the bulls of excommunication, but rejoices in that liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free and will not again be entangled with the yoke of bondage.

Our religious advantages and our educational system have their safeguards in the very genius of our government. Knowledge seems to be indigenous to the soil. When a few years ago Lord Coleridge visited us, he said that he was greatly impressed while in this country, not by its size, for it is not so large as Africa, nor its wealth, for he had seen that in England, nor its great cities, for Europe has greater, *but with the surprising intelligence of the average citizen, and the wide diffusion of knowledge which is everywhere apparent.* This is the outgrowth of American ideas fostered by American government. All must admit that in many respects our school system is superior. Means are provided for the education of those whose poverty would otherwise keep them in

ignorance. Asylums are provided for the deaf, the dumb, the blind, and unfortunate. These tokens of applied Christianity meet us in every state. Colleges and universities—the very best—invite us to their halls of learning; and our list of learned men—eminent scholars, jurists, statesmen, authors, poets, divines, has shed luster upon the government under whose patronage all institutions of learning and benevolence are protected. Here as in no other land science and religion hand in hand may come before His presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

During the century we have grown not only in power and influence but in territory. The sun rises from the Atlantic, where it washes our shores. His brightness gleams from mountain peak to mountain peak on the rock-ribbed fastnesses of the continent, and at eventide he dips under the waters of the Pacific which lave American soil. From the great lakes to the gulf our rivers run and steamers ply. "Our shore line reaches 33,069 miles, and the extent of our navigable rivers is more than 40,000 miles." We are indeed most delightfully and happily situated. We are far enough removed from European nations to be free from any immediate danger which may threaten them. Our resources enable us to export largely and accumulate wealth. And should we be threatened with war by other nations, our location is such, and our territory so extensive that we can produce all necessary means for our defense and sustenance and still add to the luxuries of life. We have gold, silver, lead, copper, iron and tin; coal in abundance, forests for ship timber and buildings, and lands capable of producing unlimited harvests. The bread which we eat, the clothes which we wear, the munitions of war and the husbandry of peace;—all are ours, the products of our own industry. We have a beautiful land; broad, rich prairies, elevated table lands, mountains and valleys, and scenery than which none other is more beautiful and picturesque. We have a climate adapted to all kinds of life. The healthseeker can roam from a northern temperate climate to one which is nearly

tropical. We have over 1,926,000,000 broad acres, a territory nearly ten times as large as Great Britain and France combined. This then is the country the century has brought to us; the century governed by the ideas of Washington and the New England fathers. Surely the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage. But all our vast material prosperity; the continent bound in a network of steel, the white sails of commerce in many waters, the products of the soil, our growing cities and commercial interests, these alone do not constitute the state for whose century of growth we thank God to-day.

"No; men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forests, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude.
Men who their duties know.
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute the state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

Yes *law*, of which the eloquent Hooker has said, "her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her, the mother of their peace and joy." Such law, the will of God, embodied in human institutions and enactments constitute the state whose high ideal is lifted before the eyes of the American people as the prize toward which they press with vigor on. Such law, like the shining stars, drops perpetual light upon the people who live under its reign and receive its benediction. Such law—

"Beyond the flaming bounds of place and time
The living throne, the sapphire blaze—"

binds angels, archangels, the hosts of God—shall I say the Eternal Throne itself? for

“Nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.”

The principles of such law have sought embodiment in American life during the past century, and in proportion as we have received them, we have made progress, and our progress has been marked. I firmly believe that we have a higher standard of morality in common life than Washington saw in his day; that intelligence is more widely diffused; that religion has a stronger hold upon the everlasting gospel, and a deeper root in human hearts. The nation's conscience is quickened, and moral reforms are making marked progress.

Never was the nation more anxious to defend and uplift its citizens; never has it watched with more jealous care their rights. The nation achieved great strength when it cut loose the web of slavery. Its strength is increasing with every onward step looking toward the emancipation of the people from the power of a no less insidious foe. What are the great questions before the people?—*Temperance, ballot reform, the best public service.* Secure them—and another century will see it—and we have a government beyond which the millennial period is not so very far removed. The century has borne witness to the truth of Solomon's proverb: “Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.” Our greatest prosperity has been when we were inspired with the vigor of righteous life. The days of Grecian prosperity were not the days of Draco, when Grecian laws were “written in blood,” but they were the days of the wise Solon and of the statesmen Themistocles and Pericles, who, unconsciously it may be, had learned that “He that oppreseth the poor reproacheth his maker, but he that honoreth him hath mercy on the poor.”

We have only a century's growth, but it has been a period of remarkable development. The poor are protected in their rights; woman is exalted and knowledge is within the reach of all. In this short period we have created a literature.

Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Bancroft and others of rising fame bear witness to our intellectual life. Science has achieved wonders and her eminent men honor their government.

Checkered though our national life has been with good and evil, yet its aim has been toward better things. Each decade witnesses a higher standard of life, greater wealth, greater prosperity, and a more widely diffused intelligence. And to-day the republic stands as the protector of art, science, and religion, freedom of worship and of speech, and the patron of every high and lofty undertaking. Did China have an established government while other nations were in the twilight of their mythical periods? America sprang into being when the sun was shining in its strength, and its century of progress has witnessed the most wonderful advancement in learning the world ever dreamed of. The inventions of the day are marvels, yet such is the assimilation of the present day, they are received as a "matter of course"—the natural outcome of nineteenth century life.

The influence of the religious life of America is felt in every part of the earth. All nationalities come to our shores. All nationalities receive the impress of our religious life; and this fact has led us to aspire unto a great undertaking, viz.: the conversion of the world to the truth as it is in Christ, our Lord.

"Ah, land of liberty and light, the world
Hath not yet learned thee, what thou art.
They know not in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide.
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen."

"What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By the lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams."

Christian truth is gaining great victories. The land of Washington and Lincoln is on its onward march to better life and more vigorous administration. The great social and moral questions of the age are to be settled on American soil. They will not be settled through the partisan spirit against which Washington warned us, but in accordance with those high *ideals* of government and morality which are so brightly reflected from his character. To *these ideals* attracting to higher and holier life we owe all our grandeur in national growth. The men who are to rule our future will be men of *Washington's stamp*; men who look above self to their country's good; *men who are not eager for office, but whom office seeks*: men who accept office as a sacred trust from the Almighty Ruler over all. Such men will be our leaders, and will help to usher in that day when through the triumphant settlement of the moral and social problems of the age, the earth shall be renewed by the gospel of peace, and the spirit of God shall brood over all.

I see in the future a new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. I see a new city, bright with the glory of the eternal light of the King. I see its jasper walls and crystal stream; its trees of life, its Great White Throne. I see the saints of God with harps of gold, in raiment white, surround that Throne. I see the dazzling glory of the King.

I HEAR music, heavenly music, soft, melodious, angelic harmony: a new song of love unto Him who through His own blood, has saved us from sin, and made us kings and priests unto our God forevermore. I *hear* in this renewed and glorified kingdom the song of triumph:—"Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory."

The day was duly celebrated at St. Patrick's Church. A large congregation being assembled, High Mass of thanksgiving commenced at 9 o'clock A. M., after which an appro-

priate sermon was preached by Rev. Father Smyth. We can give but a review of the sermon. Taking as his text the words of St. Paul to the Romans: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God."—Chap. XIII, v. 1., he spoke substantially as follows:

The church, my dear brethren, teaches and has always taught the duty of obedience to lawfully constituted authority. Without obedience we could not have order, and without order we could not have civilized society. Beyond this duty of obedience and loyalty the church does not go. She gives no expression to a preference for any form of government—that question is outside her province. We are simply commanded to be good, loyal citizens, under whatever form of government our lot may be cast. It is, my brethren, our privilege and blessing to live in a nation, under a form of government where obedience is easy and patriotism a pleasure. Here every man enjoys the largest measure of liberty compatible with good order and intelligent jurisprudence; this is true liberty. Here every man is free in the exercise of his religious convictions, and more than this no man should desire. What wonder then that from every true patriotic Christian heart, there goes up to-day to the Father of all an act of thanksgiving for the benefits we enjoy?

Many of us know from experience the evils that afflict a misgoverned people. They are countless, but I mention a few—hunger, death from starvation, the prison cell with its plank bed, exile, the scaffold, and the countless horrors of war. Ireland's history from the day the invader landed to the present moment is a record of tyranny and rapine on the one side and suffering and unsuccessful revolts on the other. While I speak some of her best sons,—gentlemen—true gentlemen, who in this land of freedom would easily win honor and position, are confined in dismal cells and the blood is trickling from their lacerated fingers; lacerated in the degrading work of picking oakum. While I speak midnight is red with the fires of the burning homes of the people. We are not so familiar

with the histories of other nations, but we know at least this—that in them the people, as distinguished from the ruling classes, are despised, ignored, suppressed. To satisfy the avarice and ambition of the rulers they were and are to this day snatched from their homes and the peaceful pursuits of life and forced into military service. Willing or unwilling, let the cause of war be just or unjust, march they must up to the cannon's mouth and sacrifice their lives to satisfy the humors of their lords and masters. Oh; count if you can the evils that follow from this state of things; estimate if you will the enormous taxes under which these people groan. If standing armies and wars are the toys with which nobles play, the people, the common people like you and me, are the persons who must bear the burden. What wonder that their streets and byways are filled with paupers? The furnace filled with fire belches forth volumes of smoke, for smoke is the natural product of fire, but it is no more so than is pauperism the consequence of class government. How different things are here. Here we live in peace and if not in prosperity the fault is our own. Here if we have heavy taxation it is placed on us by our own votes. Here if we have laws that are disagreeable we have the power in our own hands to abolish them. The ballot in your hand is one of your greatest earthly privileges; it is the crown that tells of your freedom; it is the scepter of your power; it is the palladium of your manhood. Oh; when I hear of men bartering away this priceless jewel for some money consideration, or some miserable intoxicating drinks, I am forced to exclaim aloud that some men are born to be slaves. A true American citizen should cast his ballot intelligently, honorably, conscientiously and before God. Mark you, not one of the evils that afflict other nations but might be upon us now, had the founders of this republic been more selfish or less intelligent. True, worthy patriots, aided as I believe by the Allwise God, they founded a free nation for free men and their children, have handed it down to us unsullied and unbroken. 'Tis for this we give thanks to-day.

One of the grandest principles of our American constitution is religious toleration, religious freedom. The two words "penal laws" recall to an Irishman's mind years of suffering and martyrdom for conscience sake, that are a disgrace to civilization. I recall them but that we may appreciate the better the liberties we enjoy. Every hillside in Ireland was reddened with blood of her martyrs. Not one of her beautiful streams that did not carry down to the sea the blood of her people shed for conscience sake. Religious tumults, hatred and ill will among neighbors have afflicted that unfortunate nation for hundreds of years. Nor is Ireland's case exceptional. The history of every European country has its dismal chapters of persecution, of religious warfare, of pillage and enmity and ill will. And all this is in the name of that sweetest gift of God to man—religion. I admit that the spirit of the age had much to do with these disgraceful scenes; but let the historian who wishes to read deeper than skin deep examine thoroughly and he will find that the power that set this system of evil in motion was the hereditary lawmakers—the privileged classes, and that the people—the common people—were but their tools, their dupes, their fools. The founders of our republic resolved to have nothing to do with religious strife. They resolved to emancipate religion, and to-day the world applauds their prudence. This system of toleration descends from our founders and from our rulers, and pervades the hearts and minds of our people; and hence it is that we have the beautiful spectacle of people of all denominations living in harmony—all free to serve God according to their consciences—all satisfied with this happy state of things. From time to time a fanatical bigot arises and attempts to disturb the religious harmony of the people. The great American people let him talk himself hoarse—he sits down, he has no hearers, no followers, he is ashamed of himself. This is the glorious fruit of American religious liberty.

Now, my dear people, what do we owe to this great nation? We owe her love, obedience, loyalty. We are no strangers

here. Our blood mingled with the blood of other citizens in securing American independence and in maintaining it when it was secured. We should yield to none of them in loyalty and good citizenship. How shall we do this? I will give you the shortest rule—let us be true to our God—let us observe his law faithfully and we can not be bad American citizens.

In the afternoon the following proceedings, on the part of the authorities and students of the State University and the citizens of Iowa City generally, were held at the Opera House.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

[Prof. J. L. Pickard taking the place of President Schaeffer who was unable to be present.]

July 4, 1776 a child was born into the family of nations, by no means a welcome intruder. For seven years its life hung trembling in the balance. The only lullaby it heard was from the fife and drum; its rattle was the rattle of musketry; its play things were sabres and cannon balls. Without prestige and without means the fair maid won in six years more her independence. One hundred years ago to-day, as she nears her thirteenth birthday, Columbia steps proudly upon the stage, holding to the hand of him whose form was often bowed over her cradle in prayer, whose eye watched her tottering steps and whose heart beat with affection for the child of his love. Columbia stepping to the front, sings:—

“Hail to the chief! the thrilling call
Is echoing in the April air,
And martial feet resounding fall
And flags are floating everywhere.”

Turning then to the thronging multitudes whose eager questioning she answers, she says: “As you step from one century, whose beginning none of you saw, into a century whose ending none present will witness, remember that by the valor of your sires I was permitted to witness the beginning,

by the bravery and sacrifice of your brothers my life has been spared to the end. By the devotion of your sons, and through the loyalty of their sons even to the latest generation will Columbia live till time shall be no more. I would have you remember the lessons of many silent graves, of forms with sightless eyes, with crippled limbs, with tottering steps moving together rejoicing in the thought that by their valor was my life preserved. From all lands have my lovers come, and shoulder to shoulder have they stood a living wall between me and danger.

“With but a single exception did the ships of all nations testify their respect as Washington’s barge was rowed under their sides to the pier in New York. Over this ship floated proudly the one flag alone of Spain. But as the barge came abreast of her, port holes were opened, salvos of artillery rang from her sides, and, as if by magic, she blossomed from mast head to deck, and from stem to stern with the colors of all nations. This tribute was complete. Thus complete has continued the loyalty of all people who have been welcomed to my home.

“I would have you remember the no less heroic sacrifice of the women who gave up at my call, sons, husbands, brothers and lovers.

“In those among you growing old, the sightless, the maimed, the infirm, we see repeated the sacrifices made by the heroes of a century ago. As their memories are held sweet and tender so shall be yours while Columbia lives—and that shall be forever.”

ADDRESS FOR COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

BY FRANK P. WRIGHT.

When the war of the revolution was finally ended, and the thoughts of men turned once more to peaceful pursuits the weakness of the government under which they had gained their liberty began to be realized. Washington was one of the first to recognize the need of a stronger government. He it was who fully realized the great difficulties under which the

country had acquired its independence. Now that it was acquired, he felt it his duty to do his utmost to preserve its existence.

With this in mind he appealed to the people, through a circular letter addressed to the governors of the several states, admonishing them to form a new constitution that should give consistency, stability and dignity to the union. Grasping the situation in its broadest significance, he pointed out in detail the objects to be desired and the dangers to be avoided. This letter found its way into every household in the land and aroused the country to a sense of the dangers before it. Impressed by this appeal, the people demanded, through the newspapers of the day, a revision of the constitution, not by Congress, but by a convention authorized for the purpose. This wide-spread demand at last bore fruit in the assembling at Annapolis, of a trade convention of the five central states, which, departing from its original design, recommended to Congress to call a national convention for the purpose of revising the articles of confederation.

But Congress, jealous of the little power which it possessed, was loth to see its own authority grow less, and hesitated to accede to the demand. But finally, yielding to the exigencies of the times, they recommended to the states to appoint delegates to a convention to be held in Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1787.

The body of men which assembled in answer to this call for the unprecedented purpose of reforming the system of government combined the chief ability, moral and intellectual, of the country, and in the great task assigned to them they exhibited a wisdom, a courage and a capacity superior even to that famous Congress which twelve years before had occupied the same hall and pointed the way to independence. Washington, the leader of the Virginia delegation, who with characteristic promptness had arrived at the appointed time, was the unanimous choice for president of the convention.

The choice proved most fortunate, for the love which

the people of the country felt for this man, to whom, more than any other, they owed their freedom, was almost the only tie that bound them.

In the stormy times that followed during the four months in which the convention was in session it required all the judgment and firmness of Washington to prevent its dissolution before it had finished the great task for which it had been assembled. Slowly and through endless debate the convention worked out its plan of government; such a form of government as they finally proposed had hitherto been unknown to the science of politics. The structure was a special creation brought forward to meet the pressure of a great necessity. The question now presented itself, would the people accept it as a remedy. From the secret debates of the convention it went forth to become the subject of fiercer conflicts in the several states. Somewhat reluctantly and by narrow majorities the constitution was at length adopted under which the thirteen states were to become a great nation.

The first step to be taken under this new form of government was to elect a president. Upon whom could this high honor fall more fittingly than upon him whose generalship, whose patience, whose self denial had achieved and then preserved the liberty of the nation.

George Washington was the unanimous choice of the people. His final task was to set in motion the wheels of this new and untried government. On the 14th of April, 1789, he received official notification of his election and immediately started for New York. His journey thence was like a triumphant march. The people of the country through which he passed honored him with escorts and addresses; maidens strewed flowers in his path and he passed under arches crowned with laurel. If the people loved him before they almost revered him now. The measure of American veneration for this greatest of all Americans was full. On the 30th of April the streets around the old Federal Hall in New York were packed with an eager throng anxiously awaiting the performance of a cere-

mony entirely new to them. On the balcony of the hall was a table covered with crimson velvet, upon which lay a bible on a crimson cushion. At the appointed time Washington stepped out upon the balcony. His entrance was the signal for a universal shout of joy and welcome. His appearance was solemn and dignified. He stood a moment amid the shouts of the people then bowed and took the oath administered by Chancellor Livingston.

At this moment a flag was raised upon the cupola of the hall, the discharge of artillery and the ringing of bells followed and the assembled multitude again filled the air with shouts. Thus simple was the ceremonial which announced the birth of a nation, a nation founded on the principles of justice and liberty, whose birth marks an epoch in the history of the world, whose progress has been the wonder of the age.

ADDRESS OF J. W. BOLLINGER, A. B., FOR LAW
DEPARTMENT.

The centennial sun sets to-night upon a nation of grateful people. The American government is one hundred years old to-day. The series of battles from Lexington Green to Yorktown won our independence; but independence is only half our glory. The adoption of our government and the successful maintenance of our constitution complete the triumph. To-day we rejoice in the double jubilee. The history of a century proclaims with certainty that what was once an experiment is now destined to be imperishable and when we are permitted to celebrate our first president's inauguration for the one hundredth time the marvel of our constitution bespeaks the patriotism and wisdom of them who met the duties of the hour in the old Quaker City in 1787. Truly, Washington needs no monument. His voice was raised to shape our civil destiny as eagerly as his sword was girded to fight for liberty, and our constitution stands a fitting memorial of himself and his age.

On the night of the 11th of October, 1492, after the zealous explorer had suffered all the pangs of alternating hopes and fears, his anxiety was turned to joy. Far in the dim distance a light was seen—America was discovered. From that moment our nation's ultimate political destiny was fixed. I know not what rude camp-flame that might have been, but that bright light proved a prophetic symbol of America's future. Now no European journeys to our shores who does not behold the beacon light of our constitution, shedding its rays of splendor and equality as the wonder of all times.

The great constitutional convention of 1787 had before it no easy task. Conflicting interests, sectional jealousies, uncertainty as to the wisest and most practicable form of government swayed, and to some extent controlled even that august body of patriots. Numerous plans were proposed,—the plan of Randolph, the plan of Patterson, the plan of Hamilton. And when the jealousy of the states, of each other and of any central power, that embryo from which sprang all our ills and trials in our constitutional life from 1787 to the close of the rebellion, when this, the potent evil spirit of our first great plan of union, bade fair to render nugatory the best counsels of the assembled representatives of the states, then it was that the calm and wise words of Washington passed like the rod of the enchanter over the ocean of discord. Quietly, nobly, firmly, he advised the convention in regard to the members which should be allotted to the population for the election of representatives, and the dignity of his presence and the greatness of his influence calmed the intensity and the fierceness of debate.

One hundred years ago to-day, the father of his country, amid the plaudits of the new union swore to observe and preserve that constitution. For a century, each succeeding president has taken and has—honor to America—preserved this oath. We have had no Mexican revolutions, no Isthmian convulsions, no French fickleness, no South American fiascos.

Yet we have had trials. Our constitution has outlived them. To-day it stands, one and inseparable, the most elastic, the

most rigid, the most advanced constitution of all ages and eras. From the days of the resistance of the excise tax in Pennsylvania to the day when Richmond fell beneath the armies of the republic, the question of state rights has been the greatest and the only one which lay at the root of all convulsions, the only seeming question which menaced the integrity of the union.

The question of the national control of commerce, the question of the right of nullification, the question of free or slave territories, the question of the right of secession, these great and burning daughters of debate which, with intervals of many years, hurled into awful combat the mightiest of our senators—these, each and all of them sprang from the one vital question as to the nature of the federal compact, the relative power of the states and United States. This, and this only, in its varied manifestations has been the source of discord in our unity, and this question—thanks to the wise decision of arms and patriotism in 1865,—has forever passed into the realm of history. It has vanished; it has left behind only the dim and vague image of itself, an image dimmer than the ghosts which wandered in the age of Horace along the banks of the half-doubted Styx.

This then, the only and the one question of our past has forever been set to rest. This which for three quarters of a century brought to its discussion Webster, Calhoun and Clay; this which vanished when Richmond again floated the flag of the union from her state house, this question of state rights has been forever settled by the civil war.

But whatever may have been the crises of a century, they are hardly stains upon the brilliancy of the republic, advancing from three to sixty millions of people, from thirteen states to forty-two, from the tree-topped Alleghanies, on, past the snowy Sierras to the golden gate of the Pacific. To each successor the heirloom handed down by Washington has proven a more noble heritage. And from the glorious day when the constitutional convention at Philadelphia closed its splendid labors, neither the siren of Prosperity nor the red fury

of Rebellion has been able to mislead the government and constitution first guided by the wisdom of Washington. Could his precepts be remembered the second century would be grander than the first and the glory of the republic born in 1789, would rise as an eternal monument to that hero of colonial times, as long as the placid waters of the Potomac flow past his peaceful grave to the sea.

ADDRESS* BY REV. T. R. EVANS.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

It is befitting that the law should come before the gospel. For the law was given through Moses; but grace and truth came through Jesus Christ. For what the law cannot do in that it is weak through the flesh, the gospel can do in that it is strong through the Spirit. And, to our delight, law and gospel blend in the web of patriotism; and we are here to-day as patriots.

TWO CLASSES OF MEN.

There are two kinds of men in the world—men who are moulded by circumstances; men who never *do* it and yet have stacks of reasons for not doing it. They are Nature's negatives, and History's nobodies. There are men again who mould circumstances; men who always *do it*, and yet never stop to tell how it was done. They are Nature's positives, and the makers of history.

To this class belongs George Washington. He had convictions of his own. He had, moreover, courage to incarnate his convictions. The love of liberty lived in his heart, throbbed in his pulse and nerved him in the strategic struggles of his life. Bravely he bore the brunt of many battles; boldly he breasted the billows of doomful difficulties; calmly he came out more than conqueror; and hence the enormous enthusiasm through the land.

*This address was delivered extempore, and by request was afterwards written for publication. I have tried to preserve its identity. T. R. E.

Eulogies on Washington are not confined to this continent. They come to us from beyond the seas. Listen to Lord Brougham: George Washington, he says, is the greatest man that has ever lived in this world, uninspired by divine wisdom and unsustained by supernatural virtue. Give ear to Mr. Gladstone's tribute: "If all the pedestals of earth," he says, "were waiting for occupants and it devolved upon me to arrange them, I would place George Washington on the highest pedestal of all." To which I say Amen—and let all the people say Amen—here ends my panegyric.

This centennial celebration forces upon me the barren thought that I am

INELIGIBLE TO THE PRESIDENCY

of the United States. It is a great loss to the country. Why am I debarred from this imposing position? What crime have I committed against the constitution? The only crime I am guilty of is, that I was born among the mountains of Wales. And for that I am not responsible. To me the logic of the American-born on this point is lamentably lame. He argues that I am less American than he because I am foreign-born. From the self-same fact I argue that I am *more* American. He is an American from *chance* of birth, I am an American from national *choice*. I love Cambria as I love my mother, but I love Columbia as I love my wife. I left my mother to cleave to my wife; I left Cambria to cling to America.

REASONS FOR THE CHOICE.

I suffered no eviction. I am here by personal election. Three considerations had special weight in shaping my choice. The material advantages; the educational privileges; and the religious liberty enjoyed here.

In Wales the state church spreads her black wings over the consciences of the people, thrusts her unhallowed hands into their pockets, and thus lives on tyranny and plunder. Each dissenter is coerced to pay tithes to sustain an institution which he utterly abhors. Whereas in America every one is free to

worship according to the dictates of his conscience; church and state are separate, and what God hath separated let no man join together. Now, lest my little speech be void by *generality*, I will emphasize

LOYALTY TO LAW—

the loftiest lesson of the day. Righteous law is the element of liberty. In law liberty lives, moves and has her being. "For where law ends tyranny begins." Hence truancy in law is treason against liberty, and conversely loyalty to law is proof of patriotism. The patriotism of Washington will bear that test every time. Think not that Washington is dead. He is more alive a hundredfold to-day than he was a century ago. Could he have drawn such prodigious gatherings then as he draws to-day? Impossible. Yes, he lives, and his life bounds in our blood, throbs in our pulse, and nerves our hearts in the conflict for home and law.

Allow me to assume that George Washington is a citizen of our own youthful state. A noble sentiment emerges from the people's heart. The sentiment rises rapidly. Triumphantly it passes all the gauntlets—the gauntlet of a general vote; the gauntlet of debate in legislative halls; the gauntlet of the representative vote; the gauntlet of veto power; the gauntlet of appeal to the state courts; and, indirectly, the gauntlet of appeal to the supreme court of the nation. The sentiment is now organized; it is a statute—a law, and the law is constitutional. What is Washington's attitude towards its obedience and enforcement, unless the law is morally wrong? How does he regard those who secretly and openly violate the law? Does he confide in them as patriots? I believe not. Does he respect them as neutrals? Impossible. Does he view them as anarchists? With much feeling he exclaims "that is a dreadful weed, and my heart is dreadfully sad that it has taken root in this garden of God. In the disposition to disobey the statute, in the lack of loyalty to law, I see the embryo of anarchy." What is the patriotic thing to do with this embryonic lawlessness? Calmly, candidly, courageously he replies,

"crush it; treat it as Moses did the golden calf, grind it to powder and scatter its ashes to the four winds." This is a hard day for anarchy in America. For it is a day of

PATRIOTIC REVIVAL

throughout the land. My prayer is that the spirit of liberty may become potent enough to convert the board of regents; that they may bring forth the fruits worthy of repentance, by rescinding the resolution they passed some years ago, and thus take the gag from every professor's mouth and remove the gyves from every limb; so that our professors may be unfettered men in this land of the free. And by the way, who gives authority to any body, or any board to tongue-tie and handicap the liberty-loving sons of a country, wherein the sovereignty resides in the people? This query is pertinent and potent on such a day as this. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

In conclusion let us consider in what consists

THE PALLADIUM OF OUR NATION.

It is not in our *trial by jury*. For that form of defense has become a huge farce among us. Whenever intelligence becomes a disqualification to serve, not much can be expected from such service. The verdicts of juries would often make real comedies were not the interests involved so tragic. For myself I would rather trust my case to one good, sober, just judge, than to twelve such peers as are too common in the jury box. The safety of our country depends largely on the purity of homes. For "happy homes are the strongest forts." The nation needs to strengthen its *navy* to protect its commerce; it needs to strengthen its *homes* to preserve *itself*. Hence to every dollar we expend to re-enforce our navy we should lay out an eagle to enforce the laws which protect our homes. The United States, says Dr. H. L. Wayland, refuses to admit criminals or paupers from foreign countries; but all the while we are sustaining manufactories of criminals and paupers among ourselves on every corner where there is a

saloon. Is not this "*protection of home industry*" run into the ground—run *mad* he might have said.

To conserve our homes we should stiffen every sinew, nerve every fibre, converge every force, and enforce every law that looks in that direction. For "happy homes," we repeat, "are the nation's strongest forts."

The palladium of our nation is loyalty to the Lord of hosts. On our coins, above the eagle, in unique letters, are stamped, "In God we Trust." This great lesson we learned in the civil war. Let our trust in God be real, not conventional. Then we can exclaim with the patriots of Israel, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be hurled into the heart of the seas; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. * * * The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." To be filled with such faith, in the Father of all, will enable us to fearlessly confront the future. With Edwin Arnold we may say: "What will come, and must come, shall come well;" and with the author of "America" we can sing, "The Century Hymn" 1789-1889.

Strengthened and trained by toil and tears,
Born of the bold, the brave, the free.
A nation, with its hundred years,
Its tribute brings, O Lord, to thee.

What blessings from thy sovereign hand,
What trials has the century brought !
How has this free and glorious land
Been loved, defended, led and taught !

Our cautious feet, by night, by day,
Slowly the upward path have trod,
God was our light, and God our stay,
In flood and fire, in grief and blood.

So the brave oak, in calm and storm,
Spreads its strong roots and boughs abroad,
Grows grand in grace and stalwart form,
Honored of men, and loved of God.

The century ends—our hosts in peace
Hold the broad land from sea to sea,
And every tongue and every breeze,
Swells the sweet anthem of the free.

Still may the banner of thy love
O'er all our land in glory rest—
Our heaven-appointed ægis prove,
And make the coming centuries blest.

[Written by S. F. Smith, D. D., the Author of "America."]

FATHER P. SMYTH'S ADDRESS.

This nation honors and will continue to honor, as long as love of liberty and just government burns in American hearts, the man whose memory is inseparably connected with the events commemorated to-day. Others, it is true, aided him in his work; but he was always their chosen leader in time of peace as well as in time of war; hence Washington is justly called the father of his country. His work was an Herculean one we should not be unmindful of; his work was a beneficent one, we are enjoying its benefits; we should prize our liberties and never be ashamed or afraid to extol them.

Like many other colonies and dependencies America lay at the feet of a foreign despot, the lash was applied to her, the stripes were upon her and her chains galled her sorely. The spirit of liberty arose within her and her crouched form arose. Erect before the world she stood and declared with all the power of her soul that she must and will be free. The unequal contest commences; the friends of humanity the world over, with suppressed breath, with eager eyes and throbbing heart view its progress. She is weak, she is inexperienced, her opponent is strong and the victor of many a well fought field; but her cause is just, her heart is pure and God's benediction is upon her. With desperate energy she rushes on the tyrant and flings him into the sea, then modestly she walks forth and takes her place among the nations of the earth, the youngest, the fairest, the best.

Liberty achieved, her difficulties were far from being ended. The difficult, the dangerous work of building up a nation was entered upon. No mind can overestimate the importance of this undertaking. On this immense and trackless continent a great nation was to be built up—a nation worthy of the men and worthy of the aspirations of the men who wrested victory from the invader—a nation combining in itself strength—essential strength—with the greatest possible amount of personal liberty. And how thoroughly they succeeded, this nation to-day, the whole liberty-loving world, the hundred years of marvelous prosperity, of true contentment, and I had almost said, of unbroken unity, emphatically testify. That marvelous system of government within government, of wheel within wheel, which is the admiration of the world was designed and set up. The tree of liberty was planted in congenial soil. Like the famous banyan tree of the East it cast out its branches to descend to the earth and become the parent stems of other trees—all bearing plentifully the fruits of prosperity, liberty and unquestioned loyalty. Thus commonwealth produced commonwealth, each perfect in its sphere all contributing to the strength not the weakness of the central power. So to-day she stands amid the nations as she has stood for a hundred years a Hercules in strength, a Socrates in wisdom and a lamb in gentleness. Peace and right ordered liberty being her mottoes, she fears no danger from within or without, for she is strong—strong in her well nigh limitless resources, but stronger still in the love and loyalty of her citizens. The struggle of a few years ago, paradoxical though it may sound, but added to her great strength. A machinist finding a weakness in some belt that binds plunges it in his fire and welds it so firmly that the once weak part becomes the strongest. Uncle Sam finding a weakness in the belt that bound these states together placed it, though with great reluctance, in the furnace of war and his boys wielded the hammer and sledge so vigorously that, my word for it, it won't snap in that place for many a year to come.

Thus, to-day, when we look back at the years of prosperity of this nation, when we glance around the world and estimate the standing armies of the nations, when we hear their growlings at one another, when we count their paupers and observe the very earth heaving beneath their feet, and again contemplate the peace, the prosperity, the contentment of our own "home of the free and land of the brave" we cheerfully predict that this nation, founded by our fathers, is but in the morning of her prosperity.

Should we but view the beneficent effects of our constitution within our own shores, our estimate would be imperfect indeed. America is truly among the nations "the city seated on a high hill," "whose light cannot be hid." Liberal-minded statesmen of the world study her as a volume of the purest, the best, the most successful political economy; the people—the masses look to her as the standard-bearer of the rights of the people as against the abuses of hereditary lawmakers and titled aristocrats, while the oppressed of the nations fly to her as a haven of safety where they may find not only rest for their feet and shelter for their heads, but a flag, a glorious flag to love, to live under, and if need be, to die for.

I can not trust myself when speaking on this great subject. I fear I shall outstep the time allotted. It is hard for one, who has spent twenty years of his life under the heel of the same tyrant from whose curse the colonists emancipated themselves, to limit himself to fifteen minutes on this occasion. I agree with the gentleman who preceded me—we adopted citizens yield to none in our loyalty to the constitution, we love as dearly as any the glorious flag of this republic and from the depths of my soul I pray:

Oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

ADDRESS BY VICE CHANCELLOR M'CLAIN OF THE
UNIVERSITY LAW DEPARTMENT.

DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONALISM.

The recent successive celebrations of various centennials have called popular attention to some of the most important phases of our history. Perhaps we may now calendar the events worthy of such recognition as follows:

1492. The awakening spirit of enterprise and investigation in the old world urged Columbus to the discovery which opened a new continent to civilization.

1620. The stern pilgrims from England seeking religious freedom and the privilege of self-government, landed on Plymouth Rock. Earlier colonists had sought the new world, but these were the first who came to found a commonwealth.

1775, April 19. At Lexington the spark was struck which kindled in the people of the separate colonies a sense of common wrong.

1776, July 4. A united people asserted their freedom and declared their independence, and in support of this declaration "with a firm reliance upon the protection of Divine Providence, they mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

1781, Nov. 19. At Yorktown the final blow was struck by which this people secured the opportunity to make for themselves a place among the nations of the earth.

1787, Sept. 17. The constitution was promulgated as a frame of government for this people; the most perfect instrument of government ever prepared in one conscious act.

1789, April 30. By virtue of the acceptance of this constitution by the people, and an election thereunder, George Washington became first president of the United States, and a nation was born.

It is but natural that on this occasion we should think much of the man who stood as the sole personal representative of the new government; yet, historically, the event was greater

than the man. Marking the beginning of our national life, it stands as an epoch in the progress of the world.

To understand the significance of the event we must note the causes which led to it, the circumstances which surrounded it, and the results which followed.

Enthusiasm born of popular indignation at wrong and injustice had been a strong bond of union during the struggle for independence, but it died with success. Statesmanship must govern the people whom sentiment had led to freedom. Depression and despair seized upon them when they contemplated their affairs. Public and private bankruptcy stared at them as sure victims. They had no national respect shown them from abroad because they had no national power at home. A mere shadow of authority mocked those who looked for a government which should secure tranquility at home and respect abroad. Between the colonies still standing apart from each other as petty sovereignties, came jealousies and contentions. Selfishness poisoned their minds and the demagogue played his little but effective part.

For instance, the colony of Connecticut laid claim to a strip of territory now constituting the northern part of Pennsylvania and under such claim the enterprising Yankees settled the beautiful valley of Wyoming. The envious Quakers, untrue to their traditions of peace and good will, sought to drive them out. The contest between Yankee and Pennemite was no less bitter than if they had been subjects of hostile kings. So where the conflicting claims of New Hampshire and New York to the region of the Green Mountains left a region open to contention among settlers, a state of border warfare seemed imminent.

It is true that provision was made in the articles of confederation for the settlement of such controversies between states, but the parties, jealous of any superior power, were unwilling to entrust their controversies to such settlement and preferred to enforce for themselves the rights which they claimed.

Indeed between the colonies there was little to indicate any ties of friendship or unity of interest. The fuel carried from Connecticut to New York had to bear a special tax, and the truckman with his flatboat taking produce to the same market was compelled to enter at the custom house as though he were carrying on foreign commerce. In retaliation the men of Connecticut combined to bring New York to terms by non-intercourse, whilst the New Jersey authorities levied a tax of \$1,800 per year upon a little lighthouse established by New York off Sandy Hook for the security of her commerce.

Thus there was a plain drift toward anarchy, from union and harmony toward dissension and discord, which showed the need of a new frame of government.

As the interests of commerce are more seriously affected than those of any other industry by disorder and distrust, so it is always a strong power tending toward stability and security. Thus the commercial interests were the first to feel the need of a new government. But the real power at work was the innate desire of the people for law and order. The ability and tendency of English-speaking people to found permanent free institutions is a historic fact nowhere better exemplified than with us. The Greek had a passion for artistic beauty, the Roman for conquest and empire; the American has a craving and a capacity for self-government.

These were the motives and forces which led to the formation of the constitution. The circumstances surrounding that act were none the less calculated to give to the new government an exalted character. The convention which framed the document was the most remarkable body of lawgivers which ever assembled. Without pomp or pretension, unconscious, in their earnest zeal, of the part they were playing in the drama of history, yet grandly conscious of the dignity of their undertaking, they brought to their work the good judgment and common sense which gave to the charter of our national government a practical form. It is the highest praise which can be bestowed on the constitutional fathers as law-makers to

say that they originated nothing; but out of the forms and doctrines which were already deeply rooted in the life and history of the people they framed a harmonious structure, each fragment retaining its original strength and yet so skilfully adapted to the others as to give strength to the whole.

We cannot at this time realize what a struggle it cost, what compromises, arguments and persuasions were necessary to secure the adoption of the constitution by the states. But at last New York forgot her selfishness and Virginia her pride, the constitution was ratified, George Washington was elected president, and on this day one hundred years ago, amid great popular rejoicing, he was installed in office, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The biographer justly extols the man, who, after being for seven years at the head of an army, and during that time the only man in the country having any general authority, could voluntarily relinquish his hold upon public affairs and retire to private life, to accept office again only when chosen in an orderly and constitutional way. The historian marvels rather at the strength and wisdom of that people which could choose so wise, so calm, so reserved, so unimpassioned a leader. The people who can choose such a leader, render their allegiance to a system rather than a man, and preserve for a century the enthusiasm for a form of government which is usually felt only for a personal ruler, gathering again at the end of that century in assemblages such as this to testify anew the warmth and constancy of the sentiment which animates them, has demonstrated its capacity for self-rule and the permanent strength of its institutions. Never was a republic founded in which so much was due to the popular will and so little to the exercise of personal power.

Washington stands typical of the event in that he was a national man, the only national man of the time. Hamilton was of New York, Madison of Virginia, Adams of Massachusetts, but Washington was of the whole people. He had led their united armies, he had presided over their constitu-

tional convention. He was a son of Virginia but the father of his country.

Thus a national government came into existence, which differed radically from the confederation which preceded it, in that it had subjects to govern, in that it had authority to make laws for them, and power to protect them, in that it had courts to settle their controversies and an executive head to enforce order and obedience.

Framed as the result of a people's necessities and longings, shaped to meet the exigencies of the time, would this government live and grow, or would it dwindle and perish? This was the problem for the century. Unless it could adapt itself to the changing condition of a progressive people, with increasing wealth, enlarging territory, and a civilization becoming constantly more complex, it must be disrupted and abandoned.

The forces which tended to separation were still strong; state pride and self-interest were still potent. Within ten years after the new government went into operation the states of Kentucky and Virginia passed their famous ordinances in opposition to the alien and sedition laws in which they asserted the right to judge for themselves as to the extent of the powers of the federal government, and the validity of its acts. Not long after, the Hartford convention, composed of delegates from the New England states assembled to protest against the embargo, made similar declarations. When the president of the United States called upon the governor of Massachusetts, as he was authorized to do by the constitution, to send the state militia into the federal service for the war of 1812, the governor assumed the right to pass upon the propriety of the president's action and refuse obedience, being supported therein by the opinions of the supreme judges of his state. And the climax of this theory of state sovereignty was reached when the state of South Carolina passed the ordinance of nullification, and forbade the enforcement of a law of the United States within her limits. The answer to this assumption of state supremacy was the grand toast of President

Andrew Jackson, "The Federal Union; it must be preserved."

Under the articles of confederation every step had been toward disunion and weakness; under the constitution every step was toward union and strength. In every controversy touching the question of federal power the national character of the government was vindicated. Nationalism prevailed over sectionalism. The mathematical axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts became also an axiom of government.

The principle of federal supremacy as to national affairs was maintained even when invoked in an unholy cause. The State of Wisconsin, forgetting her proper sphere in her righteous indignation at the atrocities of the fugitive slave law, sought to set at defiance the authority of the federal officers and courts, and to release by her state power one of her own citizens who was under arrest by federal authority. But the federal authority was vindicated and the iniquitous system of slavery was left to fall by its own hand.

In the settlement of these questions of national sovereignty there has been no power so potent as that of the Supreme Court of the United States. So far removed from popular influence that it cannot be reached by sudden gusts of passion; so exalted in dignity and independent in organization that it can have no object except to do right and declare justice; administering the "law of the land," which has been for eight centuries,—aye, from time immemorial—amongst English-speaking peoples the safeguard of private rights and the guaranty of popular liberties, this court has given to our federal government by its course of decisions the internal solidity which has enabled it to withstand the last—and I believe forever the last—great blow at our union. It needed not the clash of arms and a hard-won victory to establish the doctrine of national supremacy. The principle had long been established. That baptism of fire and tears was needed only to make the doctrine a sentiment and fix it deep in the popular heart.

And thus it became settled in legislative halls, in the courts and among the people that whilst local affairs remain within the scope of the state governments, as to which their power is sovereign, and that all powers which are not granted to the federal government are reserved to the states or the people thereof, yet that as to the powers granted the federal government is supreme; that it has the attributes of national sovereignty; that its laws and the decisions of its courts with reference to its own powers are the law of the land and binding upon every citizen thereof; and that whatever duty such citizen may owe to the state, this duty he owes to his nation as a whole, to obey its law as resting upon the highest human authority.

This thought I dwell and insist upon, that the doctrine of national unity and supremacy has worked itself out as the result of the forces which mould and form a popular government; that it has come to us through legitimate and peaceful channels; and that the rebellion of 1861 was not the means of its establishment, but the last ineffectual struggle against the logic of accomplished facts. This doctrine has not been peculiarly that of Massachusetts, nor of Virginia, not that of the North nor of the South, of the East, nor of the West, but the doctrine of unity as against division, harmony as against discord, broad liberalism as against sectional intolerance. In the triumph of this doctrine we can see, not the success of any faction or of any party, but the grand result of the action of deep-working forces which no man can measure, but which all must feel, moulding us irresistibly into one people and one nation. This doctrine gives us a government to command our respect, one country which we may love, one flag to gaze at with tear-dimmed, thankful eyes.

When our minds go back, then, from this our day to that event of a century ago, that which holds our contemplation longest and awakens the deepest gratitude, is not that the population of our country has increased from three to sixty millions; not that the narrow strip of inhabited territory

along the Atlantic has broadened until it reaches from ocean to ocean; not that our material wealth has over and over again doubled and trebled; not that our flag's blue field shows thirty-eight instead of thirteen stars, and four others ready to be added to the galaxy. No, there may be numbers without strength, broad territory feebly held together, wealth without security. But we see with pride that we are a self-governing people; that the institutions of our fore-fathers still endure, adequate and fit for our changed conditions, and in their stability and security we see the assurance of freedom and prosperity to ourselves and our children for countless generations.

MR. JUSTICE MILLER'S ARTICLE ON THE
STATE OF IOWA, IN HARPER'S
MAGAZINE, JULY, 1889.



VERY citizen of Iowa will feel a commendable pride in this paper, both as presenting a fair and brilliant picture of our Commonwealth and of its public men, and also as written by one who, called by President Lincoln from Iowa to a high office in the Nation, has now discharged the duties of that office for twenty-seven years with surpassing ability and constantly growing fame. With the fairness that has marked his whole judicial career, Justice Miller describes a number of the public men of Iowa, and with generous appreciation awards a just tribute of praise, without bias, to each one of them.

In its compact summary of early Iowa history the article falls into some inadvertencies of statement, to which the IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD ventures to refer as calling for correction in future editions of this classical contribution to the history and literature of the State.

1. It is inaccurate to say of "the State of Iowa," that "it

was organized as a Territory." "The State" was of later creation, has a different life, and is not conterminous with "the Territory of Iowa," which had a much larger area.

2. Though provision for the admission of Iowa into the Union was made by act of Congress of June 12, 1845, yet the people of Iowa rejected the boundaries fixed by that act, assent to which boundaries had been made a fundamental condition of the admission of the State into the Union under that act. The next year, August 6, 1846, Congress repealed so much of that act as related to boundaries, and in lieu thereof accepted the boundaries proposed by the State Constitutional Convention of May, 1846, and which were ratified and adopted by vote of the people of the State on the third day of August, 1846. The act "admitting the State of Iowa into the Union" was passed December 28, 1846. The subject is more fully explained in connection with the life of the Hon. A. C. Dodge, then Delegate from Iowa Territory to Congress, in the third volume of the *Record*, pp. 402-5, 409, 410.

3. The article follows sundry careless writers in speaking of the "Northwestern Territory" as "ceded" by Great Britain to the United States. The Treaty of Peace of 1783 states the actual facts of the case, that is, it acknowledges on the part of Great Britain the United States to be free, sovereign and independent, and it acknowledges a joint agreement and declaration of both parties as to what were the boundaries of the United States; among which boundaries "the middle of the Mississippi river" is expressly mentioned. It is no more proper to speak of the "Northwestern Territory" as "ceded" by Great Britain to the United States, than to apply that language to Kentucky or Vermont, or any other part of the then existing area of the United States. The British posts in the Northwestern Territory were captured by the American arms, as Burgoyne and Cornwallis were captured at Saratoga and Yorktown, and the Northwestern Territory was as much an actual and component and recognized part of the United States in the treaty of 1783 as was New York or Virginia.

4. Antoine Le Claire was not "born in Iowa," but in what is now St. Joseph, Michigan. His mother was the granddaughter of a Pottawattamie chief. *Annals of Iowa*, Oct. 1863.

5. The actual possession and control of Upper Louisiana by Spain dates from 1770 to 1803, during which period Spain asserted its government over the region now constituting the State of Iowa, as is evidenced by the concession made by the Spanish governor, Carondelet, to Julien Dubuque, to mine at the place that now bears his name, and by grants of land made to Basil Giard, in 1795, in what is now Clayton County, and to Louis Tesson Honore, in 1799, in what is now Lee County. Both the last named Spanish titles have been confirmed by the United States. They are historical proofs and vestiges of Spanish government and jurisdiction over our soil.

6. The Black Hawk war was in its inception and mainly the work of the "Rock River Band" of Sacs and Foxes. They were known and characterized as "The British Band," having taken the British side in the war of 1812, and continuing for many years afterward to make friendly visits to the British authorities at Malden, and to receive presents from them. They were all finally removed from the State of Illinois in 1831, when they stipulated in a treaty made with them by General Gaines, of the U. S. Army, and John Reynolds, Governor of Illinois, to remain on the west side of the Mississippi. In contravention of these stipulations Black Hawk with a formidable band, constituting a large portion of the Sacs and Foxes, but not the whole of them, crossed the Mississippi at the Yellow Banks, now Oquawka, on the 6th of April, 1832, not "to assist their brethren in Illinois," but, as was generally believed, in the fond hope of inducing other tribes of Indians, who had not then sold their lands in Illinois and who still remained in that State, namely, the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies, to go with them upon the war path. The result of that war, in which all the principal chiefs and warriors of that hostile band were killed or captured, was the treaty of

September 21, 1832, and a cession to the United States not of "the larger part of what is now the State of Iowa," but of only between one-fifth and one-sixth of the area of the State of Iowa.

7. The original Territory of Wisconsin was organized in 1836. The first session of the First Legislative Assembly was held at Belmont, now Lafayette County, Wisconsin. The second and third sessions of that Assembly were held at Burlington, now Des Moines County, Iowa.

8. There is an over-statement of the gifts made by Congress to Iowa for school and university purposes. The "thirty-sixth section" of every township was not included therein, and the "five per cent. of all sales by the United States of the public lands within the State" was by constitutional provision appropriated not "to aid the University," but to the support of common schools. The place of honor which the "High Schools" have gained in our educational system is made a matter of "question," but we think the sentiment of the State tends more and more to regard them with favor as germane to the constitutional provision for "the promotion of intellectual, scientific, moral and agricultural improvement," and particularly as helpful to the lower grade of schools, both stimulating the proficiency of their pupils, and providing teachers of suitable qualification for those schools. The article falls into a confusion of statement as to "Iowa College" at Grinnell, and "Cornell College" at Mt. Vernon.

9. It is difficult with statistics to keep up with the rapid growth of the agricultural and manufacturing industries of Iowa. Both are underestimated in this article. Corn, not wheat, is our "most important" crop. The hay of Iowa is of greater value than the wheat grown in the State. The value of the products of manufacture in Iowa by the State census of 1885 was more than one-third that of the products of agriculture. The actual condition of Iowa more than justifies the glowing representation which one of her favorite and honored sons has given of the Commonwealth.

Another writer on the foregoing subject comments as follows: The papers of the State are copying the article on Iowa in the June *Harper* by Justice Miller without noting some errors in statement:

The *first* territorial legislature of Wisconsin to which Iowa was attached met in Belmont, Wisconsin; the *second* in Burlington.

The 500,000 acre grant to Iowa was not for university purposes, but was by the legislature given to the Common School Fund.

Iowa has received only the *sixteenth* section of each township for school purposes. The addition of the thirty-sixth section was authorized in 1848 and is applicable only to states admitted since 1848.

The Agricultural College at Ames is much older than the article states. Nearly twenty-one years may be called its age, as its organization was effected in 1868.

The Congregationalists will be surprised to learn that they have located "Cornell University" at Grinnell.

The Methodists have an excellent college called "Cornell College," at Mt. Vernon, while Congregationalists have another equally good called "Iowa College" at Grinnell.

What foundation is there for the statement that Iowa's state debt is \$300,000? Officials declare the State out of debt.

Great men sometimes make mistakes in minor details.

A WESTERN FORT.



SPRIGHTLY lady writer in the *Army and Navy Register* thus sketches the salient features of a United States fort and its approaches in a southwestern territory. The description, barring the sand, which does not pertain to the more northerly garrison, is applicable to the average American military post of the so-called "Frontier" of the present day.

"A wild desire to tell a great many people at once what an awful place this is invites me to write this letter. There is no place too barren, lonely, desolate, to be the home of the American soldier, of which dogmatic assertion this place is a ghastly proof. "In the beginning," these isolated old forts needed some kind of a poor *raison d'être*, some enterprising would-be

post trader, or fur trader, or gold digger, required protection from the savage owners of the land, and at great expense to the government a fort was constructed for him, and its first generation of unfortunate army people marched into it. But the worst of it is that long after the poor little *raison d'être* has passed away, except the post trader, long after the gold digger has dug all the gold, which, perhaps, wasn't there after all, and after the fur trader has stolen all the fur from the Indians, killed all the animals and driven the Indians away, the fort remains on some desolate plain or in the midst of some alkali desert, but garrisoned by faithful soldiers. The historical and military necessity which called this particular old fort into being was the need of a half-way house for the accommodation of citizens crossing the "great American desert" on their way to the gold fields of California. The old Santa Fe trail along which these good citizens crept, lies just outside our walls, I mean our barbed wire fence, and the desert stretches around us—yellow, sunbaked, sandy, tin-can strewn. So here we are now one of the many garrisons who have garrisoned this old fort, the daily roll calls still call the trim, well-disciplined, well-drilled soldiers from their low adobe quarters, the inspiring "drill call" still covers the level sandy parade ground with companies of well-drilled soldiers going through the evolutions of battalion drill, and every evening when the rays of the "westering" sun gild the old adobe barracks and make them splendid, and beautify even the dead level of the parade ground, the soldiers "turn out" in "full dress," and the officers issue from their quarters splendid, shining, and dress parade is accomplished by the aid of field music, and the day is gone, and we go in to dine as have done our predecessors since the day when the necessities of the gold digger brought us here.

"We reach this whilom hostelry now by means of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway which runs along on the other side of the river from us. We can see the trains, black lines, gliding along and hear them, but the river with its quick-

sands lies between us, and there is no bridge here. Coming to this fort, arriving at the little railway station, we have a long drive of seven or eight miles across the sandy plain; that is, if "we" are ladies or visitors; if "we" happen to be a company of soldiers we march on foot or horseback, according to the arm of the service. The station is a forlorn little collection of houses on the sandy plain, its streets and the adjacent plain thickly strewn with empty tin cans glaring in the sunshine. As we start on our drive or march to the post, the plain stretches before us, and around us yellow, sandy, sunbaked, even in the "luscious summer time" hardly a vestige of green; in summer there is a fringe of green cottonwood trees along the river bank, for there is a river, the Arkansas, crawling along on our right, which prevents this plain from being actually a veritable desert, but save the river and the little green fringe, there is nothing but the sand, the bunches of cactus and occasionally a tin can winking dismally in the sun; that is, there isn't anything else to be seen until the mirage begins to play its tricks with the plain and with us and transforms it into wonderland. Suddenly as we drive along we see in front of us a lake of blue water bordered by trees, a vast lake with little islands covered with trees, and to the north and west smaller lakes which change and vanish as we gaze at them in wonder, only the one in front of us remains, and we think that must be water. We go over a little swell in the prairie, and that lake vanishes, and only the bunches of cactus and the sandy plain lie before us. As we drive on two immense pillars rise before us in the distance; from the the edge of an ocean of blue water it looks like the ruins of a wharf, or monuments on a sea wall. We drive along and presently the pillars slowly change into two covered wagons drawn by tired horses, then we see a grove of queer-looking umbrella-shaped trees growing in an immense sweep of water and we gaze at one another in astonishment. I turn to my companion, an officer who rarely confesses ignorance on any subject, and exclaim 'What on earth is that?' and he

answers promptly, 'I don't know what in the devil that is,' which answer reduces me to silent awe, but we drive on until the grove of umbrella-shaped trees is evolved into a herd of horses. Finally we see a mass of strange-looking objects shimmering and changing, and when the mirage ceases its tricks we find that this is the fort. We drive through a rough gateway and down the line of officers' quarters. The fort is the regulation barrack square, is enclosed on the north side by the line of officers' quarters, low adobe buildings with dormer windows, in the centre of the line stands the commanding officer's quarters, on the east and west sides are the barracks, low one-story adobe buildings, on the south side is the headquarters or administration building, all these look on the level sandy parade ground. The little yards in front of the officers' quarters are thickly sodded with blue grass, and a row of cottonwood trees extends around the square, in front of the quarters. These are kept alive and green by an irrigating ditch, which is flooded from the hydrants. The post is supplied with water from the river, and each set of quarters has its hydrant and garden hose, and in summer one of our simple, innocent amusements is to give the grass its bath and drink of clear, cold water. But now the winter has come, the grass has retired, the leaves have all fallen, have been swept up and carried away by reluctant fatigue parties, and everything is gray and brown. And the old fort stands dismal and alone in the midst of the dull, level, sandy plain, but the 'inverted bowl' above us is blue, and over all the dull, level, monotony lies the bright, warm, beautiful sunlight every day; it rarely rains here and the sun shines all day long almost every day.

REUBEN JAMES.

Three ships of war had Preble when he left the Naples shore,
 And the knightly king of Naples lent him seven galleys more;
 And never since the Argo floated in the middle sea
 Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company
 As the men who went with Preble to the siege of Tripoli.
 Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, how their names ring out like gold!
 Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, Macdonough, and a score as true and bold.
 Every star that lights their banner tells the glory that they won;
 But one common sailor's glory is the splendor of the sun.

Reuben James was first to follow when Decatur laid aboard
 Of the lofty Turkish galley and in battle broke his sword.
 Then the pirate captain smote him, till his blood was running fast,
 And they grappled, and they struggled, and they fell beside the mast.
 Close behind him Reuben battled with a dozen undismayed,
 Till a bullet broke his sword arm, and he dropped the useless blade.
 Then a swinging Turkish sabre clove his left and brought him low,
 Like a gallant bark, dismasted, at the mercy of the foe.
 Little mercy knows the corsair; high his blade was raised to slay,
 When a richer prize allured him where Decatur struggling lay.
 "Help!" the Turkish leader shouted, and his trusty comrade sprung,
 And his scimeter like lightning o'er the Yankee captain swung.

Reuben James, disabled, armless, saw the sabre flash on high,
 Saw Decatur shrink before it, heard the pirate's taunting cry,
 Saw, in half the time I tell it, how a sailor brave and true
 Still might show a bloody pirate what a dying man can do.
 Quick he struggled, stumbling, sliding in the blood around his feet,
 As the Turk a moment waited to make vengeance doubly sweet.
 Swift the sabre fell, but swifter bent the sailor's head below,
 And upon his fenceless forehead Reuben James received the blow!

So was saved our brave Decatur; so the common sailor died;
 So the love that moves the lowly lifts the great to fame and pride.
 Yet we grudge him not his honors, for whom love like this had birth,
 For God never ranks His sailors by the register of earth!

—James Jeffrey Roche, in the *Boston Pilot*.

RECENT DEATHS.

JOHN BRAEKEL, born near Stuttgart, Germany, Sept. 24th, 1810, died at his home near Solon, Iowa, Oct. 8th, 1888. He came to the United States in 1828, and located in Pennsylvania, where he married Julia Margaret Metzger. They had a family of children of the unusual number of thirteen, eight of whom are living. In 1835 Braekel with his family removed to Iowa, and settled on the farm where he died after a residence there of fifty-three years. He acquired and retained the esteem of his neighbors and the community by an honest life of thrifty toil.

BREVET MAJ. GEN. EDWARD HATCH, Colonel of the 9th U. S. Cavalry, died April 11th, 1889, at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, of injuries received a few weeks previously by the upsetting of his carriage, at Fort Robinson, of which post he was in military command at the time of the accident. During the civil war Gen. Hatch was captain, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel of the 2d Iowa Cavalry and Brigadier General and brevet major general of volunteers, entering the service from his home at Muscatine in the summer of 1861. He bore a very gallant and distinguished part in many battles and campaigns, and received a wound supposed to be mortal in a cavalry affair in the rear of Memphis in the fall of 1863, but recovered. On the re-organization of the Army after the war he was commissioned colonel, the highest rank conferred in the regular army upon any volunteer from Iowa, and assigned to the command of the 9th Cavalry, one of the two colored mounted regiments, which shows the high estimate in which his war services were held by Grant and Sherman. We hope to be able to give a fuller sketch of Gen. Hatch's services and life in a future number.

NOTES.

PROF. L. F. PARKER, of Iowa College, Grinnell, having been appointed by the National Bureau of Education, to write

the history of education in Iowa, his monograph in printed form may soon be looked for by the public. The selection of Prof. Parker to perform this task, a very arduous one in the short time allotted, was wisely made through the recommendation, of Prof. Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, who has general supervision of the subject under the Bureau of Education for the whole country.

THE next October number of the HISTORICAL RECORD will be embellished with a portrait of Henry Dodge, governor of the original Wisconsin Territory, which included what is now Iowa. The portrait will be accompanied by a biographical sketch of his life, incidentally embracing much of the history of the northwest, composed by that accurate and scholarly writer, Rev. William Salter, D. D., of Burlington, to whom we have so often before incurred obligations for valuable historical papers, which have appeared in these pages.

SIMPSON AND NEWTON WHITE, brothers, with Amzi Doolittle, built and operated the first ferryboat at Burlington, in 1833. The former ran the first ferryboat between Fort Madison and Appanoose, and also built the first sawmill in Iowa, in 1835, and it was he who erected the first house in Burlington. Mrs. Reed, sister of the Whites, was the first white woman ever in Burlington. The Whites and Mrs. Reed now live in Oregon, having removed there in 1845. Simpson White was a pioneer in what are now three states—Illinois, Iowa and Oregon. He never lived in a state, however, until Oregon was admitted as such, and consequently never could vote for a president till he was forty-nine years old, when he voted for Lincoln in 1860. These items were brought out on the return of the Whites on a visit to their old homes in Illinois and Iowa three years ago, and the newspaper slip containing them was then kindly sent us by Prof. Parvin, and was deposited in the "Editor's drawer," where they have lain forgotten until now.





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HENRY DODGE

GOVERNOR OF THE ORIGINAL TERRITORY
OF WISCONSIN.



IOGRAPHIES are the life of history. Great men are the chief elements of a nation's power and renown. Plutarch's "Lives" furnish the best account extant of the old Greeks and Romans. He who has mastered the biographies of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln, knows the chief parts of American history. When Thomas Carlyle had completed his "Elucidation of Oliver Cromwell" he wrote to Ralph Waldo Emerson: "I wish you would take an America hero and give us a history of him."

The settlement and growth of the territory northwest of the Ohio river is one of the marvels of American history; it cannot be better told than in the lives of its pioneers. Prominent among them, a heroic man, was Henry Dodge. Born in that territory at Post St. Vincents (Vincennes), October 12th, 1782, his life covered nearly the whole of the first century of its settlement. The Canadian French had been earlier upon the ground, but he was the first "American" child born

in what is now the State of Indiana. He was a leader in putting an end to the Black Hawk war. One of the results of that war, "partly as indemnity for the expense incurred, and partly to secure the future safety and tranquillity of the invaded frontier," was a cession to the United States of a tract lying along the west bank of the Mississippi, from which Black Hawk had gone to wage war in April 1832, and upon which the next year the first permanent settlements in what is now Iowa were commenced. He was governor of the original Territory of Wisconsin, when what is now Iowa was included therein. A sketch of his life and public services is appropriate to the IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD.

Among his papers, which were preserved by his son, Augustus C. Dodge, is a package bearing the simple inscription in his handwriting, "Commissions in the Service of My Country." There was also included in this package the commission of his father, Israel Dodge, as sheriff of the District of St. Genevieve, signed by William Henry Harrison, governor and commander in chief of the Indiana Territory and of the District of Louisiana, John Gibson, secretary, October 1, 1804.

The commissions of Henry Dodge cover a long period of public service. They embrace the signatures of six presidents of the United States, and of many other distinguished men. It is doubtful if there exists another collection of equal interest and value in the documentary history of the West, unless it may be in connection with the life of William Henry Harrison, or the life of Lewis Cass, who were illustrious pioneers. They were not born, like the subject of this memoir, in the West; but they filled with honor some of its highest stations.

The following is a list of commissions in the package referred to:

1. Lieutenant of Militia in the District of St. Genevieve; signed by James Wilkinson, governor and commander in chief of the Territory of Louisiana; Joseph Browne, secretary, May 10th, 1806.
2. Adjutant of the Militia in the District of St. Genevieve; signed by

James Wilkinson, governor, etc., July 17th, 1806. This commission also bears the oath of office sworn to by H. Dodge before Jno. Smith, T., March 2d, 1807.

3. First Lieutenant of St. Genevieve Troop of Cavalry; signed by Frederick Bates, secretary of the Territory of Louisiana, and exercising as well the government thereof as the office of commander in chief of the militia of said territory; St. Louis, August 14th, 1807.

4. Captain of St. Genevieve Troop of Cavalry; signed by Meriwether Lewis, governor and commander in chief of the Territory of Louisiana; F. Bates, secretary, July 10th, 1809.

5. Marshal for the Territory of Missouri; notification of appointment by President Madison; signed by James Monroe, secretary of state, August 10th, 1813.

6. Sheriff of the County of St. Genevieve; signed by William Clark, governor of the Territory of Missouri; F. Bates, secretary, October 1st, 1813.

7. Brigadier General of the Missouri Territory; to rank as such from the 17th of January, 1814; signed by James Madison, president of the United States; J. Armstrong, secretary of war, Washington, April 16th, 1814.

8. Sheriff of the County of St. Genevieve; signed by Wm. Clark, governor of the Territory of Missouri; F. Bates, secretary, September 30th, 1815.

9. Marshal for the District of Missouri; notification of appointment by President Madison; signed by John Graham, chief clerk of the department of state, February 25th, 1817.

10. Marshal in and for the Missouri District for four years; signed by James Monroe, president; John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, April 25th, 1822.

11. Major General of the Second Division Missouri Militia; signed by Alexander McNair, governor of the State of Missouri; Wm. G. Pettus, secretary of state; St. Charles, May 8, 1822.

12. Marshal of the United States in and for the District of Missouri for four years from April 25th, 1826; signed by J. Q. Adams, president; Henry Clay, secretary of state, December 22d, 1825.

13. Chief Justice of the County Court in and for the County of Iowa for four years from December 1st, 1829; signed by Lewis Cass, governor of the Territory of Michigan; J. Witherell, secretary; Detroit, October 14th, 1829.

14. Colonel in the Militia of the Territory of Michigan; signed by Lewis Cass, governor; October 15th, 1829.

15. Major of the Battalion of Mounted Rangers, to rank from June 21, 1832; signed by Andrew Jackson, president; Lewis Cass, secretary of war, June 22d, 1832.

16. Colonel of the Regiment of Dragoons, to rank from the 4th of March, 1833; signed by Andrew Jackson, president; Lewis Cass, secretary of war; May 10th, 1834.

17. Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin for three years from July 3d, 1836; signed by Andrew Jackson, president; John Forsyth, secretary of state; April 30th, 1836.

18. Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin for three years from July 3d, 1839; signed by M. Van Buren, president; John Forsyth, secretary of state; March 9th, 1839.

19. Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin for three years from February 3d, 1846; signed by James K. Polk, president; James Buchanan, secretary of state; February 3d, 1846.

Henry Dodge was of the fourth or fifth generation from Tristram Dodge, one of the original proprietors of Block Island, Rhode Island.¹ His mother, born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, was a heroic woman, of Scotch-Irish stock. The Hon. Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, was intimately acquainted with her, and "esteemed her as one of the most rarely-gifted and wonderful ladies he had ever met with."² Henry Dodge passed his childhood near Louisville, and at Bardstown, Kentucky. At the age of fourteen he joined his father in Upper Louisiana, then Spanish country, but at different periods returned to Kentucky, where at one time he read law in the office of Col. Allen, who was killed at the battle of the river Raisin, January, 1813. For a sketch of his parents, and for other incidents of his early life, the reader is referred to an article upon his mother, entitled, "A Heroine of the Revolution," in THE RECORD for July, 1886, and to an article upon his son, "Augustus C. Dodge," in THE RECORD for January, 1887.

The public life of Henry Dodge commenced as deputy sheriff of the District of St. Genevieve under his father in 1805, and continued until the expiration of his second term as a senator of the United States in 1857, a period of fifty-two years. In addition to holding the offices indicated by the above enumerated commissions, he was a member of the convention that framed the constitution of the State of Missouri in 1820; he was chosen, in July, 1831, a member of the legislative council of the Territory of Michigan to meet at Detroit in May, 1832, but on account of the breaking out of the

¹ Tristram Dodge and descendants, by Robert Dodge, New York, 1886, ch. ix.

² MS. Letter of Mrs. E. A. R. Linn to A. C. Dodge, May 2d, 1854; *Life and Public Services of Dr. Lewis F. Linn*, pp. 11, 16, 17, 344; *Befton's Thirty Years' View*, v. 2, p. 485.

Black Hawk war he did not attend; he was delegate to Congress from the Territory of Wisconsin, 1841-5; and a senator of the United States from the State of Wisconsin, 1848-57.

In the summer of 1805 Aaron Burr visited the West. He was at St. Louis in September of that year, and threw out vague hints of some splendid enterprise in prospect for the Western country. Whether under feint of an attack upon Mexico in the interest of the United States he aimed to seat himself upon the throne of Montezuma, and extend his empire over the valley of the Mississippi, remains a mystery. President Jefferson believed that something of that kind was in his mind; at the same time he compared him to "a crooked gun whose aim or shot you could never be sure of."¹

Upon Burr's expedition down the Ohio in the fall of 1806, Henry Dodge, with his friend John Smith, T., a man famous for daring adventure, set out to join it. If there was to be any fighting, they said, they must take a hand. They proceeded to New Madrid, where Burr was expecting to meet recruits coming down the Mississippi. Here they were apprised of President Jefferson's proclamation declaring the enterprise unlawful; whereupon they sold their canoes, bought horses, and returned home. They were of Andrew Jackson's way of thinking, who said, "I hate the Dons; I would delight to see Mexico reduced; but I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union disunited." On reaching St. Genevieve they found themselves indicted for treason by the grand jury then in session. Dodge surrendered himself, and gave bail for his appearance; but feeling outraged by the action of the grand jury he pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and whipt nine of the jurors; and would have whipt the rest, if they had not run away. He was a tall man, over six feet high, straight as an Indian, and possessed great strength.²

¹ Jefferson's Works, v. 5., pp. 28, 68.

² Personal Recollections, by John F. Darby, p. 87.

He was one of the original trustees of St. Genevieve Academy, which was incorporated by act of the governor and judges of the Territory of Louisiana, June 21st, 1808. A large stone building was erected upon a hill overlooking the town, that commands a fine view of the bluffs above, of the prairie below, and of the Mississippi sweeping along in the distance. Mann Butler, the historian of Kentucky, was at one time a teacher in this academy. It was in a flourishing condition in 1854-1862, under the control of Hon. Francis A. Rozier.

A few years after the region west of the Mississippi had come into the possession of the United States, ardent to foster American feeling among the inhabitants, he went up to the ruins of Fort Chartres, to obtain a cannon for a celebration of the 4th of July at St. Genevieve. In the previous century the Fort had been a stronghold of the "Illinois Country;" first, under the possession of both sides of the Mississippi by the French, 1720-1765; afterwards of the east side by the English, 1765-1772.¹ It was now a crumbling ruin. He made up a party consisting of his family, Lewis F. Linn, his half brother, Otto Schrader, one of the judges of the territory, and a few others. They embarked upon a sunny morning in June, 1811, on a keel boat, manned by negroes, who propelled it with poles and sweeps. The voyage was slow and laborious, against a strong current, the distance about ten miles. On reaching the fort they picked out from the debris a heavy cannon, of iron; having no levers or hoisting apparatus, night came on before they succeeded in loading it on the boat, when they floated back to St. Genevieve, the full moon rising

¹ On a gloomy spring night in 1772 the Mississippi made its last wild leap at the old fort, and swept away the southern curtain and bastions. The troops vacated the place and built Fort Gage, on the bluffs near Kaskaskia, which was headquarters during the remainder of the British occupation. Fort Chartres was never reoccupied. Its walls formed a quarry for the people of the neighborhood, who carried them off stone by stone. The magazine alone remains intact, and lifts its bramble-covered arch amid the modern farm-yard into which the place has been converted.—*Dunn's Indiana*, pp. 76, 77.

brightly over the turbid river. The people of the village welcomed them home, and assisted in unloading and mounting the cannon, and its thunders reverberated in honor of American independence. The same cannon served for patriotic occasions for thirty years, until it burst on the fourth of July, 1840.¹

Not a few desperate characters infested the frontiers in those days. His duties as sheriff required energy and decision. While in that office he hung two notorious murderers—Peter Johnson, August 3d, 1810, and Charles Heath, March 9th, 1812—on Academy Hill.

On the first day of October, 1811, he and John Scott, afterwards delegate to Congress from the Territory of Missouri, 1817–21, and member of Congress from the State, 1821–27, were seconds in a duel between two prominent citizens of St. Genevieve, Dr. Walter Fenwick and Thomas T. Crittenden, a brother of the distinguished John Jay Crittenden. The duel was fought on a sandbar, Moreau's Island, a few miles below the village, and Dr. Fenwick fell mortally wounded. Dr. Fenwick had no part in the quarrel which led to the duel, but took a brother's place, from whom Crittenden had refused a challenge.

Before war broke out between Great Britain and the United States in 1812, British emissaries had excited the savages upon the frontiers to hostilities against the American settlements. General Harrison had repulsed them at Tippecanoe, November 7th, 1811; but they rallied to the British side in artful combinations under Tecumseh. Among some tribes, however, there was a division of sentiment. The Sacs of Rock river under "General Black Hawk," as the English called him, entered the British service. Some other bands of Sacs and Foxes were friendly to the Americans, and their chiefs went to St. Louis, and tendered aid to the United States. But our Government declined to employ them. Of restless

¹ Hon. Firmin A. Rozier, in *Fair Play*, St. Genevieve, January 18th, 1885.

nature, the savages could not remain quiet in a time of war. Marauding bands of different tribes, bent on pillage and murder, beset the scattered settlements. In September, 1812, an assault was made upon Fort Madison, the only fort which the United States had erected in what is now Iowa. The "Boone's Lick Settlement," consisting of about 150 families, in what is now Howard and Cooper counties, Missouri, where Daniel Boone had been the earliest adventurer in 1800, and where his son Nathan had commenced the manufacture of salt in 1807, was in a very exposed situation, and suffered frequent depredations. A number of prominent persons in the settlement were killed by the savages.

Upon the call of the governor of the Territory, Henry Dodge took the field. He raised a mounted rifle company at St. Genevieve, and was made major of the Territorial militia, and was subsequently appointed Brigadier General of the militia of the Territory by President Madison. By his courage and skill, having great knowledge of Indian character, he overawed and composed hostile and wavering bands, and carried relief and protection to the frontiers. His half brother, Lewis F. Linn, who had pursued medical studies with Dr. Gault, of Louisville, Ky., accompanied him as surgeon to the troops.

Parts of several tribes belonging on the east side of the Mississippi had been removed at their own request to the valley of the Missouri, that they might be out of the reach of British influence; but they proved perfidious, and were a terror to the settlements. Among them was a band of Miamies (Piankeshaws), which General Harrison had sent west in order to detach them from the Prophet's band. They occupied the region above the mouth of the Osage river. General Dodge conducted an expedition to correct and punish them in the summer of 1814. It consisted of three companies of mounted men; one from Cape Girardeau, one from St. Louis, one from the Boone's Lick Settlement (Capt. Cooper), and sixty-six Shawnees, under Kishkalwa, a Shaw-

nee chief. In making a rapid movement for the purpose of taking the Miamies by surprise, having the Missouri river to cross, the whole command dashed into the rushing stream, and swam their horses to the opposite shore. They found that the affrighted Indians had deserted their village and taken to the woods. On being collected together the Indians gave up their arms, and begged to be spared their lives. Gen. Dodge accepted their surrender, and was making preparations to dispose of them by sending them out of the country. Meanwhile the "Boone's Lickers" had become infuriated against them from finding in their possession and about their persons articles of booty and spoil which they had taken from their kindred and neighbors whom they had plundered and murdered. Word came to the General that there was to be an indiscriminate massacre of all the Miamies. He immediately rode to the spot where they were collected, and found the frightened Indians upon their knees addressing a death-prayer to the Manitou, while the "Boone's Lickers" were in the act of levelling their guns at them. He quickly spurred his horse between the muzzles of the guns and the Indians, and placing the point of his sword to Capt. Cooper's bosom, told him and his men that they could not shoot except through the dead body of their commander. After some angry looks and hard words the Captain demanded his men to desist.

The Miamies expressed the warmest gratitude to Gen. Dodge for saving them from death. They were afterwards conducted in safety to St. Louis, and conveyed to their former home on the Wabash. Long afterwards in narrating the scene to his son Augustus, Gen. Dodge said that he felt more pride and gratification at having saved the lives of his Miami prisoners than he ever did at any triumph upon the field of battle. His magnanimity and firmness of character deeply impressed the friendly Shawnees and Delawares who were in his command. Twenty years after this event, when stationed at Fort Leavenworth as colonel of U. S. Dragoons, he was visited by various Indian chiefs, among others by Kishkalwa, the

Shawnee chief, who had been with his troops in 1814. As the chief came in he embraced and kissed Col. Dodge, to the surprise of his family who were present. Other spectators were deeply impressed as they saw the chief's esteem and affection for his old commander. More than seventy years after the event, a venerable pensioner who had emigrated to California referred with pride to his having been "a soldier under Henry Dodge in the war of 1812."¹

In July, 1815, Gen Dodge was stationed with a strong military force at Portage des Sioux, on the west side of the Mississippi, a short distance above the mouth of the Missouri, to maintain order and to prevent any collision or surprise among the chiefs and headmen of the Sacs and Foxes, Pottawattamies, Sioux, and other tribes, who were there assembled with Governor William Clark, of Missouri Territory, Governor Ninian Edwards, of Illinois Territory, and Auguste Chocteau, of St. Louis, as commissioners of the United States for the purpose of negotiating treaties of peace. His name is appended as a witness to the treaties made with the Teeton and Yancton tribes, July 19, 1815.²

After the war he resumed the business of salt-making which his father had commenced at the mouth of Saline river, and was dubbed "Salt-boiler." At one time he was interested in a large and costly establishment with John Scott and Edward Hempstead at Peyroux's Saline. The business was profitable, but as transportation from the Ohio valley was cheapened by steamboats, which first appeared on the Upper Mississippi in July, 1817, prices declined from five dollars a bushel to 75 cents, and he lost all he had made. He also carried on lead mining and smelting at Shibboleth, in what is now Jefferson County, Mo. The only money in the country was Spanish silver dollars. There was no small coin. "I have frequently seen my father," said his son Augustus, "go to a blacksmith

¹ Record, January, 1887, p. 422.

² U. S. Statutes at Large, vii, 125, 128.

shop with a bag of silver dollars, and then cut them up into halves, quarters and eighths, for small change. My mother made buckskin pockets in his clothes to carry this fractional currency."

In May, 1820, he was elected by the people of St. Genevieve County a member of the Convention that assembled the following month at St. Louis and adopted a Constitution for the State of Missouri. The Territorial legislature of 1818 had proposed as the northern boundary of the State a line drawn due west from the mouth of Rock river. It is interesting to the people of Iowa, and of Missouri also, after the lapse of seventy years, to read the reasons which were then assigned for that proposition, viz:

The districts of country that are fertile and susceptible of settlement are small, and separated from each other at great distances by immense plains and barren tracts, which must for ages remain waste and uninhabited. One of the objects in view is the formation of an effectual barrier against Indian incursions by pushing forward a strong settlement at the little river Platte to the west, and on the Des Moines to the north.¹

The Convention, however, was content with the limits appointed by Congress in the act to authorize the people of Missouri Territory to form a Constitution and State government, approved March 6th, 1820, which fixed the northern boundary at the mouth of the Des Moines river, and west of that river on "the parallel of latitude which passes through the rapids of the river Des Moines." Years afterwards, when that boundary line became a matter of dispute, he gave his testimony in his message to the First Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory, at its second session held in Burlington, Des Moines County, November 7th, 1837, as follows:

By the act of Congress of 1820 the limits of the State of Missouri were defined; and it was well understood by the members of the convention who formed the constitution of that state that "the rapids of the river Des Moines" were the rapids on the Mississippi, near the mouth of that river.

Ten years later, under date of Dodgeville, December 11th,

¹ A. State Papers, Miscellaneous, ii, 557.

1847, he gave the following testimony, which was submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the State of Missouri vs. The State of Iowa:

I was a member of the convention that formed the constitution of the State of Missouri in 1820, and during the session of the convention I never understood or heard the rapids in the river Des Moines mentioned to the best of my recollection; and my recollection is clear in 1820 that the lower Mississippi rapids was called "the rapids of the river Des Moines," or "the river Des Moines rapids."

It was a pleasing incident in his capacity as Major General of the militia of Missouri, to receive the Marquis de Lafayette, and do him military honor upon his visit to St. Louis, the 29th of April, 1825.

Embarrassed in his fortunes, Mr. Dodge left Missouri, in 1827, for the Fevre river lead mines. That region was then attracting the adventurous and the enterprising. He reached Galena at the time of a threatened outbreak of the Winnebago Indians, which had alarmed the settlers. He was called upon by Henry and Jean P. B. Gratiot and other prominent citizens to take the lead in the defense of the district. Many had fled into Galena for safety. "The little place" says an eye-witness, "was crowded with families pouring in from the mines. The flat between the bluff and the river was covered with wagons, families camping in them; block houses were erected on the hill, companies forming, drums beating, and General Dodge busily engaged in organizing troops and creating order and confidence out of terror and confusion."¹

Gen. Dodge sent Moses Meeker to induce the Fox Indians, who then possessed the country where is now the city of Dubuque, to take sides against the Winnebagoes, but they declined any part in the contest.

The following letter was addressed to Brigadier General Atkinson, U. S. Army, who had come up to the scene of disturbance from St. Louis with a force of 600 infantry and 150 mounted men:

¹ Mrs. Adele P. Gratiot, Wisconsin His. Collections, x, 270.

GALENA, August 26th, 1827.

Gen. H. Atkinson, Prairie du Chien.

Dear General:—Capt. Henry, the chairman of the committee of safety, will wait on you at Prairie du Chien before your departure from that place. He is an intelligent gentleman, who understands well the situation of the country. The letter accompanying Governor Cass's communication to you has excited in some measure the people in this part of the country. As the principal part of the efficient force is preparing to accompany you on your expedition up the Ouisconsin, it might have a good effect to send a small regular force to this part of the country, and in our absence they might render protection to this region. I feel the importance of your having as many mounted men as the country can afford, to aid in punishing those insolent Winnebagoes who are wishing to unite, it would seem, in common with all the disaffected Indians on our borders. From information received last night, some straggling Indians have been seen on our frontiers.

Your friend and obedient servant,

H. DODGE.

With his mounted volunteers, 130 in number, Gen. Dodge, marched to the Wisconsin river, one detachment going to Prairie du Chien, the other to English Prairie, now Muscoda. They scoured both sides of the river to the Portage, driving the Indians before them, taking one prisoner, a lad of fifteen, who had become separated from his band, and was surrounded. He was son of a chief, Winneshiek, whose name he bore. He refused to surrender, but sat on his horse, with cocked gun in hand. The soldiers were about to shoot him when Gen. Dodge, admiring the intrepidity of the boy, rode up and wrenched his gun from him, and saved him from the death he defied.

Upon reaching the Portage they found that Red Bird and his accomplices in murder had been surrendered to Major Whistler. Decorah, in presence of General Dodge, disclaimed unfriendliness on the part of the Winnebagoes to the United States, and disavowed connection with the murders that had been committed on the Mississippi. Terms of settlement were arranged by Gen. Atkinson, whereupon the volunteers were discharged and returned to their homes.

The disturbance over, Henry Dodge immediately engaged in "prospecting" the country for lead mines, and on the 3d of November, 1827, established himself near the present village

of Dodgeville, in what is now Iowa County, Wisconsin. It was the happy hunting grounds of the Winnebagoes, a land of bubbling brooks and crystal springs, of beautiful oak openings, groves of larger timber, and rolling prairies, with a broad ridge separating the waters that flow to the Wisconsin from those flowing to Rock river. It was in that part of the old Northwest Territory (1787), and of the Illinois Territory (1809), lying north of the State of Illinois, which had been attached to the Territory of Michigan upon the admission of the State of Illinois into the Union (1818). Some "diggings" had previously been worked by the Indians, who excavated down an inclined plane, carrying in wood for fuel, heating the rocks, then slacking them with water; charcoal and lime were found in the old works, as also buck-horns which had been used as tools. He made friendly terms with the Indians of the neighborhood, and gave them presents as in the way of rent for occupying their lands. He made a home for his family, and took precautions for their protection and safety. More than a hundred miners soon gathered to the "camp." The neighborhood resounded with the stroke of the ax and the click of tools. Shafts were sunk in every direction. He discovered the only lode in the region that proved to be of much value.

It was not long before complaints were made to the United States Indian Agent, at Prairie du Chien, Joseph M. Street, that white men had invaded the country of the Winnebagoes. He reported the matter to the superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis (Gen. William Clark), under date of January 15th, 1828, as follows:

Gen. Dodge with about fifty men, well armed with rifles and prepared for any event, is near the English Prairie on a northern branch of Rock river, called Piketolika, beyond the lands subject to reservations under the treaty of August 24th, 1816. My information is that the Bear, a Winnebago chief, with a few followers are at the place, and have sold the privilege to Gen. Dodge. Many are flocking to him from Fever river, and he permits them to join upon paying certain stipulated portions of the original purchase. The ore is more abundant, nearer the surface, and obtained with greater facility than ever

known in this country. It is said that he has raised about half a million of mineral, smelted from 900 to 1000 bars, and is smelting fifty bars a day. With two negro men in one place he raises about 2000 pounds per day. What will be the effect of these high-handed measures I am at a loss to say. Should the tribe disapprove of the bargain of the Bear with Gen. Dodge, mischief might ensue. The cupidity of the Indians may also be awakened, and serious difficulties thrown in the way of any contemplated purchase of this section of the country by our Government. Should his removal as a precautionary measure be recommended, I have no force adequate to the accomplishment of the object, and from a conversation with the commanding officer of the fort here,¹ a sufficient number could not be prudently detached for the purpose.

As far as the most active enquiries and acute observation enable me to judge, the Winnebagoes are quietly pursuing their winter's hunt.

On the 26th of January, 1828, the agent wrote that there were mutterings of discontent among the Winnebagoes; that upon that day a chief (Carumna, the Lame) had said to him:

We promised not to interrupt the white people at the Fever river mines. Then they were digging near the line: now a large camp has gone far into our country, and are taking lead where it is easy to be got, and where Indians have been making lead many years. We did not expect this, and we want to know when this will stop. The hills are covered with them; more are coming, and shoving us off our lands to make lead. We want our Father to stop this before blood may be shed by bad men. You tell us our Great Father is a great chief, and has warriors like the sands on the river side, and that the Winnebagoes ought to be at peace with him and his people; that if they kill his white children he will go to war with them, and when they are all killed by his great warriors he will take their country. It would be better with the Winnebagoes then, than to live and see white men come and take their lands while they are living."

- I told him their Great Father lived a long way off; that he would remove those white men when it was told him, if they kept their promise and remained at peace. He said: "Well; they would keep their promise."

The same day the agent sent John Marsh, a sub-agent, to notify Gen. Dodge that he must move off instantly, or he would be removed by military force. In a communication of February 7th, 1828, Mr. Marsh reported as follows:

In obedience to your instructions of the 26th ult., I ascended the Wisconsin to the English Prairie, and thence southwardly up the valley of a small river which comes in at that place, and arrived at the residence of Gen. Dodge on the evening of the fifth day after my departure. Your letter to Gen. Dodge I delivered immediately, and I informed him and others who were located in that vicinity that I had a communication to read to them from the Indian agent

¹ Major John Fowle, 5th U. S. Infantry.

at Prairie du Chien. The next morning I read your notice to all the principal miners. Not being able to discover any indications of an intention to remove out of the Indian country, your address was also read and the extracts from the treaty therein referred to.

Gen. Dodge addressed the people, and explained to them his views of the subject. He insisted principally that there was no definite line of demarcation between the lands of the Winnebago Indians and those of the Chippeways, Pottawattamies and Ottaways of the Illinois, on which the citizens of the United States had a right to dig for lead ore, and that until such line should be definitely marked and established it was by no means certain that the place where they were was on the lands of the Winnebagoes.

The remainder of the day was spent in examining the country. Ore is found in great abundance near the surface, and in large masses. Few of the excavations are more than ten feet deep. The whole country appears to be literally full of lead ore, and the labor of obtaining it is trifling. Traces of old Indian diggings are found throughout the country for several miles. There are also furnaces where the Indians smelted the ore.

Gen. Dodge resides in a small stockade fort near the principal mine. There are about twenty log houses in the immediate vicinity, besides several more remote. He has a double furnace in constant operation, and a large quantity of lead in bars and in the crude state. From the best information I have been able to obtain there are about one hundred and thirty men engaged in mining at this place, and completely armed with rifles and pistols. I was also informed that there about fifteen Winnebagoes ten or twelve miles distant who frequently visit the mines, and who have been presented by Gen. Dodge with several hundred dollars worth of provisions and merchandise. When about to return, I was desired by Gen. Dodge to inform you that he should leave the country as soon as he conveniently could.¹

Immediately upon the receipt of this communication Gen. Street called upon the commanding officer at Fort Crawford for a detachment of one hundred and eighty troops to remove the trespassers, who replied that as he had only 147 men in

¹ To other parties Gen. Dodge is reported as saying that he would leave if Gen. Street had more guns than he had. The same year Morgan L. Martin made an expedition through the mining region, and speaking of it after a lapse of fifty-nine years said: "Our first objective point was Dodgeville, where Henry Dodge had started a "diggings." We found his cabins surrounded by a formidable stockade, and the miners liberally supplied with ammunition. The Winnebagoes had threatened to oust the little colony, and were displaying an ugly disposition. Dodge entertained us at his cabin, the walls of which were well covered with guns. He said that he had a man for every gun, and would not leave the country unless the Indians were stronger than he." Wis. His. Coll. xi. 397.

his command, and but 130 of them were fit for duty, it would be out of his power to comply with the request. Arrangements were soon in progress by the Government for the purchase of the lands of the Winnebagoes. Provisional articles of agreement were made by Gov. Cass and Pierre Menard, commissioners on the part of the United States, with chiefs of the Winnebago tribe, at Green Bay, August 25th, 1828. In prospect of those arrangements Henry Dodge held his ground, and was unmolested. He had built the first smelting furnace erected by the whites north of the Illinois state-line. He was present at Prairie du Chien, with Henry Gratiot, Antoine Le Claire, Zachary Taylor, and other witnesses to the treaty, under which the Winnebagoes sold their lands in the mining district to the United States, August 1st, 1829.

From Helena on the Wisconsin river, he shipped lead on flat-bottomed boats to New Orleans. Others reshipped on steamers at St. Louis; he was the only one who made the entire voyage without transfer. The trip took three months and a half, and involved peril and hardship.

In the first settlement of the mining country, those who obtained permits to mine were not allowed to cultivate the soil, so that for several years provisions were scarce, and the expense of living was great. When the lands were brought into market, he became the purchaser of more than a thousand acres, and here was his home for nearly forty years. He took part in a patriotic celebration of the 4th of July, and served as President of the Day, in 1829, at Mineral Point, where a discovery of copper had awakened an excitement and called many miners to the place. Upon the organization of Iowa county, the same year, under an act of the Legislative Council of Michigan Territory, setting off that part of Crawford county lying south of Wisconsin river, he was elected chief justice of the county, with Wm. S. Hamilton and James H. Gentry, associate justices, and held the first court in that county.

The growth of the mining settlements, and their distance

from the seat of Government at Detroit, the irregular routes of travel then pursued making it from 800 to 1000 miles, as stated by Gen. Dodge, created a demand for a new territorial organization. The business relations of the miners were with Illinois and Missouri and the General Government, not with the peninsula of Michigan; nor was it to be expected that a delegate elected from the peninsula should understand the wants of a people so remote and detached as they were. He opened a correspondence upon the subject with the delegate to Congress (Austin E. Wing), and laid before him a statement of the inconveniences and hardships under which the people were laboring, and their claims on the National Legislature for the division of the Territory. Under date of Dodgeville, February 10th, 1829, he said:

Laws should be made to suit the condition of the people over whom they are to operate; hence the necessity of a local legislation following a division of the Territory. Another strong reason why we should be separated from the Territory of Michigan is: We are surrounded by Indians, some friendly, others still hostile to the extension of the American empire and to the people of this country. A local legislature and a separate government here would place the people in a situation to defend themselves, and have the aid of the constituted authorities near them. It would be almost impossible to receive aid from the peninsula of Michigan. Mounted companies of riflemen would be the best arm of defence to afford this country protection. Recent events at Rock Island prove the secret influence that exists over the minds of the Indians;¹ and I have no hesitation in saying that so long as that influence exists we will have occasional difficulties with the Indians of our borders.²

A bill was reported in Congress, January 6th, 1830, to establish the Territory of Huron, with boundaries embracing what now constitutes the states of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, a part of the Territory of Dakota, and the upper peninsula of Michigan, but it did not become a law. A somewhat similar bill passed the House of Representatives in 1831, but not the Senate.³

¹ "The secret influence" came of the communication which the "British band" of the Sacs, who were in arms against the United States in the war of 1812, still kept up with Canada. Their chiefs were in the habit of visiting Canada, and were laden with presents on their return.

² His. of Wisconsin, by W. R. Smith, i, 430-432.

³ History of Wisconsin Territory, by Moses M. Strong, p. 187.

On the 11th of July, 1831, Henry Dodge was elected to the Fifth Legislative Council of Michigan Territory from the counties of Michilmacinac, Brown, Crawford, Chippewa and Iowa. His views of public duty at the time were given in a letter addressed to the electors.

JULY 8th, 1831.

My name being before the public as one of those who have been nominated by a meeting of citizens at Green Bay as well as at Mineral Point to represent the people of the Seventh Electoral District in the Legislative Council of the Territory, I consider it a duty I owe the electors as well as myself to state explicitly my views in relation to such measures as have for their object the public good, and the course I will pursue if honored with the confidence of my fellow citizens.

The wants and condition of the people west of Lake Michigan in my opinion require a speedy division of the Territory and the establishment of a local legislature. Laws then can be made suited to the manners, habits, and condition of the people residing within the limits of the contemplated territory. The relation we stand to the General Government makes it important to us that we should have a direct representation at Washington. Living on the United States lands and working their lead mines, it becomes a matter of much interest to the people of the mining country that the rights of pre-emption should be secured to them on the most liberal principles both for the farms they occupy as well as their mineral grounds.

The General Government by its own act has invited the people of the mining country to immigrate to this country for the express purpose of making lead. They are neither squatters nor intruders on the public lands. By their enterprise and industry they have fully realized the views of the Government. The people of the United States have had an abundant supply of lead made, and sold to them cheaper than the manufacturer here could afford to make it. The people of the mining country have paid a greater tax, and that directly upon the labor of the whole community, than any equal number of citizens of the United States, and consequently have stronger claims upon the justice and liberality of the Government than any equal number of citizens who have settled on the frontiers.

Should I be the choice of the electors, on all local subjects the expressed wishes of a majority of the people will govern me. I consider the representative bound in his individual capacity to do what the people would do in their collective capacity, could they be present.

Mr. Martin has been recommended to the people of this electoral district for the Council. He has the reputation of being a young man of talents and integrity.¹ It appears desirable to insure success in our election that we should

¹ Hon. Morgan Lewis Martin, of Green Bay; he died Dec. 10, 1887. To his efforts Iowa owes the organization of the original counties of Des Moines and Dubuque, under an act of the Legislative Council of Michigan Territory to

cordially unite with Brown county. Mr. Wing is before the people as a candidate for the Delegacy to Congress. The course he pursued when in Congress, in advocating a division of the Territory, was such as the condition of the people required. As he truly represented our interests on a former occasion, it would seem we might safely trust him again.

I have been thus explicit that my fellow-citizens may know my views on all subjects which I consider of interest to them, not with a view to influence them in any way; it is the right of every freeman to judge and act for himself; whatever that decision may be as it respects myself, I shall cheerfully acquiesce in.

The next winter, in behalf of the people of the mining region he prepared a memorial addressed to Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, as follows:

The undersigned residents of that part of the Territory of Michigan including the lead mine district on the Upper Mississippi respectfully ask leave to call your attention to the situation and conditions of the citizens occupying the mineral region.

In conformity to an act of Congress passed in 1807, the president of the United States from time to time has appointed agents invested with ample powers to lease the United States lead mines. The government of the mines having been confided to the War Department, and the rents accruing to the United States from working these mines having been regulated by that department, is the reason why your memorialists ask leave to call your attention to this subject.

Your immediate predecessor in office having reduced the rents of the United States mines from 10 to 6 per cent, we take it for granted that power

lay off and organize counties west of the Mississippi river, approved September 6th, 1834. In a letter to A. C. Dodge, of May 25th, 1883, he recalled "the rude log cabin in Dodgeville where Hon. Lucius Lyon and myself were hospitably entertained, in 1828, by your excellent parents. It seems like a dream. I recognize the portly Roman, the saintly wife, the stalwart lads and modest daughters, comprising the household, protected in their well-armed fortress (block house) from the dangers incident to frontier life; and from that early period note the wonderful metamorphosis which time has wrought in the West. I recall also the erect figure and proud bearing of your father when he volunteered to guide us on horseback to the recent discoveries of copper ore at Mineral Point, and to the pits and shafts in the vicinity of Dodgeville, from which his supply of lead ore was hauled to his furnaces, the athletic figures of your brother and yourself, youths of some fifteen or eighteen, laboring about the smelting works with others engaged around the premises. Nor can I forget the appearances of the negro slaves, who clung to your father's family even after they were given freedom, as dutiful children dependent for protection and daily wants upon a parent."—*Semi-Centennial of Iowa, at Burlington*, pp. 87, 88.

was properly exercised; and, inasmuch as he held himself at liberty to raise the rents by giving three months' notice, we ask your indulgence while we briefly state the past and present condition of the mining population.

The relation in which you stood as the executive of this Territory at the time this mining country was settled, as well as the appointment you held with Col. Menard as joint Commissioners on the part of the United States for treaty with the Winnebago and other tribes of Indians, gives you a general knowledge of the condition in which the people settled here. It is well known that the Government of the United States invited the people to this country through their agents at a time when they had no troops on this frontier to afford them protection. In 1827, when the Indians commenced hostilities, the inhabitants being wholly dependent on themselves for protection abandoned their mining operations, and prepared themselves to resist the Winnebago Indians who were located in the immediate vicinity of the mines, and who were actually at war. The loss of one season from working the mines, and the expenses incurred by the people during the winter of 1827-8, left them without the means of returning whence they had emigrated. In this situation they settled that portion of the mining country which they now occupy. In June, 1828, the Superintendent of the United States lead mines located that portion of country at that time occupied by your memorialists, and from that period until the extinguishment of the Indian title at Prairie du Chien, in 1829, a period of nearly fourteen months, and before the Government acquired a right from the Indians for the country, the people of the mining country paid upwards of a million pounds of rent lead. It is believed that no tax was ever more punctually and cheerfully paid by smelters to the Government. During the administration of the present Superintendent—two and a half years—more tax lead has been collected, including arrearages, than the actual rents amounted to for that period. Your memorialists state with confidence that they have paid a greater amount of taxes, and that a direct tax on the labor of the whole community, than any equal number of citizens since the settlement of America; that from 1827 until 1829 the smelters not only paid ten per cent on all lead manufactured, but hauled the rent-lead a distance from forty to sixty miles to the United States deposit, at a time when lead was not selling for more than one dollar and fifty cents at the United States lead mines. What was the consequence? The entire ruin of many of the manufacturers. The Government of the United States received between three and four millions of pounds of rent-lead, and the people of the United States an abundant supply of the article of lead upon cheaper terms than at any preceding period. The low and depressed price of lead was the principal cause, no doubt, that your predecessor reduced the rents of the mines, and as the Government has derived all the advantages that could have been anticipated in a national point of view from the exploration and working their mines, and as the manufacturers and miners have not had time to realize the advantages resulting from a reaction in the price of lead, your memorialists confidently rely on your justice and the liberality of the Government, that they will foster and protect their own manufacturers of lead, to the exclusion of those of foreign powers; and as lead is a necessary article in time of war, we trust you will carefully examine the subject in all its bearings before

you increase the rent of the lead mines, and that you will urge upon Congress the justice and propriety of not changing the present tariff on lead.

Your memorialists ask leave to call your attention to a subject of great interest and vital importance to them. Should the Government pass a law for the survey and sale of the United States lead mines of this country upon the same principles observed in the sale of their mines in Missouri, we earnestly hope you will recommend to the consideration of Congress the justice and propriety of granting to each miner who has complied with the regulations made for the government of the mines the privilege of working out all discoveries made on mineral lots or surveys. To sell the mines without making this reservation would deprive the most enterprising and industrious part of the population of their all. Miners who have had mineral lands in their possession for years might have them purchased by speculators, and be left without resource or means, from not having had time to compensate themselves for the low prices of mineral, which sold in this mining country for two years from five to eight dollars per thousand pounds.

Your memorialists consider it fortunate for them that you are placed at the head of the War Department of the Government, knowing that you are intimately acquainted with all the circumstances attending the settlement of the mining country, surrounded as they have been by Indians secretly hostile to the American people as well as under the influence of the English; and the friendly regard you evinced for the protection and safety of the citizens of this mining region in 1828 is remembered with gratitude. Your memorialists confidently believe you will render them all the aid in your power consistent with the relation you stand to the government.

To further the objects of this memorial, he also addressed letters to a number of members of Congress of like tenor with the following:

DODGEVILLE, MICHIGAN TERRITORY, January 26th, 1832.

Hon. Elias K. Kane,

*United States Senator from Illinois,
Washington City:*

The interest you have heretofore taken in this remote part of the Territory of Michigan, as well as the particular situation of this country, is the reason I take the liberty of addressing you at this time.

The people of the mining country require the fostering protection of the General Government. They have not had time since the favorable reaction of the price of lead to compensate themselves for their losses. A reduction of the present tariff on the importation of foreign lead would completely destroy the prospects of the manufacture of lead in this country. Great as the diversity of opinions appears to be on the tariff, it would seem that as lead is a necessary and important article in peace and in war the National Legislature should examine the subject in all its bearings before they change the tariff on lead.

The people of this remote region are greatly interested in a division of the Territory during this session of Congress. Our relations being entirely with

the General Government, and the great distance we are from the seat of Territorial Legislature, place the inhabitants here in a most unpleasant situation. We have two Councillors elected from five counties. The distance we are from Detroit, and having but two representatives out of thirteen which forms the Council, makes the representation west of Lake Michigan merely nominal. The rapid growth of the peninsula of Michigan, and the interest the people have in becoming a state as early as possible, would give us but a feeble voice in the Council; and however talented and zealous the Delegate from Michigan may be in representing truly the condition of the people here, it is impossible from the distance he resides from us that he can understand well the condition of this country. We want a local Legislature here, where laws can be enacted suited to the condition of the people. Laws are enacted six months before they reach us, and laws enacted for the peninsula of Michigan do not suit our condition.

Another strong reason why we should be severed from Michigan is, we are surrounded by Indians, some friendly, others secretly unfriendly to the American people and jealous of the growth of the country. Should they attack us, we could derive no advantage from the constituted authorities of Michigan, but would have to depend on ourselves for protection. It is true the United States have troops on our borders, but we might be taken by surprise, and the settlements entirely destroyed before they could give us aid. We want the constituted authorities near us, and a proper force of mounted riflemen or gunmen, who could be brought together at the shortest notice. This country is well adapted to the horse service, and they are able to act promptly and efficiently. We are one of the most exposed frontiers of the United States and should be entitled to those rights and privileges which have been extended to others on the frontier.

The particular condition of the people of this detached territory of the United States must make my apology for the length of this communication.

I am, dear sir, with sentiments of the greatest regard,

Sincerely and truly your friend,

H. DODGE.

NOTE.—Lyman C. Draper, L.L.D., of Madison, Wisconsin, has kindly furnished the following additional information as to the campaign of General Dodge up the Missouri river in 1814, from personal reminiscences given to him by General Dodge in 1855:

There had been considerable mischief done by the Indians at the Boone's Lick settlement, where, among others, a man who was a potter by trade had been killed; and being the only person of that trade in the region his loss was seriously felt. The settlement was too weak to strike any effectual blow in turn. General Dodge, then of St. Genevieve, who had been appointed by President Madison the successor of Gen. William Clark in command of the militia, when the latter was made Governor of Missouri Territory, waived his

rank as General, and took the command as Lieut. Colonel of mounted men, under orders of Brigadier General Benjamin Howard, U. S. Army, to march to the relief of the Boone's Lick settlement, in September, 1814.

The command consisted of 350 mounted men, under Capt. John W. Thompson, of St. Louis, Capt. Isaac Van Bibber, of Loutre Lick, Capt. Henry Poston, of the Missouri Mining Region, Sarshall Cooper, of the Boone's Lick settlement, and Capt. Daugherty, of Cape Girardeau. Nathaniel Cook (now, 1855, aged and blind, of Potosi, Mo.) and Daniel M. Boone were the Majors; and Ben. Cooper, of the Boone's Lick settlement, a veteran of the Indian wars of Kentucky, was along; and Gen. Dodge, having some blank commissions with him, appointed him a Major, wishing him to serve on account of his experience. He was an elder brother of Capt. Sarshall Cooper. David Barton, afterwards the celebrated U. S. Senator of Missouri, was a volunteer in Thompson's company, refusing any rank, only tendering Gen. Dodge any services he might render in the way of aiding him in writing.

There were also about forty friendly Shawanoes along, under four war captains,—Na-kour-me, Kish-Kal-le-wa, Pap-pi-qua, Wa-pe-pil-le-se, the two latter were fully seventy years old, and had both served in the early Indian wars against Kentucky.

This force crossed the Missouri from the northern to the southern bank at the Arrow Rock by swimming the stream. Gen. Dodge selected six of his most active men, good swimmers on horseback, for the advance; the others followed, flanked by canoes, and in the rear by canoes, as a vanguard above and below the main body, stemming the swift current. When about half way over they struck the strong eddy, which soon wafted them to the southern bank in safety. Two hours were consumed in crossing the river with the horses, baggage, etc.

The friendly Shawanoes found and reported the locality of the hostile Miamis, who had thrown up a small fort. Dodge's men pushed forward several miles up the river, and in the night neared the enemy in what is now known as the Miami Bend, in Saline County, and soon surrounded them. Ascertaining this fact, the Miamis, knowing it would be folly to resist such odds, proposed, through the Shawanoes, to surrender themselves as prisoners. Gen. Dodge called a council of his officers, and asked their advice, commencing with the Coopers and other Boone's Lick officers. They all advised receiving them as prisoners, and that their lives must be sacredly preserved. Gen. Dodge told the officers that he should hold them personally responsible for their own conduct and that of their men in this particular.

The Indians now formally surrendered, 31 warriors, and 122 women and children, 153 in all.

The next morning, while Capt. Cooper and others were scouring around in search of hidden property, the Captain found the well known rifle of the poor potter slain in the Boone's Lick region; and in rage he came galloping to Gen. Dodge, and demanded the surrender of the Indian who had murdered the potter, to make an example of him. Gen. Dodge peremptorily declined, when Cooper threatened in behalf of his company, who were dashing up on their horses, to kill the whole of the Indians; and his men as by common consent

cocked their rifles in shooting attitude. The Indian warriors seeing the threatening aspect threw themselves upon their knees, and, crossing their breasts rapidly and repeatedly, uttered earnest prayers to the Great Spirit, or rather to the sun, then just rising in its morning splendor. Gen. Dodge, hearing the clicking of the locks of the rifles of the Boone's Lick men, and fearing the consequences, but without ever turning towards them, drew his sword, and thrust its point within six inches of Capt. Cooper's breast, and, reminding him of his pledge to protect the Indians in their surrender, said that he would never consent to their being slaughtered in cold blood, and that if Cooper's men fired on them Capt. Cooper himself should instantly suffer the consequences.

At this critical moment, Major Daniel M. Boone came dashing up to Gen. Dodge's side, and said that he would stand by him to the last; and he taunted Cooper with the treachery of the act he proposed. Dodge was firm, never taking his eye from Cooper's. Boone presented a determined countenance, as brave men always do when actuated by noble purposes. At length Cooper yielded, and Dodge ordered him to take his place in the line, and march away. He doggedly obeyed, and his men rode by. The Indians now jumped to their feet with expressions of joy and gratitude to Dodge and Boone. The Shawanoes, too, were much gratified that the Miamis were spared.

Kish-Ka-le-wa visited Gen. Dodge at Fort Leavenworth. in 1835, and recognized his old commander.

Gen. Dodge looks back upon his conduct in saving these prisoners as one of the happiest acts of his life.

WILLIAM SALTER.

Burlington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAR ANECDOTES OF 1812.

BY CAPT. N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



T was in 1811 or 1812 when England held the right of search upon the high seas, that the father of the writer chanced to be a passenger on board of an American merchant vessel on Lake Erie, on which vessel were two deserters from the British army making their way to the United States to seek protection under the stars and stripes, and become citizens in the land of the free and home of the brave. They were cheerful, with hearts

buoyant with the hope of soon reaching their haven of safety, when all of a sudden their star of hope was obscured by a cloud of despair, and they soon were brought to realize the frailty of human hopes as they espied in the distance a British man-of-war making for them. At the rapid rate she was traveling she would soon overhaul the American, and instead of their landing in the land of the free their lifeless bodies would dangle at the yard-arms of His Majesty's man-of-war. And as the vessel neared them the chances for escape seemed less hopeful. The deserters became frantic with alarm; they urged the captain to resist search and they would stand by him to death. The captain assured them that would be folly, as he would endanger the lives of his crew, likewise his vessel and cargo, and that he was not prepared to resist an armed man-of-war, but he would do the best he could for them. The captain at once took them down into the cabin where my father was lying sick upon a bed. The deserters were told to lie down upon the floor side by side, which they quickly did, and the bed with my sick father was hurriedly laid upon them, completely hiding them from sight. This was scarcely accomplished when a shot was fired from the British man-of-war across the bow of the American vessel commanding her to haul to be searched, which order was obeyed. The crew were assembled on deck, and as the man-of-war neared the American ship, she threw out her grappling irons and drew the ship up within boarding distance. The British officer then demanded the number of passengers. The American captain informed him that they were all on deck except a sick man in the cabin. The British officer then stepped aboard and after closely scrutinizing the passengers and crew on deck proceeded to the cabin. Passing down the steps about half way he halted and took a survey of the apartment, when he inquired of the sick man the nature of his illness, where he was from, etc., doubtless to ascertain his dialect and more fully satisfy himself, all of which was apparently satisfactory. He returned to the deck, where another hasty inspection of all

aboard took place, which doubly assured the searcher that there were no deserters aboard. He returned to his own ship, spread sail and to the great relief of all on board the American vessel, especially the two *bed-ridden* Britains, who had been vibrating, as it were, between life and death, and whose star of hope now began to emerge from the cloud of despair that had so nearly obscured it. They could not be persuaded to leave their concealment until fully assured that their pursuers were at a safe distance, when they shook off their bed-rider and came forth like new-born souls. With their cup of joy full, and like him who had found his lost sheep, they called in their neighbors to rejoice with them. They doubtless were more profuse in their demonstrations of joy than he who found the lost sheep, regarding their lives of more value than many sheep, and as they cast their eyes over the rolling billows of the trackless waters in search of their pursuers they fully realized the fact that distance lends enchantment to the view. Without further molestation they were soon after landed upon American soil with grateful expressions of gratitude for their safe deliverance.

Many years after the invalid, who was the means of their concealment, chanced to meet one of them in central Ohio; the meeting was a mutual surprise. The English deserter still showed as warm and grateful a heart as the day when he was rescued from what he regarded certain death.

Raphael Hardenbrook, the subject of this anecdote, deserves a record among the many brave and heroic men of the past who periled their lives, their all, for the liberty that we now enjoy and so highly prize. Thousands of names to-day, with their thrilling deeds and noble acts, rest in oblivion, all for the want of laborers in the historic field to gather rich treasures that would embellish volumes of historic interest, and open a field for the lover of history in which to roam and gather sparkling treasures that would stimulate his own soul to nobler deeds. There are yet some that can be rescued from the glimmering and hazy past that will add luster to the

bright wreaths that encircle the names and heroic deeds of our noble sires. Raphael Hardenbrook was a friend of my father, and frequently visited his house. His genial and social qualities made him a welcome guest. He was a man of marked and impressive manner—over the average height—compact build, bold, decisive and firm—a stranger to fear; he was suave and affable, and thought by many to resemble in some respects the heroic Ethan Allen, and doubtless did in courage, if in nothing else. He was a soldier of the war of 1812 with Great Britain. It was during this year that he was captured by the British and held a prisoner for some weeks. When and where he was captured I now do not remember. He often referred to it as one of the most prominent epochs in his history. He often related many incidents of interest of the war, especially of his prison life, one of which I will here relate, and which goes to show the fearless and courageous character of the man.

The British officers where he was confined or held as a prisoner would frequently order the Yankee prisoner (Hardenbrook) brought to their quarters for the purpose of questioning him as to the strength and situation of the American forces and doubtless for their own amusement in part. On one interview his captors boasted of their strength, their superior military skill, their noted statesmen, lords and generals, etc., and thus tried forcibly to impress the prisoner with the futility of the United States attempting to carry on a war with England, a power with whom she could not cope. This bombastic egotism only thrilled the heroic Hardenbrook with bitter indignation, which was soon made unmistakably manifest to the boastful Britons. They had no sooner ended their braggadocio buncombe, than the dauntless Hardenbrook rose to his feet, with his flashing eyes fixed upon his captors, and stretching his athletic frame to its full height, he brought down his clenched fist in an emphatic manner and in a thundering tone still more emphatic that startled the whelps of the British lion, he said, "well, gentlemen, I want you to under-

stand that we have on our side Lord God Almighty, Lord Jesus Christ and Andrew Jackson, and I'll be d—d if we cannot whip the whole of you." For this reply he expected to receive a severe punishment. But said he, "to my surprise they laughed heartily and took it good naturedly, and quizzed me no further," and he was regarded as the lion of the camp, with additional privileges during the remainder of his captivity.

OUT WEST IN THE FORTIES.*

BY S. H. M. BYERS.



AT the edge of a great prairie, in the heart of Iowa, two country roads crossed at right angles. "Here," said my father, "is the place; here I will build my home." To be exact, it was in 1841 that my father, an excellent mechanic, with a small income and a large family, was seized with the fever to go west. The west meant Illinois and Iowa in those days; Detroit, even, was a western town; and as for Chicago, it was a barren prairie, where the wolves still howled at night. We left our pretty little home in Pennsylvania in that spring, steamed down the Allegheny to Pittsburgh, and then by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Burlington. There had been tremendous rains, and the great Father of Waters was not only a river—it was a sea, reaching for many miles beyond its banks, inundating farms, highways and villages. At Burlington the stream was seven miles wide, sweeping through woods and over bottom lands, while the houses and fences floating off were a picture of what must have happened when Noah entered the ark. One night, after we had been living in Burlington for a month, the mighty river took another rise, and morning found the ferry-boat inside our door-yard. It had come to rescue us. The

* Reprinted from the *Chicago Interior* of August 8th, 1889.

lower story of our house was three feet deep in water, and for all I know that next night saw the edifice floating seawards.

The incident determined my father on moving on; he would buy some ox teams, leave towns and rivers, and go to the real west, the place he had started for. "Yes," said he, after much meandering over prairies woodless as the desert, "here is the place I started for; here I will build my home." Our two covered wagons were parked together and our four yokes of oxen and two yokes of cows were let loose to find a richer support on the abundant prairie grass. The cross roads were five miles from a school house, and, aside from two or three homes near us, only a rude western house here and there, like a dot on the sea of prairie, was anywhere to be seen. My father and I had hauled coarse plank ten miles with our oxen, and a house, not ruder than its distant neighbors, soon gave us shelter.

Now commenced the incidents of our western life. How cold that first winter was! The snow was deep, and the frozen crust would bear a man. It helped to give us our meat, however. Drove of deer were abundant, and at times, almost starving, they would wander close to the little hay stacks. Chased by the dogs (of which my father kept a dozen, one for each member of the family), they would attempt to escape, flounder over the deep snow, break through the frozen crust, and fall an easy prey to dog or gun. The finest of venison was to be had for the taking. Prairie chickens were even more abundant than the deer, and we boys trapped enough to have fed a regiment. We hauled our fire-wood five miles on a sled that winter, and the shot-gun was as constant a companion on these trips to the woods as the ox-whip. Besides feeding the oxen and keeping the fires going, nothing could be done. It was too cold, the mercury often standing at twenty or thirty degrees below zero.

The great event each week at our cross roads was the coming of the mail boy. He rode twenty-six miles through

storm or blizzard, every Tuesday, and his coming was the sign for every neighbor to gather in at Robert Allen's, get the letters and talk over the news. All that was in the time of Franklin Pierce; and it was a bitter pill for democratic Robert Allen to sort over and hand out to his Whig neighbors copies of the New York *Tribune* or the Abolitionist *Liberator* of William Lloyd Garrison. The weekly mail had been a new thing on the prairie, for the settlers of the year before got an occasional letter or newspaper only as some neighbor or emigrant might happen to come from Burlington or Keokuk, sixty miles away. Months often passed, and not a letter from friends anywhere. The establishing of this little weekly mail, therefore, had been an event equal in importance to the opening of a great railroad nowadays.

It was an odd life we were all living—a frontier life; but not the frontier life of to-day. Railroads did not carry all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries right up to our door, as they now do for the frontier man of Colorado or Arizona. The words "out west" had a different meaning those days. There was not a mile of railroad in the state of Iowa, rarely a wagon road. A telegraph would have been a miracle. Even an occasional stage line was the wonder of the more thickly settled and more eastern counties. Flour mills were fifty to eighty miles away, and it usually required a week's traveling and waiting for even a small grist. But our necessities and hardships possibly made us more self-reliant, possibly more courageous. Our roads were often but tracks over the prairies, sometimes only old buffalo trails hedged in by myriads of wild flowers, that, stirred by the summer's wind, colored the endless waves of tall grass lifting and falling as far as the eye could reach. There were no bridges across the sloughs and the streams; but, as if by instinct, man and horse knew the shallowest places and safest fords. And the boys were as self-reliant as the men and almost as capable of exertion.

Once the mother at our home was taken ill. Doctors were distant, and the father was adding to his slender means by

working in a town forty miles away. "Bring father quick," was the cry; and there was nothing to do but for the oldest lad to unhitch a horse from the corn plow and gallop over the prairies. Night found him at the banks of the Iowa river, then a swollen, rapid stream. The ferryman refused to leave his bed before daylight. "But mother is dying out on the prairie." No matter; the ferryman would not stir. In a moment horse and boy plunged into the river and in the darkness swam to the other side. The father was found. Before daylight the two had again crossed the stream, and noon of that day saw them at the sick one's bedside, the boy none the worse for his jaunt of eighty miles and his midnight bath.

These hardships had their compensating features, too, in adventure, which all boys love. Going ten or fifteen miles on horseback to the nearest corn-mill was no great task for a boy, then. Such incidents were not uncommon; and once I recall how, when a neighbor lad and myself were poking along toward the woods of Crooked Creek with a grist of corn, a splendid deer bounded from the woods to the path in front of us. He was pursued by the barking hounds, and this unexpected meeting frightened him to whirl about and spring into the rapid stream. Instantly we boys were after the game. One crossed on a tree bending over the stream higher up, and with a club drove the deer back to the first bank. Here the other lad met him with another club, and another pounding over the head. Back and forth from bank to bank swam the noble game till, exhausted with clubs and effort, he was dragged out on the shore. Had we boys killed an elephant in Africa, we would not have been more proud. For ten miles we walked and held that great red buck with the splendid antlers across our horses' back, and for a month we were the heroes of all the cross-roads neighborhood.

There were no Indians, except tame ones, near us. The reservation was a little farther west, but many were the incidents our neighbors met with who went up to the new lands, when the Indians were to be taken off and the free land thrown

open to settlement. The "New Purchase" the government had made from the Indians had its east line some little distance below what is now the beautiful town of Oskaloosa. It was occupied by the Sac and Fox Indians. It was a lovely land, too, with rich prairies covered with millions of flowers, beautiful woods skirting its narrow streams, and an abundance of wild honey and good game. The Indians had driven the buffaloes away, but droves of deer remained, and wild turkeys, prairie chickens, quails and rabbits were there in millions. The noble elk was also seen frequently, and sometimes the brown bear made the woods dangerous enough to smack of adventure. There was no end to the prairie wolves, and wild cats as big as dogs haunted the woods along the streams. Bees, the pioneers of civilization, were there in astounding numbers, and the vast quantities of honey secured by the settlers later are almost beyond belief. It was collected by tubsful and barrelsful. One of the settlers brought in three barrelsful in a single day, and it served all the purposes of sugar. This was the goodly land the people were to go up to, and possess.

The Indians were quiet, and were to move off peaceably at midnight of May 1, 1843. A company of United States dragoons watched the frontier, to keep the whites off until the hour when they might enter and stake off the land the law allowed them to claim for purchase. All sorts of ruses were adopted by the whites to be first onto the land and to get the choicest locations. Their adventures have afforded tales for the firesides of the older states to the present hour—how, by the light of the moon, that May night, men sprang from their hiding places near to the line, and hurriedly drove stakes about the farms that were to be; how two friends would start measuring off a field, running in opposite directions, and firing a gun at each corner; how, before that May night, men had hidden about the frontier for weeks, avoiding the watchful dragoons, and yet spying out the land; how they perched in thick tree tops and longingly looked over the

border; how, on a time, some of them in their high perches quarreled as to the spot of land either could take, climbed down to the ground, fought out their fight with their fists, and were in the trees again silent as owls when the dragoons appeared. Some of those settlers, in this year of grace, 1889, still live on the land claims thus made, and sitting by their fire-sides, hear the roar of the railway trains passing their door yards, and the church bells, and the hum of a busy town over the very spot where in the forties they staked their claims off among the prairie flowers and the waving grass.

Once on the "Purchase," and the new strange life was repeated. My father, soon tiring of the tameness and the few comforts of our first prairie home, "moved on." We, too, were shortly upon the "Purchase," and built our cabin on the very spot where but so recently had stood the Indian's wigwam. There was not much trouble about making a farm in those early days. We had the virgin soil—and what a prolific soil it was, and what a sensation it was to turn the great thick sod, covered with its rich grass and myriads of flowers, under for the first time! On this new mother earth we planted "sod corn," the best that ever grew; and the melons, squashes and pumpkins grown on that first land eclipsed all later rivals of hothouse or county fair. Breaking prairie was a labor, once performed, never to be forgotten. The great strong plow, with its big sharp coulter; the sturdy oxen, six and seven yokes of them in a string, and sometimes a yoke of cows, hitched to the seven-foot plow beam, made a team that it was a pride to handle. And the great long ox whip, who of that day will ever forget it? The youth who could swing that mighty whip, making ten great cracks in quick succession, or cut the gad fly from off the leader, was a provisional king of the prairie. Woe to the lad who handled that thirty-foot whip for the first time. The laugh was sure to be on him, for, with the first swing, the stalk would bend, the buckskin cracker fly in a knot and the lash encircle his neck like an anaconda!

As to snakes, there were plenty of them. The rattlesnake is too noble to bite without warning, and a sound of his rattle in the grass at our feet would cause us to bound into the air as if struck by a cyclone. We never neglected that rattle; but if unluckily, the deep-poisoned fangs of the serpent struck a man or boy, he was carried to the house, the wound sucked of its poison, and washed with good strong whisky—a curative that was seldom failing in any well-regulated frontier home. The poor oxen were bitten oftener than the men, and resulting death was not uncommon.

Breaking prairie became a business, and young men with crack teams went from farm to farm, or section to section, to break up the new soil. Not infrequently they undertook the breaking of immense tracts far out on the prairie, and miles away from habitations. They took their cooking kits with them, and their shotguns brought them their breakfasts of grouse or quail.

The farmers' fields, when inclosed at all, were universally surrounded by rail fences, and these were in perpetual danger of being burned by the raging prairie fires that came every autumn. What gorgeous spectacles these autumn prairie fires were! Often, in the dusk of the October evenings, the farmer and his family would notice red lights in the far-off horizon. "Look out for prairie fires to-night," the farmer would exclaim, with the same uneasiness with which he would give warning of a coming storm. No storm, indeed, was dreaded so much, for many and many a farmer on the prairie lost all he had when the red fire scourge was galloping over the billowy expanse, a mighty and sudden destruction to crops and stacks and barns and homes. How often has the writer been called out of bed at midnight, to join his neighbors, men, women and children, to fight the prairie fires surely making in our direction. Hurriedly we would make firebrands and burn off narrow strips of prairie between ourselves and the coming fiend. Armed with brooms made of hazelbrush, we could control these little counter-fires of our own starting, and

frequently turn the direction of the coming wave. Again, we were too late or too weak, and the sea of fire leaped over our burned-out strips, jumped the narrow neck of plowed furrows that universally were made in front of every prairie farm as a protection, and, spite of every endeavor, burned up fences and crops.

Despite the danger, what a spectacle it was! Around us the midnight darkness, at our side our homes and worldly gear, in front of us a fearful line of fire, miles in length—a sea of flame, crackling and roaring as it rapidly neared us, its hot breath threatening destruction to all we had. I know nothing like it, unless it could be a high sea surf, its breast on fire, rushing and roaring landwards and suddenly stopping at the beach. The prairie chicken and quails, frightened from their grassy nests, would fly from the coming flames in droves. Sometimes the counter-fires set by the farmers would change the direction of the coming storm, and it would roar past us like a railroad train. Sometimes these same counter-fires caused the flaming grass to burn in immense circles, capturing in their fiery arms herds of deer that had huddled closer and closer as the circle lessened, finally burning them to death. What a splendid zest to life these excitements gave us, in spite of the dangers! Nowhere in life have I had such romance, excitement, fierce joy and adventure as in fighting the midnight prairie fires from my father's farm. Even to-day I would travel a hundred miles to witness a prairie fire, to see a sea of flame and experience the wild excitement of those times long gone.

It was a unique life we led in the frontier days. Our houses were built of logs, rarely of plank, and, though small, they were big enough for a hospitality worthy of palaces. It was no uncommon experience to see a dozen strangers stretched out for the night on the floor of my father's cabin. If too many happened along to get in, they slept in their wagons and took their meals at the table free of charge. Many of the cabins along the roadside became inns, whether from

choice or by the force of circumstances. The charges, when charges were made, were very small. Twelve cents for a dinner, and what a dinner! The best of corn bread, with milk and butter, wild honey, wheat coffee, crab apple butter, wild turkey, quails, venison, and, with it all, a dessert of right good cheer. The big fire-places in the cabins were built of sod, and by their ample hearths I have heard, from wandering pilgrims, tales truer than the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." It was at such firesides in the early day that the itinerant lawyer, the great Lincoln, lovingly lingered, catching from his own stories the inspiration that rendered him immortal.

Of school houses we had almost none. One, however, I recall, because it was the first almost in the "New Purchase." It was a log edifice, with a great sod chimney and open fire-place; a puncheon floor and puncheon seats for the boys and girls. The windows were made by leaving a log out, the full length of the house, and covering the space with oiled paper instead of window glass. Our teacher, the daughter of a farmer, "boarded round," and received about a dollar a term for each pupil. No two of our school books, except our testaments, were alike, and what we boys failed to learn in the old log school house we tried to make up nights as we lay stretched on the floor in front of the old fire-place at the house. It was up-hill business, though, for my father's hospitality to passing strangers left little room on our cabin floor. Often these passing guests were persuaded to take a farm near our own, and so, new neighbors came around, new dots sprang up on the prairie, and in ten years, the cross-roads had become a village with a church-spire and a mill.

There had not been much going to church in the early days. Here and there the neighbors would gather at some farm house, read the Bible and pray, or at times an itinerant preacher would stop over, hold a service, and baptize the children. Oxen were often used for the Sunday excursions to the improvised church, and even at funerals, when some neighbor was laid away in the lonesome grove that served as

the burial place in lieu of cemetery. A cavalcade of men on horseback and wagons drawn by oxen was no uncommon sight. Horses were rapidly bred, and the farmers' girls were as daring riders as the boys. It was, in fact, a reproach to be a poor horseman, or a bad shot with the rifle. At the many "turkey shootings," the "quiltings," the "house-raisings," and the "wood-choppings," the hero of the hour was sure to be the most daring rider. Other opportunities for coming together were the country weddings and the infairs, where fun and good eating made merry the young folks' lives.

The times have changed and the face of the big prairie has changed. Hundreds of artificial groves relieve the landscape, and the many towns, with spire and steeple, electric lights and puffing engines, little remind one of what the West looked like in the "forties."

CROCKER'S BRIGADE IN WAR AND PEACE.

AT THE FIFTH BIENNIAL REUNION OF CROCKER'S IOWA BRIGADE—THE
11TH, 13TH, 15TH AND 16TH IOWA VOLUNTEERS—HELD AT COUNCIL
BLUFFS ON THE 18TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1889; THE ORATION
OF THE OCCASION, ELOQUENT AND IMPRESSIVE, WAS
DELIVERED AS FOLLOWS BY A FORMER
MEMBER OF THE 16TH.

HON. G. B. PRAY.



MARCELLUS M. CROCKER was a native of Indiana, born in February, 1830, came to Iowa with his father's family in 1844 and settled in the then frontier village of Fairfield, Jefferson county.

In the first year of the history of Iowa as a state, young Crocker was appointed a cadet at West Point and was probably the first representative of the young state in that institution. He remained a student there for two years; was called

home by the death of his father and compelled to remain there in order to take up the burden and battle of life laid down by his natural protector. He at once became the guardian of and breadwinner for his mother and sisters. Early in life he became a lawyer, and at the age of 25, in the year 1854, he settled in Des Moines; from that time until his death in 1865, he was a prominent figure in the affairs of the state. In accord with the practise of the times he rode the district with the judge of the court, and was sometimes seen far up in northern Iowa with the celebrities of those days, such as Col. Elwood, D. O. Finch, "Timber Wood," Enoch W. Eastman and others. Young Crocker was recognized as among the first lawyers. When the war broke out, Crocker responded to the president's call by raising the first military company in Iowa which was incorporated in the Second Iowa Infantry, of which he was the first major. In September, 1861, he was promoted lieutenant colonel, and on October 20th was commissioned a colonel and given command of the Thirteenth Regiment. From that day to his death the history of Iowa in the war without Crocker, would be like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. It may fairly be said that Crocker, as well as his famous brigade, is an Iowa production. Indiana gave him birth; Iowa nurtured, educated and trained him. It is of the Iowa of thirty years ago, the Iowa from which came the men of these regiments, that I desire to hold up to you for comparison with the Iowa of to-day, in order that the younger men may appreciate the grandeur of the history of the state.

In 1860 the population of Iowa was 674,913; of these 354,493 were males and 320,420 were females. In 1863, about the middle of the war period, the population had increased to 701,093, but in these three years the number of males had increased but 514, while the number of females had increased 25,666, making the totals 355,007 males and 346,086 females. January 1, 1861, the number of men subject to military duty in Iowa was 116,034. In 1863 the number had fallen to 91,147. During the war 78,059 men were enlisted for service and bore arms in defense of the Union, being almost sixty-eight per cent of the number subject to military duty in 1861. To-day there are in Iowa upwards of two millions of people. Should this state be called upon for troops, and should she respond as in 1861,*1862 and 1863,

what an army she would send forth. It would mean a quarter of a million soldiers.

One of the best sentiments ever penned is from old Governor Eastman, one of Iowa's pioneers and noblest men. He said of Iowa: "The affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable Union." Grand Iowa! situated midway of the continent in the valley of its two greatest rivers; one washing its eastern, the other its western border. It contains 55,056 square miles of the best land of the earth. Surely there is no other area of equal extent that is so good for the home of man. Within fifty years it has been transformed from a wilderness to one of the greatest states in the Union. Fifty years ago the site of the Capitol building of your state, that magnificent monument of your thrift, industry and honesty, was an Indian camp, the home of the barbarian who has passed away. What a grand advance, all made in the space of an ordinary life! The affections of this people for the Union of our fathers was attested by the giving of so large a per cent of them to the service of the country; and Iowa stands to-day without a peer or rival in the annals of this nation, for heroic, faithful service to it. We have come to your beautiful city on the western border of this state to meet in reunion the men of Iowa's most famous military organization, "Crocker's Brigade." What a hold that name has on us! what a flood of memories come rushing on the mind as we stand face to face with those who stood shoulder to shoulder with us in those days, now long ago; in those days of youth when life was one bright and buoyant hope of the future; days, months and years have run into a quarter of a century; now we live in memory of the past. We meet that we may take each other by the hand and again feel that electric thrill that stirs the blood and rouses emotions, only felt when tried and true comrades meet.

Crocker's Brigade! I have said Iowa's most illustrious military organization—I might have said more, as the army of the nation has not produced your equal in length of united service. I do not propose to recount your exploits; they are embalmed in the pages of history; let those who doubt, scan diligently those pages; they will search in vain for a brigade which has written its name in more shining letters on the roll of honor than you; search where you will and you cannot find the four regiments that through more months

stood united as one, were wielded as one, which has placed more names on the roster of immortal heroes, which stood more firm, more determined, and more united in its defense of national union. The war of the revolution created the Union. The war of the rebellion preserved it and made it perpetual. It was the fulfillment, the realization of the hope, which has steadily glowed in the bosom of patriots of all ages. The fire that burned in the eloquence of Demosthenes, that warmed the blood of the Gracchi against the tyrants of Rome; which in unhappy Poland emitted its last feeble spark, when Kossuth was an exile and Kosciusko a martyr; which was smothered in Ireland when Emmet fell from the scaffold; which was kindled by Washington in a new land, and has at length found an altar amidst its worshippers where it shall burn forever upon the free soil of America; nowhere more potent in its sway than in Iowa, the home of the free school, the modern home of all benefits that educated temperate industry will bring. Iowa as a state was but fifteen years of age in 1861. In that period she had systemized her internal affairs, founded her institutions of charity and learning, had laid the foundation of all that she is to-day. But fifteen years upon the plain of history, until she was called upon to aid the nation in a struggle for life. The call was made to this young state to buckle on the armor of war to meet rebellious force not unlike an irruption of nature. Volcanic irruptions in nature produce great peaks, mountains and hills; thus the plain is broken, the valley formed and the landscape made beautiful. Men go forward in the daily and common walks of life and they are as the common plain; revolutions come, the plain is broken, great men are found equal to the great emergency. The history of the nation is enriched by the record of its strong men and good women, a biography of the men who stepped to the front, who filled the breach in the ramparts, and either in the forum or on the field upheld its cause. Thus history goes on repeating itself because man, the maker of it, is much the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

A little more than a hundred years ago, along the Atlantic coast the sires of this generation were living as colonists of Great Britain as on a plain; they lived without prominent features or great character. The rights of man demanded a change in the system of government, a revolution; then were found those equal to the emergency, and the men who formu-

lated and signed the declaration of their rights became the prominent characters of the struggle which followed. They called to their aid a plain and unassuming Virginia planter, who in qualities of statesmanship, as a leader of men, either on the field of battle or in the halls of government, was the equal of any man of his time; in honesty and fidelity to the trust imposed upon him, he stood the peer. He led his people to victory, he secured unity, peace and stable government. He surrendered almost imperial power to those who gave it. Washington abhorred war in all its forms, yet for love of country and of home, he was willing to sacrifice himself and all that was dear to him in life to promote the well being of his fellow men. The plain of existence was broken for the colonies. It was as if an irruption of volcanic nature had taken place; men for every emergency had been found. Great and prominent characters in history had been produced and the name of George Washington was immortal. He was the central figure of the history of the country, the mighty peak in nature. The nation he and his compeers had created, under the guidance of God, was the one to which the oppressed and down-trodden of all the world turned their longing eyes.

If you travel to the East you will find that nature at some remote period of the past has heaped up a chain of mountains at from one to three hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. Let those peaks and mountains represent the prominent characters and soldier element of the revolution. Nature and history stand side by side. For three-quarters of a century the nation passed on, grew, flourished in the arts of peace, extended its borders, increased its area and its products, advanced in literature, the sciences and in manufacture, and became the granary and storehouse of the world. Its fleets were upon every sea, and its ships were in every port. It humbled Great Britain and conquered Mexico, but these were mere episodes, mere ripples on the surface of the plain of history which we were yet to make.

The slave-holders' revolt—the revolution of 1861—was an event in the affairs of the nation and of the world, against which there is no comparison in the history of men; and none in nature save that irruption which cast up the great mountain chain of the West. For every peak and mountain of that vast chain I can find you a prominent figure in the history of

the rebellion. In years gone by many people traversed the plains which extend from your door to the westward. They journeyed toward the golden shores of the Pacific; they traveled in the primitive way, with trains of oxen. The road was long and tedious. Many weary nights the sun sunk beyond the horizon of the billowy plain; many mornings they saw him rise behind them to usher in another long day of toil; the road was beset by savage foes by night and by day; the weary days ran into months, when some bright morning as they passed over a gentle and undulating hill in the vast prairie, there burst upon their vision their first view of the mountains. They seemed to stand there, a great incomprehensible mass like a low lying bank of clouds along the horizon, dark and threatening. The weary pilgrims pause and gaze at the grand spectacle, and then slowly journey on. They approach nearer and nearer, the outlines become more distinct, the blended mass assumes form, foot-hills come into full view covered with grass and trees; mighty peaks further on become distinct, and finally stand out clearly defined in their awful grandeur. The line above which nature ceases to clothe with verdure is now seen, above which is the region of perpetual snow. They have traversed the level plain of the history of the country covering the three-fourths of a century from 1785 to 1860. They are in the midst of the mighty events of the rebellion. They pause to view the mighty procession of prominent figures and characters that those events brought to the surface and into historical renown. First they bow their heads in silent admiration of the beauty of those undulating and billowy foot-hills stretching away into the distance north and south and far out into the plain in countless thousands. These mounds to them represent the unnumbered thousands of smaller mounds scattered all over the land under each of which lies a hero, denoting a life sacrificed upon the altar of country, a hero that returned not to receive the rewards of a brave man. Our band of pilgrims enters the passes, goes up and through the great canyons and gorges; around and above them for thousands of feet the chasm in this wall of rock extends. Wearily and watchfully, they wend their way onward toward the pass, the only place offering an opportunity to go through and beyond this great wall made by the upheaval of nature. At length they have reached the goal and stand in the opening or pass between the peaks.

They halt and turn to gaze upon the grand scene presented to their view. They stand in Fremont's pass of the main chain of mountains or continental divide. Mountains and peaks are around and about them in every direction, and in every form of rugged grandeur as far as human vision can extend. They are in the midst of the most magnificent scenes of nature. They are in the midst of the most magnificent characters of the war of rebellion. That great chain of mountains extending from the northern limits of this country to its southern, represents the men, who in the freshness of early manhood, who, abhorring war, with its terrors, with all its resounding glory, dared all its perils for the love of home and country.

First are the men who bore the musket. Upon their shoulders was the weight and burden of saving their country; upon their heads the weight of responsibilities. It was they who marched by night and by day, by daylight or in darkness, in sunshine or in rain; it was they who sought the foes of their country on every field, in the valley or on the hilltop, and halted not until the victory was theirs. It mattered not whether they were properly clothed or fed, they heeded naught but the desires and the commands of their leaders. They bore the brunt of battle; to them should be given the substantial rewards of a prosperous country, to them the praise. The peaks that tower above the range here and there along its varied extent, represent the great leaders who were made prominent by the strong arm and fearless hearts of the men in line. Numerous as those grand peaks are, I could give you a name in history for each and all of them, but time forbids. I can only call by name a few who are dear to every loyal heart. This war made many Iowa men prominent in military and civil life. Great character was produced equal to the great needs of the hour. The plain of Iowa's history was broken. The upheaval raised monuments as high for Iowa's sons as any along this great range. Far off to the south I point you to a group of noble peaks, not separate from or much different from many others, yet distinct, fairly outlined and individual in majestic characteristics of their own. I fancy this noble group the counterpart in nature of the great leaders of this brigade. In the center, a little higher and grander than others, we place Crocker surrounded by Hall, Hedrick and Chambers. A galaxy of heroes whose deeds

have enriched history, whose lives have ennobled man, whose memory shall live and be kept fresh and green as long as those peaks shall stand. Here in the midst of these great peaks, I notice one more symmetrical and graceful in its contour and lines, the very trees that grace its sides are taller, more lithe and beautiful; I recognize it as a monument to one who was young and brave, and beautiful; for one moment erect and glowing in the whirl of battle, the next falling forward toward the foe dead, but triumphant. For one moment that brave, inspiring form was visible to this whole nation, rapt and calm in the midst of his army; the next in the midst of the enemy's sharpshooters, his bugle voice of victory stilled forever in death. It can be a monument to but one—our own gallant McPherson. On the left here is a mountain rising higher than its fellows; it is dark-browed and threatening in its aspect, yet covered to its crown with green trees and verdure, as if laurel crowned by nature. It is surrounded by smaller peaks, mountains and mounds as if all surrounding nature was seeking to uphold and applaud its strength and beauty. It can represent but one character—that gallant, brave and dashing chief of volunteers, the glorious and incomparable Logan, who always led in battle and never ceased his work for the volunteer army until his eyes were closed in death. Well may that emblem of nature that represents him be laurel-crowned. Away on the right I point you to a mountain, not of the tallest, but broad and grand; it stands alone, as if self-reliant and independent; its base is broad, its surface even and unruffled. Storms break about it; lightning and thunder crash about its head; yet all unmoved or unchanged each dawning day finds it the same; nature's synonym for one who was near and dear to the men of this brigade, to the entire army, and all the people of this nation, one loved and respected around the world. How like it is to our exalted leader, Gen. Grant, that matchless soldier who never lost a battle, or failed to win a campaign; that man who could be grand without being gloomy, who was silent but not sullen, who was great without ostentatious pride. Who can forget that brave, time-honored face, with its grave silent strength, its broad sagacity and honesty? Who can forget that manly fight on Mt. McGregor, where he held the silent messenger aside with one hand and toiled with the other, that posterity might know the story of his life; that he might at

last leave his wife and children above want? Who can forget that noble face as it appeared mastered by the emotions of his heart as it melted into manly tears when he realized the depth and strength of the love in which he was at last held by his people? But stop, there is one peak in sight that rivets attention; we stand gazing to the West, head uncovered and awed into silence; we are in the presence of and gazing upon one larger and grander than all others; one whose base is broader, formed of the eternal granite, whose sides are more regular and symmetrical, whose head towers above all its fellows, crowned with a crown which is a badge of peace upon whose broad breast, and facing toward the rising sun it bears that symbol of the Christian world, that hope of mankind, the cross of Jesus. There it is plain and unmistakable, made by the hand of Nature's God of snow, pure and vernal. It is the Mountain of the Holy Cross. There it has stood since man first came to view it, where it will stand through all time, to cheer the weary and oppressed. High and above all human strife and contention, in the pure air of heaven; above the malignity and malice of men, it warns all the children of earth to commune with the Saviour whose symbol it is.

"It will never grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn,
While Heaven's pure finger transfigures the dews,
And with garlands of frost-work its beauty renews;
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sand on the plains of the Nile,
And it shall still point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o'er the world like a banner of peace
Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the red sea of Time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the shore:
As long as the incense from ocean shall rise
To where its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystal shall part,
That cross shall gleam high on the continent's heart."

A work of nature, yet how like a character brought to the surface by a revolution among men. How like the immortal Lincoln; in stature he towered above his fellows. His feet were planted on those principles of right which formed the base of all his actions and made him as firm thereon as the everlasting granite. Abraham Lincoln, more than any other man who ever breathed, carried into his public life, and vital-

ized in his public conduct the principles of Christianity. A great public man said in 1864: "I believe in the great Jehovah, and next to him believe in and trust Abraham Lincoln." That sentiment was and is the sentiment of the American people. No man has wielded a greater power; great and absolute power as it was, it was unaccompanied by a single act of cruelty, inhumanity or injustice, but was tempered with pity, acts of mercy and tenderness. As we descend again upon the plain and are again among the shifting scenes of every-day life, we look back in the distance to the grandeur of the towering masses we have left, and the feeling comes strong into the mind that these mountain peaks are to endure; planted upon their base of everlasting granite, they shall stand as monuments for all ages overtopping the scenes of man's habitation. They are beyond the power of man to destroy. A new civilization may change the face of the earth, but these eternal landmarks shall escape the havoc of time, when the flood and darkness comes; to them shall be moored the ark of safety which shall carry and preserve amid all change and destruction the spirit of liberty, equality and justice.

RECENT DEATHS.

HENRY H. SCOTT, one of the oldest residents of Burlington, died there August 31st, aged seventy years. He was of Irish birth and the leading Irish-American in southeast Iowa. He was a successful merchant, and had amassed a fortune.

THOMAS G. WILSON, of Eldora, died July 13th, 1889, at the age of eighty years. He had been identified with the interests of Eldora and Hardin county for more than thirty years. He was probably the oldest member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in America, having been made a member in England.

COL. JOHN NELSON DEWEY, born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, February 3d, 1814, a resident of Polk county since 1855, died at his home in Des Moines, September 9th, 1889.

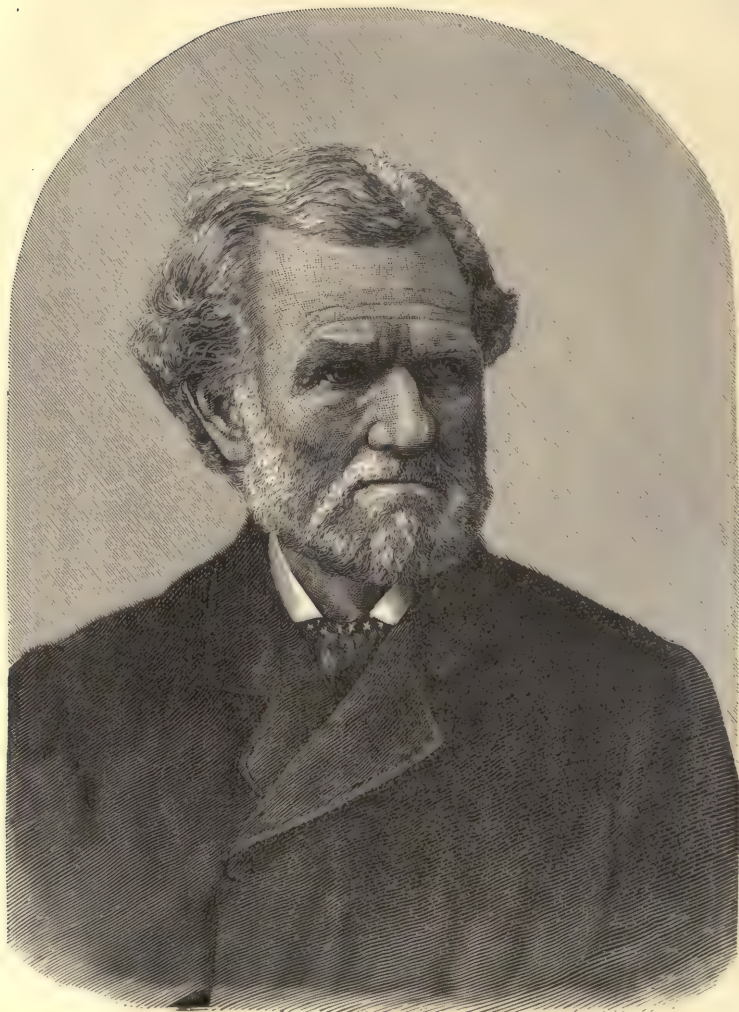
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He was a civil engineer, and in that capacity made the surveys of a number of railroads in the East and in Illinois before coming to Iowa. In Des Moines he served that city in the municipal government as alderman and as city engineer. In 1861 he was appointed by Gov. Kirkwood a member of the state committee to audit war claims, and by his prudence and vigilance, the Governor says, saved the state many a dollar.

NOTES.

THE FIRELAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its annual meeting July 4th last. An address was made by Gen. W. H. Gibson, in which speaking of the war of 1812, he warmly defended Gen. Hull's surrender at Detroit, in 1813, as the well considered act of a brave and prudent general, who looked to the future as well as the immediate results of the surrender. A committee was appointed with a view to securing an appropriation from Congress for the erection of a suitable monument at Put-in-Bay to commemorate the battle of Lake Erie.

THE HON. P. M. CASADY of Des Moines was a member of the legislature which gave names to most of the counties of Iowa, and was chairman of the committee having charge of this matter in one of the houses. To his excellent judgment Iowa is indebted for a county nomenclature little marred by inappropriate titles. Names distinguished in American history, and in science, and among the aborigines, were chosen with excellent taste. The name of Buncombe (changed afterwards to Lyon, in memory of the hero of Wilson's Creek) was given to preserve the name of a distinguished Revolutionary officer of North Carolina, and should be restored by its bestowal on the next new county organized, when it becomes necessary to erect new ones by partition of some of those with too much territory.



Berryman Jennings.

FIRST SCHOOL TEACHER IN IOWA, 1830.

FIRST GRAND MASTER, OREGON, 1851.

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 1.

DR. BERRYMAN JENNINGS, IOWA—OREGON.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain
And not neglected, for a hand unseen,
Scattering its beauty like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and memory green.

EARLY LIFE.



WE have not been "shown the former things that we may consider them" but the "latter end" of the good brother whose career we are to sketch has been fully revealed to us, and they show what manner of man he was, and all speak to his praise.

He was truly a representative type of our western men and a pioneer among pioneers, living through many changes of peoples and state governments to a good old age, almost patriarchal, and dying far from his boyhood home an octogenarian of the old school. Born in Kentucky in the year 1807, he left his native State and removed to Illinois when in his twentieth year. Of his life during these two decades we have been unable to learn anything—nothing of his parentage, of his early education or boyish life is known. The first we hear of him is that he is at Nauvoo long before the Mormons made the old river town of Commerce famous by its change of name and purpose in the transition to a seat of worship in

the new and strange Temple erected by Jo. Smith, the founder of the sect known as "Latter day Saints" or Mormons. There in the summer of 1830 his services were sought as a School Teacher by the colony on the other side of the great river headed by Dr. Isaac Galland, whose cabin on the "Half-Breed Tract" on the site where Nashville on the "Lower or Des Moines Rapids" of the Mississippi is now ensconced beneath the bluffs that overlook the river. He must have been a sprightly lad and educated beyond his fellows of that old village, else Dr. Galland, who was an educated gentleman in literature as well as his profession, would not have invited him to his home and given him in charge his son and daughters. That son, Capt. G. W. Galland, an attorney, is living at this date (May, 1889) near where once stood the log cabin which became the first School House in Iowa. But he was so young then that, while we knew him well and have often met him, he can give us no items of those pedagogic days. The same is true of Capt. Jas. W. Campbell, of Ft. Madison, who however recalls the young teacher and his "schooling" under his sway. He taught Iowa's First School, October-December, 1830, and read medicine with Dr. Galland, his patron, and later qualified himself for practice in the healing art. This he soon after changed for mercantile pursuits, and fifteen years later we met him at Burlington, in 1845, one year after the organization of the Grand Lodge of Iowa.

MASONIC HISTORY.

Des Moines Lodge at Burlington had been created by Letters of Dispensation bearing date November 21st, 1840, issued by Joseph Foster, Dep. G. M., chartered as No. 41 by the Grand Lodge of Missouri, under the Grand Mastership of Hon. Priestly H. McBride, who signed the charters of the "Four Old Lodges" of Iowa. Under the new Grand Lodge of Iowa, of January 8th, 1844, this old (the oldest) Lodge of Iowa became No. 1, and in it Berryman Jennings, now a man in the early prime of life, and of a long and useful career in

money and business, was initiated August 18th, 1845. Oliver Cock, first Grand Master, presiding *as* W. M., conferred the degrees. Both Grand Masters are deceased, and only Evan Evans, more than an octogenarian, of the members of that Lodge of 1840 survives *within* its fold. But Col. Wm. Thompson, of Bismarck, and the writer yet live to recall those earlier years. Hon. John G. Foote, who was W. M. the year Bro. Jennings was made a mason, yet holds membership in that old Lodge, as he does the esteem of his fellow citizens of the State. Bro. Jennings was *raised* November 8th, 1845, and is reported as Sen. Steward in the returns of January, 1846.

He dimitted, May 1st, 1847 and joined the Iowa Emigrant Train for Oregon, traveling the plains with Messrs. White and Carver, the founders of Burlington, (1833) over the route now followed by the Union Pacific and its Oregon extension through Idaho to the Oregon, now Columbia river. He had married, but when, where or whom, "deponent saith not," as he does not know; however, the wife had borne him a son who was orphaned by the death of the mother, who died on that journey, in what is now Idaho, and near Boise City. Arriving in Oregon, he located at Oregon City on the Willamette River, some twelve miles up from Portland, where with some intermission he lived and died. There he again married in 1851, Mrs. Pope, who with seven children survives him.

Prior to this event, however, upon the breaking out of the "gold fever" in California, Bro. Jennings sought that "Eldorado," as we find him, April 17th, 1850, Senior Deacon, then November, 1850, S. W., and W. M. in March, 1851, of New Jersey Lodge, U. D., and Jennings' Lodge, No. 4, named in its charter, located at Sacramento. Bro. Jennings represented his Lodge in the Convention of November, 1850, which organized the Grand Lodge of California. The returns of 1852 show that he had "dimitted," date not given.

The Grand Lodge of Oregon was constituted August 16th,

1851, and Bro. Jennings *presided* over the Convention though the records do not show that he was a *delegate* to it. He was elected first Grand Master and re-elected in 1852 and 1853, though this latter year he declined an installation and was succeeded in April.

Bro. John C. Ainsworth, with whom Bro. Jennings was long associated in business, and an Iowa Mason, having been Master of Eagle Lodge, No. 12, Keokuk, Iowa, was elected Grand Master, later M. W. Grand Master. The returns to the Grand Lodge of Oregon for June, 1852, show Bro. Jennings to have been a member of Multnomah Lodge, No. 1, at Oregon City and its first Master, in which he held membership, I believe, till his death which occurred December 22d, 1888.

Mr. Jennings had been exalted a R. A. M. in Iowa Chapter, No. 1, Burlington, October 12th, 1846. He was Knighted in Sacramento Encampment (Commandery) No. 2, California, May 25th, 1855.

During a long and eventful life, Bro. Jennings proved a devoted Mason, and whether as member or chief officer, exerted himself to promote the welfare of the Order and his brethren.

BUSINESS LIFE.

In Oregon he practiced medicine for a few years and then again engaged in business; this time he invested largely in navigation and built the first steamboat in Oregon, the Scott Whitcomb, which plied between Oregon City and Portland, its rival, and destined to dwarf the former and older town. The Captain proving incompetent, Colonel, for so is Bro. Jennings now "named in bond," summoned his old Iowa friend Capt. John C. Ainsworth, from California, (who had been Captain of a steamer in earlier years on the Upper Mississippi) to whom he gave the command. Later they built a new boat to navigate the Columbia and subsequently enter the ocean trade to San Francisco. This enterprise proved lucra-

tive, and Capt. Ainsworth is now a millionaire residing in Oakland, California, where at his hospitable home we met him in 1883. Bro. Jennings later became unfortunate in business and died poor.

He represented his County in the Legislature of Oregon and was appointed Register of the land office for the district of Oregon.

Among the pioneer citizens of the great Northwest on the Pacific Coast no name is more honored than that of Berryman Jennings, who was not only thoroughly devoted to the Institution which had honored him less than he had honored it, but in all the business relations of life as a citizen and public officer, he won the praise of his fellow men, which was manifested at death as through life.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

Bro. Jennings had been an invalid for some years. The Grand Lodge at each Annual Communication visited him in body and by committee, and at one of those early interviews presented him with a fine gold headed cane to support his declining footsteps and also voted him relief to ward off the sorrows of old age.

A Past Grand Master conducted the Masonic services, and Dr. Geo. H. Atkinson the devotional services of the church in which Bro. Jennings had long been a member. The pallbearers were the most honored citizens of that great commercial capital on the western coast, and now the remains of our early friend repose in the Masonic Cemetery near Riverview, overlooking the river on whose banks he had so long dwelled and whose waters he had opened to the commerce of the world.

HIS CHARACTER.

Here, in that which makes the man, we will let those who knew him best bear testimony.

In all his acts he was purely unselfish, and had more regard for the welfare of his fellow-man and the prosperity of the

community in general than to acquire personal wealth or attain personal honors. His family relations were most happy and a large offspring of sons and daughters with his aged widow testify in their acts and letters the love they bore him.

The pioneers of that distant region bear witness that his home was known far and near for the dispensation of a most generous hospitality when in health and blessed with the means of extending courtesies to all. No enterprise having in view the public good that did not command his respect and receive his aid, and thousands to-day enjoy the fruits of his labors for the common welfare of the people. "*He never betrayed a trust nor proved false to a promise or friend.*" We italicise these words and invite the careful attention to the sentiment of those, and there are many in these latter days, upon whom the vows of the institution set so lightly as to "jeopardize," says our Grand Master, "the future welfare of our beloved institution."

He lived an honest man, and "loved honesty in man" in matters of mind as well as money, and was ever ready to aid by his counsel and in money all who needed his aid while his means lasted.

And at the ripe old age of 81 years and 6 months he departed in peace, closing a long career as husband, father and friend. In going he has left behind that greatest of precious jewels, an honored and honest name—no greater inheritance could his family, fellow-citizens and the Masons of Oregon and Iowa have inherited from Berryman Jennings.

No history of Iowa or Oregon would be complete which omitted to make "honorable mention" of the life and services of this Pioneer of two States. His identification with the early educational history of Iowa, even before her territorial days, gives him a prominence as the *first* "School Teacher of Iowa," procured by no one of his many successors in later years.

The portrait heading this article presents him as he looked

when near four score years of age, and when the labors and cares of a long and laborious life sat heavily upon him.

He passed from earth in peace with all the world, December 22d, 1888, and with the words of the Poet spoken of another we close this tribute to the memory of a friend of the long ago.

"Sweet is the thought of him, though he is gone,
Rays from the sepulchre, why should we mourn?
Gentle the words he said brightening the path we tread,
Blest is the hallowed dead, why should we mourn?"

T. S. PARVIN.

HENRY DODGE.¹

II.

IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR, 1832.²



HE Black Hawk War was the immediate occasion of the opening of Iowa to civilization in 1833. Had Black Hawk been content to have staid in peace upon his lands west of the Mississippi, he would not have been disturbed there, at least for a number of years; probably not during his life-time. It was his invasion of Illinois that cost him Iowa, as often in grasping another's men lose their own. That war also hastened the settlement of Northern Illinois, which it was intended to prevent, and also the settlement of what is now Southern Wisconsin, as it led immediately to treaties with the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies, under which those tribes agreed to leave the lands they had

¹ The portrait of H. Dodge in THE RECORD for Oct. 1889, is from a painting by George Catlin, 1834, photographed by Monfort & Hill, Burlington.

² Of the many accounts of the Black Hawk war, the most clear and reliable are by John A. Wakefield and Albert Sidney Johnston. The copy of the History of the Black Hawk War by Wakefield in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin was presented by the author to James G. Edwards, the founder of the Burlington *Hawk-Eye*. Chapter III of the Life of General Johnston contains valuable portions of the journals he kept at this time.

long possessed lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi river. The fact that some of those Indians had sympathized with Black Hawk, and had fought under him, intensified the demand that those tribes should be removed. It is thus a historic fact that the founding of the states of Wisconsin and Iowa, and of the city of Chicago, would have been delayed an uncertain number of years, but for the Black Hawk war.

Conspicuous among those who were most efficient in securing these results was Henry Dodge. He was entitled to the honor assigned him in his life time, as a "captain of aggressive civilization." It is the object of this paper to give a narrative of his part in that war.

In April, 1832, information reached the mines that Black Hawk had crossed the Mississippi into the State of Illinois, in violation of stipulations made with him by Gen. Gaines on the 30th of June, 1831, and that he was upon the war path. There were fears and rumors that the Winnebagoes of Rock River and the Pottawattamies of the country about the head waters of Illinois River and about Chicago, would join him. Henry Dodge at once called the miners together at Mineral Point. They deemed it prudent to send a messenger to Rock River, for the purpose of ascertaining the situation, and to learn the strength and purposes of Black Hawk. Daniel Morgan Parkinson, who came to the mines in 1827, and was one of the first settlers at Mineral Point, was chosen for the service. He took dispatches from Henry Dodge to Henry Gratiot, the U. S. sub-Indian Agent for the Winnebagoes, and to John Dixon, who was a friend of the Sacs and Foxes, at Dixon's Ferry. On this errand Mr. Parkinson learned that Black Hawk came to the Prophet's village on the 28th of April with his warriors in battle array, and marched to Mr. Gratiot's lodge, where the neutral flag was flying, and took it down and hoisted the British colors, and treated Mr. Gratiot as a prisoner, until he was ransomed by his clerk, George Cabbage,¹ or Black Hawk was propitiated, with ten plugs of

¹ George Cabbage taught school at Dubuque in the winter of 1833-4; was

tobacco; and that in reply to a "talk" sent by Gen. Atkinson, advising the hostile chiefs, to recross the Mississippi, to settle down in peace, and plant their corn, and warning them if they refused that his troops would sweep over them like fire over the prairies, Black Hawk sent word that their hearts were bad, that they would not return, that Gen. Atkinson would find the grass green and not easily burnt, and that they would fight, if he sent his warriors among them. Black Hawk's force was estimated at about five hundred, subsequently increased by Winnebago and other Indians to about eight hundred warriors.

Meanwhile, Gen. Atkinson, on the 25th of April, had directed Colonel Dodge, as commanding the militia of Iowa County, Michigan Territory, to raise as many mounted men as could be obtained in that County. The first company was mustered into service on the 2d day of May, William Schuyler Hamilton, Captain, who had been with Henry Dodge in the Winnebago disturbance of 1827. While other companies were being organized, the following letter was sent to the Governor of Illinois, who was then at Dixon's Ferry with a thousand volunteers from that State:

MINERAL POINT, May 8, 1832.

His Excellency John Reynolds:

DEAR SIR.—The exposed situation of the settlements of the mining district to the attack of the Indian enemy makes it a matter of deep and vital interest to us that we should be apprised of the movements of the mounted men under your Excellency's immediate command. Black Hawk and his band, it is stated by the last advices we have had on this subject, was to locate himself about twenty miles above Dixon's Ferry, on Rock river. Should the mounted men under your command make an attack on that party, we would be in great danger here; for should you defeat Black Hawk, the retreat would be on our settlements. There are now collected within twenty miles above our settlements about two hundred Winnebagoes, and should the Sauks be forced into the Winnebago country, many of the wavering of that nation would unite with the

door-keeper at the first session of the First Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Ter., at Belmont, and Adjutant General of the Ter.; one of the Commissioners "for laying off the towns of Fort Madison, Burlington, Bellevue, Dubuque, etc.," under acts of Congress, July 2d, 1836, March 3d, 1837; and an early settler in Jackson County, Iowa.

hostile Sauks. I have no doubt it is part of the policy of this banditti to unite themselves as well with the Pottawattamies as Winnebagoes. It is absolutely important to the safety of this country that the people here should be apprised of the intended movements of your army. Could you detach a part of your command across the Rock river, you would afford our settlements immediate protection, and we would promptly unite with you, with such a mounted force as we could bring into the field. Judge Gentry, Colonel Moore and James P. Cox, Esq., will wait on your Excellency and receive your orders.

I am, sir, with respect and esteem, your obedient servant. H. DODGE,
Commanding Michigan Militia.

The Illinois troops were not in a situation to act upon the suggestion of Col. Dodge. They were soon demoralized by Stillman's defeat, May 14th, upon which Governor Reynolds the same night made a call for two thousand men, and sent an express to inform Col. Dodge of the disaster, and of the imminent danger to which the mining settlements were exposed. Meanwhile, Col. Dodge had gone himself on a scouting expedition, with a party of twenty-seven men, including his sons, Henry L., and Augustus C., to learn the movements of the enemy, and had approached near to the scene of the disaster, of which he was apprised the day following. Hastening back to the mining settlements, he hurried forward the organization of mounted companies, and the erection of stockade forts for home protection against skulking bands of savages. Eight additional companies were mustered into service before the 20th day of May. Many of the volunteers furnished their own horses. In other cases the horses were purchased or impressed. The people of nearly all the settlements, in the language of the time, "forted." Fort Union, at his home, was Col. Dodge's headquarters. His wife, when advised to repair to Galena for safety, refused, saying, "My husband and sons are between me and the Indians; I am safe so long as they live." No Spartan mother displayed greater courage. She could read her Bible and say her prayers and lie down and sleep until morning, though her youthful daughters could sleep, only to dream of Indians, and of their mother being scalped and murdered by the savages. Speaking from his own recollections fifty-one years afterwards, A. C. Dodge

said: "Fathers were frequently called to defend their own thresholds, and mothers and sisters moulded bullets, and carried water, filling barrels in order to have a supply during the anticipated siege. My mother and sisters have done both. The cows were milked, and God was worshiped under the surveillance of armed men!"¹ Fort Defiance was at the farm of D. M. Parkinson, five miles southeast of Mineral Point; Fort Hamilton, at Hamilton's Lead Diggings, now Wiota; Mound Fort, at the Blue Mounds.

To keep the neighboring Winnebagoes from joining Black Hawk was a matter of first concern. For this purpose Col. Dodge and his familiar and trusted friend, Henry Gratiot, the sub-agent of the Winnebagoes, with fifty mounted volunteers from Iowa County, commanded by Captains James H. Gentry and John H. Rountree, proceeded to one of their principal villages, near the headquarters of the Four Lakes, seven miles northwest of the present capital of Wisconsin, and held a Talk with them on the 25th of May. Col. Dodge said:

My Friends.—Mr. Gratiot, your father, and myself have met to have a talk with you.

Having identified us both as your friends in making a sale of your country to the United States,² you will not suspect us for deceiving you.

The Sacs have shed the blood of our people. The Winnebago Prophet and, as we are told, one hundred of your people have united with Black Hawk and his party. Our people are anxious to know in what relation you stand to us, whether as friends or enemies.

Your residence being near our settlements, it is necessary and proper that we should explicitly understand from you the chiefs and warriors whether or not you intend to aid, harbor or conceal the Sacs in your country. To do so will be considered as a declaration of war on your part.

Your great American Father is the friend of the Red Skins. He wishes to make you happy. Your chiefs who have visited Washington know him well. He is mild in peace, but terrible in war. He will ask of no people what is not right, and he will submit to nothing wrong. His power is great; he commands all the warriors of the American people. If you strike us you strike him; and to make war on us, you will have your country taken from you, your annuity

1 Semi-Centennial of Iowa, p. 72.

2 H. Dodge and H. Gratiot were present at the treaty, Aug. 1, 1829, by which the Winnebago Nation agreed to relinquish the mining country lying between the Rock and Wisconsin rivers to the U. S.

money will be forfeited, and the lives of your people must be lost. We speak the words of the truth. We hope they will sink deep in your hearts.

The Sacs have killed eleven of our people, and wounded three. Our people have killed eleven of the Sacs; it was but a small detachment of our army engaged with the Sacs; when the main body of our army appeared, the Sacs ran. The Sacs have given you bad counsel. They tell you lies, and no truth. Stop your ears to their words. They know death and destruction follows them. They want you to unite with them, wishing to place you in the same situation with themselves.

We have told you the consequences of uniting with our enemies. We hope, however, the bright chain of friendship will still continue, that we may travel the same road in friendship under a clear sky. We have always been your friends. We have said you would be honest and true to your treaties. Do not let your actions deceive us. So long as you are true and faithful, we will extend the hand of friendship to you and your children; if unfaithful, you must expect to share the fate of the Sacs.

The Winnebago chiefs gave assurances of friendship and fidelity, and promised to remain at peace. Col. Dodge returned to his headquarters. A few days afterward, May 30th, learning by an express from Gen. Atkinson that Rachel and Sylvia Hall had been carried into captivity from near Ottawa, Illinois, on the 21st of May, when their parents were scalped, he took prompt measures to procure their release. A band of Winnebagoes under White Crow were stimulated by the offer of two thousand dollars made by Gen. Atkinson, to go after them. They found them in a Sac camp, and obtained their release, and brought them to the Fort at Blue Mound on the 3d of June. The same day, half-an-hour after their arrival, Col. Dodge, who had been warned of an apprehended Indian attack, came upon the ground with a mounted force. He gave White Crow and his band warm greetings, and procured for them a large beef steer, of which they made a feast. He prepared comfortable quarters for them at night in miners' cabins, and congratulated himself upon the good disposition they seemed to manifest, while not free from suspicion of their duplicity. In the course of the night he was awakened by J. P. Bion Gratiot, brother of Henry Gratiot, who rushed into his cabin, and bade him rouse up and prepare for action. He said that the Indians had left the quarters given them, had

gone into the brush, that White Crow was stirring them up to hostility, speaking in insulting terms of Col. Dodge as "no great shakes of a fighter," saying that Black Hawk would make mince meat of him, as he had of Major Stillman, that the whites could not fight, that they were a soft-shelled breed, that they would not stand before the yell of the Red man, but would run upon the approach of danger, and stick their heads in the brush like turkeys or quails, that when the spear was applied to them they would squawk like ducks; and he imitated in Indian style the spearing and scalping at Stillman's defeat, and said that all the whites who marched against the Indians would be served the same way. White Crow told Gratiot that he was friendly to him, and advised him to quit Col. Dodge, and go home, and stay there. Furthermore, said Gratiot, the Indians have been grinding their knives, tomahawks and spears.

Col. Dodge heard these reports without saying a word; but no one, says an eye-witness,¹ could mistake the raging storm within his breast. He jumped to his feet, as his informant ended, and, although ordinarily cool and collected, he indulged upon the occasion in some severity and invective. "Do not be alarmed," he said; "I will see that no harm befalls you; in case of an attack, I will stand by you until the last drop of blood is spilt. I will show the White Crow that we are not of the soft-shelled breed, that we can stand the spear without squawking, that we will not run and stick our heads in the bush." He then called the officer of the guard and his interpreter, and, taking with them six of the guard, went to where the Indians were, and took White Crow and five others of his band into custody, marched them to a cabin, and ordered them to lie down and remain there until morning; he himself laid down by them, having first placed a strong guard around the cabin, and a double guard around the whole encampment. The next day the whole band, despite the complaint that their feet were sore from their long travel in bring-

1 Peter Parkinson, Jr., son of D. M. Parkinson. Wis. His. Coll. X. 184-212.

ing in the Hall girls, were marched to Morrison's Grove, fifteen miles west of the Blue Mounds, where Col. Dodge held a "Talk" with them in the presence of the agent, June 5th, and told them of his apprehensions that they were in sympathy with Black Hawk, as many of their young men were in his ranks, and that he must hold them as enemies, unless they gave positive assurance that they would remain neutral. White Crow answered that, although a few of their young men whose warlike temper could not be controlled were with Black Hawk, the Winnebagoes generally were friendly to the whites. Col. Dodge determined to be on the safe side, and stipulated to hold three of the Winnebagoes, Whirling Thunder, Spotted Arm, and Little Priest, as hostages for the good faith of the nation, and they were retained in the fort at Gratiot's Grove until the end of the month. It is the testimony of those who were upon the ground that this action averted an attack of the whole force of Winnebagoes who were waiting near the Four Lakes, if a favorable opportunity offered, to make a strike for Black Hawk; "but the timely movement of Col. Dodge foiled them." The Hall sisters were sent by way of Galena and St. Louis to their friends.

On the 6th of June a mounted company from Galena, commanded by Capt. J. W. Stephenson, joined Col. Dodge's forces at Gratiot's Grove. The isolation of the mining district from the rest of the country threw the people of that district upon themselves for protection, and made concerted action on the part of those in the State of Illinois and of those in Michigan Territory a necessity. There were some differences as to proper means for defence, and some jealousies arose, but a feeling of confidence in the leadership of Col. Dodge obtained throughout the region. While at Gratiot's Grove, he prepared the following address to the Volunteers now numbering about 200 mounted men, which he delivered to them the next day, upon the march to Rock River, at Kirker's Place, where they camped, on the old "Sucker trail," that ran along a branch of Apple River, in what is now Rush Township, Jo Davies County, Illinois:

VOLUNTEERS:—We have met to take the field. The tomahawk and scalping knife are drawn over the heads of the weak and defenceless inhabitants of our country. Although the most exposed people in the United States and Territories, living as we do, surrounded by savages, not a drop of the blood of the people of this part of the Territory of Michigan has been shed.¹ Let us unite, my brethren in arms. Let harmony, union, and concert exist; be vigilant, silent and cool. Discipline and obedience to orders will make small bodies of men formidable and invincible; without order and subordination, the largest bodies of armed men are no better than armed mobs. We have everything dear to freemen at stake, the protection of our frontiers, and the lives of our people. Although we have entire confidence in the Government of our choice, knowing that ours is a Government of the people, where the equal rights of all are protected, and that the power of our countrymen can crush this savage foe, yet it will take time for the Government to direct a force sufficient to give security and peace to the frontier people.

I have, Gentlemen, as well as yourselves, entire confidence both in the President of the United States and the present distinguished individual² at the head of the War Department; our Indian relations are better understood by them than by any two citizens who could be selected to fill their stations. They have often met our savage enemies on the field of battle where they have conquered them, as well as in council. They understand the artifice, cunning and stratagem for which our enemies are distinguished. They know our wants, and will apply the remedy. In General Atkinson, in whose protection this frontier is placed, I have entire confidence. You will recollect the responsibility he assumed for the people of this country in 1827, by ascending the Wisconsin with six hundred infantry and one hundred and fifty mounted men, to demand the murderers of our people. Many of us had the honor of serving under him on that occasion. He has my entire confidence both as a man of talents in his profession, a soldier and a gentleman. If our Government will let him retain the command, he will give us a lasting peace that will insure us tranquillity for years. He knows the resources as well as the character of the Indians we have to contend with; let the Government furnish him the means, and our troubles will be of short duration.

What, my fellow soldiers, is the character of the foe we have to contend with? They are a faithless banditti of savages who have violated all treaties. They have left the country and the nation of which they form a part. The policy of these mauraders and robbers of our people appears to be, to enlist the disaffected and restless of other nations, which will give them strength and resources to murder our people and burn their property. They are the enemies of all people, both the whites and Indians. Their thirst of blood is not to be satisfied. They are willing to bring ruin and destruction on other Indians, in order to glut their vengeance on us. The humane policy of

1 The same day Col. Dodge was preparing this address, James Aubrey was killed by a skulking band of Indians, at the Blue Mounds, June 6th. Smith's *His. of Wis.*, III. 209.

2 Lewis Cass.

the Government will not apply to these deluded people. Like the pirates of the sea, their hand is against every man; and the hand of every man should be against them. The future growth and prosperity of our country is to be decided for years by the policy that is now to be pursued by the Government in relation to the Indians.

Our existence as a people is at stake; and gentlemen, great as the resources of our Government are, the security of the lives of our people depends upon our vigilance, caution and bravery. The assistance of our Government may be too late for us. Let us not await the arrival of our enemies at our doors, but advance upon them, fight them, watch them, and hold them in check. Let us avoid surprise and ambuscades. Let every volunteer lie with his arms in his hands, ready for action, so that when each arises to his feet the line of battle will be formed. If attacked in the night, we will charge the enemy at a quick pace and even front. The eyes of the people are upon us: let us endeavor by our actions to retain the confidence and support of our countrymen.

Col. Dodge with his command proceeded on his march, passing over the ground of several recent Indian murders, near the present town of Polo, Illinois. They buried the dead, so far as their remains could be found; among others, those of Felix St. Vrain.¹ At this point Capt. Stephenson with his men returned to Galena. The next evening they encamped at Hickory Point, where five of their horses were stolen that night by the Indians. After reaching the camp of the U. S. regular troops at Dixon's Ferry, where Gen. Hugh Brady, who had just come from Detroit, was in command, Col. Dodge with twenty-five men escorted Gen. Brady to the rapids of the Illinois River (now Ottawa), where Gen. Atkinson was receiving new levies of Illinois volunteers. Here plans of the

1 Mr. St. Vrain was the trustworthy and meritorious U. S. Agent for the confederate tribe of Sacs and Foxes, including Black Hawk's band. He was distinguished for intelligence, integrity, and for the deep interest he had manifested in the welfare of all the Indians confided to his charge. He spoke their language, and they, according to their custom, had formally adopted him not only as a friend, but a brother. Notwithstanding all this, when the parties confronted each other on the 22d of May, St. Vrain, in the act of extending the hand of friendship, and addressing words of imploration to the Chief "Little Bear," not to spare his life, but to desist from war against the whites, was shot down with his associates by those whom he had fed and sheltered, and with whom he was as intimate as a brother. The bodies of himself and companions were mangled in the most shocking manner. Mr. St. Vrain was a brother-in-law of ex-Senator George W. Jones, of this State. *A. C. Dodge. Semi-Centennial of Iowa*, p. 73.

campaign were considered. It being impossible for the U. S. Commissary to supply Col. Dodge's command with subsistence and forage, Gen. Atkinson directed Col. Dodge, by letter of June 11th, 1832, to procure them. Having received his orders, Col. Dodge returned to Dixon's Ferry, reaching there about midnight, and early the following morning, June 13th, put his command in motion for Gratiot's Grove, where, after two days march they arrived worn and fatigued. For eight days they had been constantly on the march; the horses with no subsistence but grass. The men were remanded to their respective forts for a few days, to recruit their horses. Col. Dodge delivered a "Talk" from Gen. Atkinson to the Winnebago hostages, and sent them with a confidential man, Emile,¹ a French trader, on an expedition to ascertain, if possible, where the Sacs were encamped. He addressed the following letter to a merchant at Galena with reference to supplies for his troops, and for families in the mining district who had been driven from their homes, and who were now destitute and unable to provide for themselves in the suspension of all labor and business:

GRATIOT'S GROVE, June 14th, 1832.

DEAR SIR:—I was at the headquarters of Gen. Atkinson, at the mouth of the Fox River of the Illinois, on the 11th inst. He is actively engaged in making preparations to march against the hostile Indians. He will bring into the field about 3,000 men. I will copy for your information that part of my order as respects the supplies of provisions for the use of the troops under my command: "Your detached situation renders it impossible for me to furnish subsistence for your troops; you will therefore procure supplies upon the best terms practicable, and in the issue not exceed the U. S. allowance, and at the same time be careful to have the accounts kept accurately."

I have copied that part of Gen. Atkinson's order in which you are interested.

Although it would seem from his order that the rations furnished those not under arms would not be paid for, the Government of the United States will certainly pay for rations furnished the inhabitants, the protection of whose

¹ Mentioned in the Treaty with the Winnebagoes, at Prairie du Chien, August 1st, 1829, as "Oliver Amelle;" U. S. Statutes at Large, VII, 324; written "Emmell," by Col. Dodge in his letter of July 14th, 1833, to Gen. Atkinson; he built the first house, a trading house, where is now the Capital of Wisconsin. Wis. His. Coll., X. 69.

lives makes it necessary for them to *fort* themselves, to avoid the tomahawk and scalping knife. The people of the country have been invited here by the agents of the Government to settle in this country, to work the lead mines. They are neither intruders nor squatters on the public lands. The Government has by the industry and enterprise of the people of the mining country derived all the advantages which they could have anticipated in the working and exploration of their mines. The Government has no regular troops here to afford protection to our exposed settlements, and I have no hesitation in saying that the rations furnished women and children will be paid for by a special appropriation to be made by Congress.

The only difference with you, as I confidently believe, will be that the amount due you for furnishing the troops under my immediate command will be paid for promptly by the War Department, and for the residue a special law will have to be passed.

This is a subject of great importance to the inhabitants who have been driven from their homes by the savages. Unless they can be furnished on the credit of the Government, starvation must ensue, as many of them are unable to leave this country, and they are also unable to furnish themselves. I will thank you to write me on this subject as early as possible.

I am, with much respect, your obedient servant,

H. DODGE,

Col. Commanding the Militia of Iowa County, M. T.

MR. JOHN ATCHISON, Galena.

The same day he proceeded to his home at Fort Union. Murderous bands were infesting the country. Ere he entered his house he was informed of the killing of Aubrey at the Blue Mounds. Fear and terror prevailed. At midnight word came that seven men had been surprised that day six miles southeast of Ft. Hamilton, on the Pecatonica, while at work in a corn-field, of whom five were killed, and two had escaped. He despatched an express to Capt. Gentry at the Platte Mounds, to march to the place and bury the dead, and find out the number and movements of the enemy. The news reached Ft. Defiance earlier, and Lt. Bracken with ten men marched from that post the same night to Ft. Hamilton, and the next day collected the remains of the dead, and buried them. At a council that evening, Capt. Gentry and his men having arrived, it was agreed that if Col. Dodge did not arrive by 8 o'clock next morning, those present would take the trail, and pursue the Indians. Meanwhile, Col. Dodge had first gone to the Blue Mounds to leave orders and see the situ-

ation there, and had then scoured the country to within ten miles of Ft. Hamilton, where he camped for the night at Fretwell's Diggings.

The next morning, June 16th, about a mile from the Fort, Col. Dodge left the main road, which passed round a field, and took a by-path, to shorten the distance. Coming into the main road again he met a German (Henry Apple) on a good horse, which Capt. Gentry had wanted to impress into the service; but Apple said that if he might go to his cabin for his blankets he would join the expedition. After a few inquiries Col. Dodge passed on, and Apple went along upon the main road. At the time eleven Indians were lying on that road in ambush, within 150 yards. Before reaching the Fort, Col. Dodge heard three guns fired, and at first supposed it was Capt. Gentry's men shooting at a target. In an instant Apple's horse came galloping back, without rider, the saddle bloody, a bullet-hole through the top of his neck and ear.

It afterward appeared that the Indians had first waylaid the by-path, but at this time had moved over to the main road. Had Col. Dodge kept that road, or had he arrived half an hour earlier upon the by-path, he would have fallen into the ambushade, instead of Apple.

At the Fort all was wild excitement. Many were for rushing pell-mell after the Indians. Instantly Col. Dodge with stentorian voice ordered the men to "saddle up." He said: "Fellow-soldiers—We shall immediately follow the Indians, and overtake them if possible. We know not their number. If any of you cannot charge them sword in hand, fall back now, as I want none with me but those on whom I can rely in any emergency." None fell back. Twenty-nine mounted men joined Col. Dodge in the pursuit. They passed the scalped and mangled body of Apple, butchered in a shocking manner. Says Col. Dodge in his report to Gen. Atkinson, written two days afterward from Ft. Union:

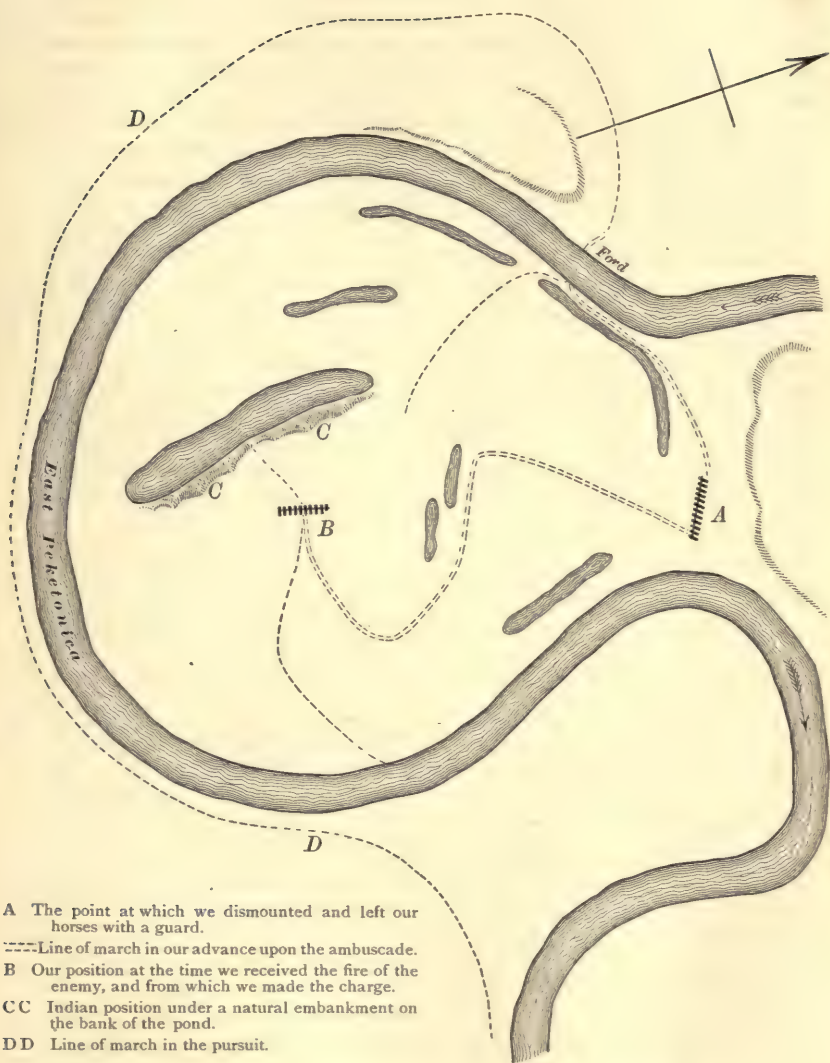
The Indians had not more than thirty minutes start. They retreated through a thicket of undergrowth, almost impassable for horsemen; they scattered to

prevent our trailing them. Finding we had open prairie around the thicket, I despatched part of my men to look for the trail of the Indians in the open ground. In running our horses about two miles, we saw them about half a mile ahead, trotting along at their ease; they were making for the low ground, where it would be difficult for us to pursue them on horseback. Two of the small streams had such steep banks as to oblige us to dismount, and jump our horses down the banks, and force our way over the best way we could. This delay again gave the Indians the start, but my horses being good, and men eager in the pursuit, I gained on them rapidly. They were directing their course to a bend of the Pecatonica, covered with a deep swamp, which they reached before I could cross that stream, owing to the steepness of the banks, and the depth of the water. After crossing the Pecatonica, in the open ground I dismounted my command, linked my horses, left four men in charge of them, and sent four men in different directions to watch the movements of the Indians, if they should attempt to swim the Pecatonica; the men were placed on high points that would give a view of the enemy, should they attempt to retreat. I formed my men on foot at open order, and at trailed arms, and we proceeded through the swamps to some timber and undergrowth, where I expected to find the enemy. When I found their trail, I knew they were close at hand; they had got close to the edge of the lake, where the bank was about six feet high, which was a complete breastwork for them. They commenced the fire, when three of my men fell, two dangerously wounded, one severely but not dangerously. I instantly ordered a charge on them made by eighteen men, which was promptly obeyed. The Indians being under the bank, our guns were brought within ten or fifteen feet of them before we could fire on them. Their party consisted of thirteen men. Eleven were killed on the spot, and the remaining two were killed in crossing the lake, so that they were left without one to carry the news to their friends.

The volunteers under my command behaved with great gallantry. It would be impossible for me to discriminate among them; at the word "charge," the men rushed forward, and literally shot the Indians to pieces. We were, Indians and whites, on a piece of ground not to exceed sixty feet square.

A part of the scalps were given to the Sioux and Menomonies as well as the Winnebagoes. Col. Hamilton had arrived with these Indians about one hour after our defeating the hostile Sacs. The friendly Indians appeared delighted with the scalps. They went to the ground where the Indians were killed, and cut them literally to pieces.

The Indian commander was a big, burly brave, often running back during the charge to encourage his men, and haranguing them in battle. In the thick of the fight he came toward Col. Dodge with his gun on his shoulder, halted at a few paces, drew the trigger, and was disappointed in his gun not going off. The same instant Col. Dodge brought his rifle in position, pulled the trigger, but from dampness of the pow-



- A The point at which we dismounted and left our horses with a guard.
- Line of march in our advance upon the ambush.
- B Our position at the time we received the fire of the enemy, and from which we made the charge.
- CC Indian position under a natural embankment on the bank of the pond.
- DD Line of march in the pursuit.

BATTLE OF HORSE SHOE BEND, JUNE 16, 1832.

der it did not go off. Meantime the brave approached, knife in hand; when only a few feet away, Col. Dodge shot him down with his pistol.

The scene of the battle, Horse Shoe Bend, was about two miles and a half from Fort Hamilton, on section eleven in what is now Wiota township. After various discomfitures on the part of different bodies of troops that had taken the field, this was the first victory over the hostile Sacs. "It was considered the most brilliant affair of the war, and was entirely in keeping with the General's former character," says an officer of the regular army,¹ who received the details of the affair from an eye-witness a few days subsequently. "This little action," said Governor Ford,"² will equal any for courage, brilliancy and success in the whole history of Indian wars." It brought a sense of relief to the mining settlements, and revived confidence along the frontier. The troops returned to Fort Hamilton, conveying the wounded partly by litter, partly by wagon.

The next morning a "talk" was had with the friendly Indians. The following extracts from MS. letters, preserved in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, explain the appearance of these Indians upon the scene:

J. M. STREET TO T. P. BURNETT.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Feb. 1, 1832.

The Menomonees and Sioux are preparing for a retaliatory war this spring.³ The Sacs and Foxes, I learn, expect retaliation, and will be in preparation to meet them. Therefore a bloody contest may be expected.

GEN. ATKINSON TO J. M. STREET.

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT WING WESTERN DEPARTMENT, }
DIXON'S FERRY, ROCK RIVER, May 26, 1832. }

I have to request that you will send to me at this place with as little delay

1 E. Buckner, in *Michigan Pioneer Coll.*, xii, 424-436.

2 *His. of Illinois*, p. 128.

3 A party of twenty-eight Menomonees had been stolen upon and murdered by a band of Sacs and Foxes near Prairie du Chien a few months before. It was for the purpose of demanding the surrender of the murderers, and in the interest of peace between those tribes, that Gen. Atkinson was on his way up the Mississippi from Jefferson Barracks at the very time Black Hawk crossed over into Illinois.

as possible as many Menomonee and Sioux Indians as can be collected within a striking distance of Prairie du Chien. I want to employ them in conjunction with the troops against the Sac and Fox Indians, who are now some 40 or 50 miles above us in a state of war against the whites. I understand the Menomonees to the number of 300 warriors, who were a few days ago with you, are anxious to take part with us. Do encourage them to do so, and promise them rations, blankets, pay, etc. I have written Capt. Loomis to furnish them some arms, if they can be spared, and ammunition.

Col. Hamilton, who has volunteered his services to lead the Indians to this place, will hand you this letter, and, if the Menomonees and Sioux can be prevailed upon to come, will perform the duty. I have to desire that Mr. Marsh may be sent with Col. H. and the Indians, and an interpreter of the Menomonee language.

J. M. STREET TO T. P. BURNETT.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, May 30, 1832.

You will proceed with John Marsh to the nearest Sioux villages, and render him such aid as may be necessary in obtaining as many of the Indians as you may be enabled, to come down with you, and proceed under the command of Mr. Marsh to join Gen. Atkinson. Use every means of persuasion to expedite the object, and hasten your return, as much depends on expedition.

T. P. BURNETT TO J. M. STREET.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, June 5, 1832.

In obedience to your order I set out immediately from this place in company with Mr. Marsh in a canoe, and eight hands, to visit the nearest village of the Sioux Indians.

From recent indications among the Winnebagoes of the Upper Mississippi of a disposition to engage in hostilities against the Sacs and Foxes, Mr. Marsh and myself concluded to call at their village upon the river of Prairie la Crosse, and invite as many of them as should choose to do so, to join us upon our return. We arrived at the Winnebago village on the evening of the next day after our departure, and on that night had a talk with the chiefs and braves upon the subject. Winoashikan was opposed to the measure, and did not want to have anything to do with the business. He said that the Sacs had this season twice presented the red wampum to the Winnebagoes at the Portage, and that they as often washed it white, and handed it back to them, that he did not like that red thing, he was afraid of it. Wandykhatakan took up the wampum, and said that he with all the young men of the village would go, that they were anxious to engage in the expedition, and would be ready to accompany us upon our return.

The next day we arrived at Prairie aux Ailes, and found the Sioux extremely anxious to go against the Sacs and Foxes. They were intending to make a descent against them in a few days, if they had not been sent for. Although they engaged in their preparations with great alacrity, we found it necessary to wait until Monday morning to give them time to have everything ready for the expedition.

We set out on our return at 9 A. M., accompanied by the whole effective force of the band, and at Prairie a la Crosse were joined by about twenty warriors of the Winnebagoes, who told us that the remainder of their village would follow the next day. We reached this place to-day with about 100 warriors. I think from the disposition manifested by the Winnebagoes their number will be augmented to fifty or sixty, before the expedition leaves Prairie du Chien, making a force of Sioux and Winnebagoes of 130 or 140 warriors. The Indians appear well affected toward the whites, are in high spirits and seem anxious for an opportunity to engage the Sacs and Foxes.

I made the Indians the promises authorized by Gen. Atkinson's letter for subsistence, pay, etc., and told them that their families would be supplied with provisions during their absence from home. The most of the families of the warriors have accompanied them thus far, to take a supply of provisions home with them, when the expedition shall have left this place. Mr. Marsh has displayed great zeal and energy in effecting the object of our visit, and his exertions had a happy effect in bringing out the greatest possible force from the Bands called upon.

The Indian allies, however, proved to be of no service, but betrayed a cowardly spirit. Some of them said that they were willing to fight the Sacs, but they wanted to return first, and make better preparation. They consumed an enormous quantity of beef, and there was a scarcity of subsistence. It was deemed best on the whole to send them back up the Mississippi. In his report to Gen. Atkinson, quoted above, Col. Dodge added:

I was extremely anxious to retain them. They would have acted as spies, and would have kept the enemy in a state of check, while we were recruiting our horses for the expedition. Whether the Indians will return or not, I am at a loss to say. The Winnebagoes make solemn promises; I hope they will not deceive us. We are doing everything in our power to conciliate them. Decorra says that the whole of the Rock River Indians (Winnebagoes) are over the Wisconsin; that they have left the Sacs entire possession of the country; that they (the Sacs) are now high up the Rock river, where there is but little for them to live on, and they must perish for want. This I can not believe. I have been told there is fish in great abundance, upon which alone they can no doubt subsist.

From his home at Ft. Union he was called to Galena, to look after the supplies for destitute families, for which he had to make himself personally responsible. At Galena he was honored with the presentation of a flag from the ladies, with the sentiment, "The Daughters of the Lead-Mines to our Father War-Chief." Soon afterwards, a double-barrelled

gun was forwarded to him by citizens of Prairie du Chien, in testimony of their respect for his valor, with the following letter:

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, 2d July, 1832.

Dear General:—I had hoped upon my return from Kentucky and the East to have had the pleasure of seeing you before this time, but, as that has been denied me, I have been much gratified to hear of the patriotic efforts which you have been making for the defence of our common country. Your sacrifices, zeal, energy, and success in defending our exposed frontier, almost without means, will not be forgotten by the Government, and will live in the grateful recollections of your fellow-citizens.

The people of this place have not viewed without deep interest the scene. Although they have not done much to aid in the defence of their more exposed countrymen, they have looked with intense anxiety to the result of every movement, and numbers would have left their homes, had it been thought consistent with the safety of this place, and attached themselves to your standard. But you know the character of the mass of our population, and the little that is to be expected from them in offensive operations. And even in defence, they are not likely to act efficiently or in concert until a few shall be killed by the enemy. Besides, they have been in a state of almost constant alarm since my return, for fear of an attack upon this place, which has forbidden all idea of volunteering for the defence of any other part of the country.

I had it in contemplation, although crippled in one of my thighs, and not having perfect health for eight months, to return with Capt. Estes, and offer my feeble aid in effecting the punishment which those ruthless savages deserve. But I was informed two days since, that the first mail from below would most likely bring me an order for my removal to St. Peters. The agent has left that place on furlough, and the sub-agent has resigned, leaving no one to manage the business of the Department. I am therefore holding myself in readiness for a change of location. I am not vain enough, however, to suppose that this can be of any material consequence to you or the country, and I trust that the time is not far distant when the services of none of our citizens will be required in the field, and all who survive the conflict will be enabled to return to their families and homes.

I am pleased to learn that there is now a sufficient force in the field to act decisively against the hostile savages, and I hope that no terms will be made with them until they are punished in so signal a manner as to quell forever their disposition to war against our country. You and the brave men under your command have given an earnest of what you will do when you shall be properly supported, and I doubt not when the day of meeting shall come that you will give a good account of those who shall come to your hands.

I regret that the Indians collected here and forwarded to the army have proven so useless. The Siouxs, I believe, are cowards, and the feelings of the Winnebagoes are as much against us as for us, probably more so; yet their interest and their fears will keep them at least neutral. I have no apprehension that they will act as a body against us, unless our army should be defeated,

which must be out of the range of all probability. The Menominees would be serviceable, if there were enough of them. They are a brave, docile and faithful people, but the number which could be raised this side of Green Bay is too small to be of much importance.

I from the first doubted the expediency of calling in the aid of the friendly tribes, and so expressed myself before I left this place to collect the Indians, though in obedience to orders I set out with Mr. Marsh at a minute's warning to assemble and bring them to this place, and I have no hesitation in saying that we performed the duty as promptly as it could have been done. I have always considered Indians to be the most troublesome and expensive of all allies, at the same time that their services can be least relied upon. The result of this expedition is an additional evidence to support the opinion.

I hope the next Express will bring us the intelligence of some brilliant achievement decisive of the controversy. Could you gain so much time, it would give me great pleasure to hear from you, but I know the incessant fatigue you must undergo, and the constant employment of your time required by your active exertions. Whenever you can, please write me, and believe me, most truly,

Your friend and obedient servant,

T. P. BURNETT.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, 3d July, 1832.

Gen. Henry Dodge, Fort Union:

The undersigned citizens of Prairie du Chien have witnessed with feelings of high respect and admiration the patriotic exertions which you have made for the defense of our frontier against the cruelties of savage warfare. Fully appreciating the bold and energetic course you have pursued, we send by the hands of Capt. James B. Estes a double-barrelled gun, which we hope you will accept as a small testimony of the high estimation in which we hold your character as an officer and a citizen.

Your obedient servants,

H. L. DOUSEMAN,	JOS. M. STREET,
M. BRISBOIS,	T. P. BURNETT,
J. BRISBOIS,	JEAN CRUNET,
M. B. W. BRISBOIS,	WM. M. REED.

Upon returning from Galena, Col. Dodge made an expedition the 24th of June to the Blue Mounds, where two men had recently fallen into an ambush. Edward B. Beouchard related this incident of himself:

On the 4th of June, when Capt. James Aubrey was killed, I started to get his body, and asked Lt. Force to go with me; but he refused, and I told him if he got killed, and was only six feet off, I would not go for his body. When Force and Green were killed on the 20th, and I went and got Green's remains, and brought them to the Fort, they asked me if I could hold spite against a dead man. I replied that I would do what I said, whether a man was dead or alive; and Lt. Force's body laid where it fell for four days.

Col. Dodge and his troops found Lt. Force's body, which had been cruelly mutilated, and buried it. They reconnoitred the country to the head of Sugar river, but discovered no Sacs.

On the 28th of June the whole army of Gen. Atkinson was set in pursuit of Black Hawk. It consisted of 400 regular infantry and about 2600 mounted volunteers; many of the volunteers had been disabled by sickness and exposure. The army moved up the Rock river country in three divisions: Gen. Atkinson with Gen. Henry's brigade formed the right wing; Gen. Alexander's command formed the center, Gen. Posey's brigade, with Col. Dodge's battalion, formed the left wing. They were to meet at Lake Koshkonong.

Col. Dodge rendezvoused his forces, in all about 200 men, at Fort Hamilton, where he was joined by Posey's brigade. Gen. Atkinson had tendered the command of this brigade to Col. Dodge; but Col. Dodge declined it in an address to the brigade unless elected by the officers and men. Major John Dement, of the Spy battalion, 1st brigade Illinois volunteers, personally a stranger to Col. Dodge at the time, was earnest in advocating his election. "He will lead us to victory," he said, "and retrieve for us the honors we have lost at Stillman's Run and at Kellogg's Grove." The election resulted in Posey's favor, by one company. "In our march," says Hon. George W. Jones, who was aid to Col. Dodge, "men and officers of Posey's brigade told me that they voted against Col. Dodge, and for their old neighbor and friend, because they were assured Col Dodge would put them in the front, in places of danger; an honor I told them Col. Dodge would not deprive his command of." At this time a feeling of resentment on the part of Col. Dodge towards Capt. W. S. Hamilton for disobedience of orders with reference to the friendly Indians was aggravated: Hon. G. W. Jones says:

The day of the election, as we rode past Fort Hamilton, Col. Dodge was hailed by Capt. Hamilton. The Colonel, at my thrice repeated request, stopped his horse (Big Black). and, as Hamilton approached, sprang off, and presented Hamilton with the butt ends of his two pistols, and entreated him to

take choice, that the question might be settled there and then which was to be commander. Hamilton at once threw up both hands, and sitting down on the hill-side declined to fight. I urged the Colonel to remount, which he did, and we rode on to the encampment of Gen. Posey.¹

Col. Dodge's battalion marched with the left wing of the army, July 1-4, by way of the Pecatonica battle-field and Sugar River Diggings near to the first of the Four Lakes, where they were joined by White Crow's band; thence through almost impassable swamps to the mouth of Whitewater, July 6th, where Black Hawk was reported to be. At this point an express from Gen. Atkinson ordered them to his camp on Bark River. Col. Dodge chafed under this order as thwarting his plans. After reaching Gen. Atkinson's encampment, the region was reconnoitred by scouts in a fruitless search for Black Hawk. Many believed that he had taken to the swamps beyond the reach of the army, and that no more danger was to be apprehended from him. Gen. Atkinson built block-houses where the village of Ft. Atkinson now stands. Governor Reynolds and a number of Illinois officers did not believe there would be any fighting, and left the field on the 9th, to return home.

The army was now short of provisions from losses in swimming rivers, by the miring of horses in creeks and swamps, and from waste by the volunteers. The regulars took better care of their rations, and were not in want. In this juncture, Gen. Atkinson ordered Alexander's and Henry's brigades and Dodge's battalion, to march to Ft. Winnebago, a distance of 40 miles, for supplies, with verbal instructions to pursue the trail of the enemy, if it was met with in going or returning. At Fort Winnebago, Col. Dodge secured the co-operation of Pierre Pauquette, a half-breed, whom he had

¹ Hamilton was one of my father's captains both in the war of '27 and '32. Although they had some unpleasant personal difficulties, ephemeral in their nature, my brother, sisters and myself were on excellent terms with him. He was one of the most interesting and clever of Wisconsin pioneers, and in many respects a most remarkable and meritorious man.—*A. C. Dodge to Cyrus Woodman, July 3, 1883.*

known as an interpreter, and a dozen Winnebagoes. Getting new information as to the whereabouts of the enemy, that they had moved further up Rock River, Col. Dodge called a council of his officers with those of the other two commands, and proposed to return by a circuit in that direction.¹ Gen. Henry coincided, but Gen. Alexander advocated a return by the route they had come, as pursuant to their orders. The result was that Gen. Alexander returned directly with the supplies and the worn-down horses, while Gen. Henry and Col. Dodge diverged on their march some thirty miles to the east.

Col. Dodge's effective force was now reduced to one hundred and fifty men; Gen. Henry's to about four hundred and fifty. At the Rapids of Rock River (now Heustisford) they found a few emaciated Winnebagoes, who reported that the Sacs had moved up to Cranberry Lake (now Horicon Lake, Dodge Co.) Encamping for the night, July 18th, they set a double guard, and sent Adjutants Merriam and Woodbridge, with Little Thunder, a Winnebago chief, as guide, to carry dispatches to Gen. Atkinson. But after going eight or ten miles the dispatch fell upon a fresh trail of the enemy bearing westward, and returned to camp with the information. It was at once determined to pursue this trail in the morning, and advices to that effect were sent to Gen. Atkinson.

Much of the pursuit was over swamps and morasses, and through tangled thickets; in the midst of which the soldiers were drenched with heavy rains. Towards evening of the second day of the pursuit, July 20, the scouts discovered a large body of Indians near the Third Lake, who fled into the adjacent woods; a band of them were stretched along Catfish Creek,

1 I was there, and my father, D. M. Parkinson, was there, and commanded a Company. He was a compeer of Col. Dodge and Gen. Henry, and a warm personal friend of both, and was admitted to their councils upon this and all other occasions; so was Capt. Gentry, to whose Company I then belonged. My father informed me at the time that Col. Dodge was the suggester and prime mover in this matter, Gen. Henry assenting to and approving of the course at once.—*Peter Parkinson, fr.*

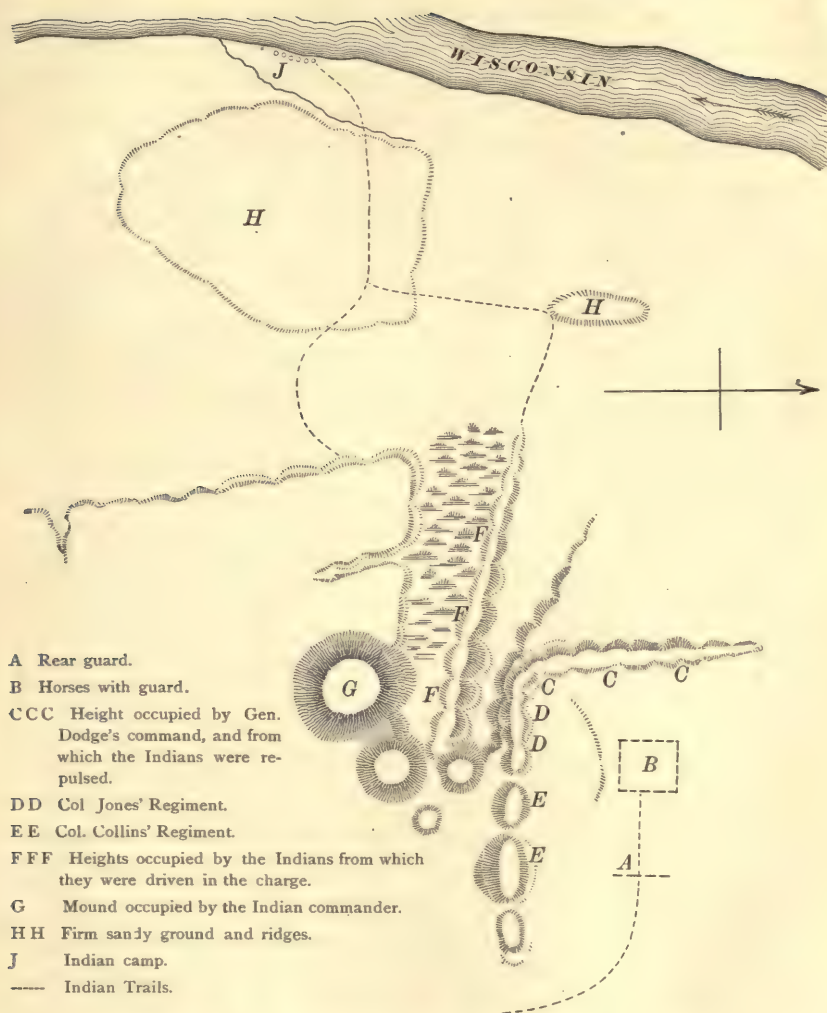
in what is now the eastern part of the city of Madison; they all decamped in the night. Pursuit was resumed early the next morning, the troops passing over the ground now occupied by the city of Madison. After a march of about thirty miles, in which the scouts kept up a running fire, the main body of the enemy were overtaken upon the bluffs of the Wisconsin, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Col. Dodge and Major Wm. L. D. Ewing with their commands were in the advance. They dismounted, and at the edge of the bluff were met by a rally of the enemy, attacking Capt. Dixon's spy company which was then in the front. Here the Indians were repulsed. Gen. Henry soon came up, and deployed his forces; Col. Collins' regiment taking position on the left, Col. Jones' regiment in the center, leaving Col. Dodge on the right. In this order they charged the enemy, and drove him from position to position. In the midst of a heavy rain the enemy were pursued into the river bottom, when night closed upon the scene.

In the morning it was found that the enemy had all crossed the Wisconsin River. Despatches were sent to Gen. Atkinson. Capt. Estes was dispatched to Prairie du Chien with the following letter to the commandant at Ft. Crawford, Capt. Loomis:

CAMP WISCONSIN, July 22, 1832.

We met the enemy yesterday near the Wisconsin river, and opposite the old Sac village, after a close pursuit for near one hundred miles. Our loss was one man killed and eight wounded. From the scalps taken by the Winnebagoes, as well as those taken by the whites, and the Indians carried from the field of battle, we must have killed forty of them. The number of wounded is not known; we can only judge from the number killed that many were wounded. From their crippled situation I think we must overtake them, unless they descend the Wisconsin by water. If you could place a field-piece immediately on the Wisconsin that would command the river, you might prevent their escape by water.

Gen. Atkinson will arrive at the Blue Mounds on the 24th with the regulars and a brigade of mounted men. I will cross the Wisconsin to-morrow. Should the enemy retreat by land, he will probably attempt crossing some twenty miles above Prairie du Chien; in that event the mounted men would want some boats for the transportation of their arms, ammunition and provisions.



BATTLE OF WISCONSIN HEIGHTS, JULY 21, 1832.

If you could procure for us some Mackinaw boats in that event, as well as some provision supplies, it would greatly facilitate our views. Excuse great haste.

Your obedient servant,

H. DODGE,

Col. Commanding Michigan Mounted Volunteers.

Col. Dodge did not cross the Wisconsin on the 23d, as was originally intended, but marched to the Blue Mounds, looking after supplies, and awaiting the arrival of Gen. Atkinson. The effective force of the whole army now numbered about 1200 men. The Indians having been traced several miles down the river, the troops rendezvoused at Helena. At this point some pine log buildings were pulled down, and made into small rafts, on which slowly and with difficulty the whole army crossed the river on the 27th and 28th. On the next day they struck the trail of the Indians, and for four days they pursued them over a rough and hilly country to the Mississippi, near the Bad Axe, and came up with them on the morning of August 2d.

The order of battle was arranged under the personal supervision of Gen. Atkinson. Col. Dodge's squadron, whose scouts had been constantly in the advance, and the U. S. Infantry under Col. Zachary Taylor, were placed in the front; the Illinois brigades followed, Posey and Alexander on the right, Henry on the left. In this order the army marched down the bluff into the thickets and timber of the river bottom, plunged through a bayou, and in a few minutes met the yells of the enemy, and closed with them. No quarters were asked; none were taken prisoners but squaws and children. The troops of the different commands vied with each other in gaining positions of bravery and danger. The action continued for three hours, the Indians being driven from tree to tree and from one hiding-place to another, until they were utterly routed and dispersed, with a loss on their part of 150 killed. At the last it was more a massacre than a battle. Many were shot down in the river; others fell into the hands of their hereditary enemies, the Sioux.

Gen. Atkinson reported a loss among his troops of twenty-

four killed and wounded, of whom six were in Dodge's battalion, a larger relative proportion than under any other command. In the progress of the fight positions were changed. Col. Taylor with the U. S. Infantry and Col. Dodge with his squadron in following the rear guard of the enemy were thrown upon the extreme right, while Gen. Henry gained the front with his brigade. "Both brave officers," says Wakefield, an Illinois historian, who was in the engagement, "they would have gloried in being in the front, but this was intended by the God of battles for our beloved Henry." The following order was issued the day after the battle:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST ARMY CORPS OF THE NORTHWESTERN ARMY, {
BANK OF THE MISSISSIPPI, NEAR BAD AXE RIVER, August 3, 1832. }

Order No. 65.

The victory achieved by the volunteers and regular troops over the enemy yesterday on this ground affords the Commanding General an opportunity of expressing his approbation of their brave conduct. The whole of the troops participated in the honor of the combat; some of the corps, however, were more fortunate than others in being thrown from their position in order of battle more immediately in conflict with the enemy; these were Henry's Brigade, Dodge's Battalion, the Regular Troops, Leech's Regiment of Posey's Brigade, and the Spy Battalion of Alexander's Brigade.

In order that individual merit and the conduct of the Corps may be properly represented to the Department of War and the General commanding the Northwestern Army, the Commanding General of this division directs that commanding officers of brigades and independent corps make to him written reports of the conduct and operation of their respective Commands in the action.

By order of BRIG. GENERAL ATKINSON.

ALB. S. JOHNSTON, A. D. C. and A. Adt. Gen'l.

In his jealousy for the fame of Gen. Henry, Governor Thomas Ford, in his History of Illinois, ch. V, disparaged both Gen. Atkinson and Col. Dodge. The truth is, that they all were brave men, intent upon their duty, while as intimated in the above order, the fortune of war, and their own earnest spirit as well, gave Dodge and Henry foremost positions which they sustained with honor. There was a perfect understanding and a harmony of action between those officers from the beginning. Henry was the younger. His father had fought

under Dodge in the war of 1812. Appreciating his experience and prowess as an old soldier and an Indian-fighter, Henry confided in Dodge's skill and judgment, and deferred to him in council and in the field. He was immediately appointed a Captain in the U. S. Rangers under Dodge, with the rank of first Captain in that battalion, but his health failing he left the service, and went to New Orleans for a milder climate, and died in that city, March 4th, 1834. Henry County, Iowa, was named for him.

After the battle, when Gen. Atkinson met Col. Dodge at Prairie du Chien, he threw his arms around him, and said to him, "Dodge, you have saved me; you have dragged me on to victory." President Jackson had been impatient with the slowness of military movements, and had sent word to Gen. Atkinson that he must bring the war to an end or he would remove him.

Early in the battle of Bad Axe, Black Hawk and the Prophet fled, and attempted flight to Canada. After the battle, Col. Dodge called Waukon-Decorra to him, and told him that their Great Father at Washington wanted the big warriors taken. Parties were sent in search of them, and they were captured and delivered up to the Indian agent at Prairie du Chien on the 27th of August. Black Hawk said that he would have whipt the whites, and gone where he pleased in the mining country, had it not been for "Hairy Face" (Col. Dodge).

In the course of a discussion in the U. S. Senate the following winter upon the public lands, the Hon. Alexander Buckner, of Missouri, associated the name of Henry Dodge with that of George Rogers Clark among "the gallant sons of the west." He said, January 12th, 1883:

Look at the movements of the troops last summer. What common claim has any but the West to the fame of the heroic Dodge, of whom it may be said that he was born, trained, and seasoned in all the hardships, all the privations and dangers of the West, and is justly entitled to a share in all her glories.

The Hon. Samuel McRoberts, Senator from Illinois, gave a similar testimony in the Senate on the 25th of June, 1841.

That war (of 1832) came from a race of men who do not precede hostilities by wordy negotiations, make no formal declarations of the purpose, give no other notice than the war-whoop and the sound of the rifle, who seldom give quarter, and who count their victories by the number of scalps they have taken. The gallant men of the Territory came to the rescue. Gen. Dodge organized a small but intrepid corps, who took the field, and, as far as possible, staid the plague, until the volunteers from Illinois and a few companies of the army could be brought to their relief. During this period the enemy waylaid all the roads, and murdered many of the inhabitants. One incident will illustrate the character of Gen. Dodge and his followers. The enemy came to the Pecatonica, and murdered some of the citizens. Dodge and his party pursued them. The enemy, finding they could not make their escape, posted themselves for battle. Now* here was a situation to test the courage and devotion of any man to his country. The enemy were armed with the rifle, tomahawk, and spear, which they had been accustomed to use all their lives. They had a decided advantage in position, and were enabled to have their usual advantage, the first fire. To dislodge them a charge must be made in the most exposed of all possible situations, and, from the number and desperation of the enemy, at a great sacrifice of human life. In such a situation what is the course of Dodge and his brave associates? They never hesitate. They resolve to dislodge the enemy, or perish in the attempt. They dismount from their horses, and, headed by their commander, charged the enemy on foot. They received the enemy's fire almost at the muzzle of their guns. A desperate conflict ensued. After each party had delivered its fire, it became a personal encounter between the combatants. The story is soon told. The enemy all fell. Not a man of them was left to tell the tale. I met Dodge and the survivors of his party a few days afterward, and some of them still carried upon their persons the evidence of the conflict. A leading Whig journal of Illinois (the *Quincy Whig*) says: "As one of the brave defenders of Wisconsin in times that tried the courage of the best men, Dodge stands deservedly among the foremost. His name, his fame, his public acts, are interwoven with the Territory."

The Hon. Wm. Medill, member of Congress from Ohio, and afterwards Governor of that State, referring to those times in a speech in the House of Representatives, April 25th, 1842, said:

When the Western frontiers were invaded by the savage hordes of the wilderness, and the progress of civilization retarded for a time by the tomahawk and scalping-knife, who was it that exposed his life and endured extraordinary hardships in defending the home and the fireside of the emigrant? Who was it that met in mortal combat, and arrested the career of the murderous but brave and intrepid Black Hawk? Who commanded the volunteers at the memorable battle of Wisconsin Heights, where sustained on either side by one

of his own youthful but gallant sons he occupied the post of danger, and vanquished a superior force with the loss of a single man? Who led on the charge at Bad Axe, and shed such lustre upon the valor of his countrymen at Pecatonica, where not a single man of the enemy survived to relate the incidents of the conflict? The name of General Dodge is identified with the history and glory of the West, and will ever be held in grateful remembrance by a people whom his chivalry and valor have defended from cruelty and death.

The Hon. John Reynolds, Governor of Illinois in 1832, who was with the troops of that State in the Black Hawk War, and afterwards member of Congress from that State, related in the House of Representatives, on the 9th day of July, 1842, the same incidents mentioned by Senator McRoberts; he says of Henry Dodge:

His character and standing is well-known in the West and throughout the country. I have been intimately acquainted with his career for more than forty years. He was born in the West, and has by the force of native intellect and energy of character sustained himself through various difficulties and trials incident to the settlement of a new country. He has by merit raised himself to a pinnacle of fame, which not frequently falls to the lot of any man to attain. He sustained well in the Black Hawk War the high standing he had previously acquired as a military man.

NOTE.—We are indebted to the Hon. George W. Jones, under date of Nov. 25th, 1889, for the following additional particulars of events referred to in this article:

Mr. St. Vrain was murdered by a war party some thirty miles east of Galena, when on his way, under Gen. Atkinson's orders, to Rock Island from Dixon, via Galena, with six other men, one of whom, my worthy and honored friend, Frederick Stahl, is now living at Galena.

My friend, Hon. Thomas McKnight, then the U. S. Agent of the Lead Mines at Galena, afterwards Receiver of Public Monies at Dubuque, sent a message to me at my then residence and fort at Sinsinawa Mound, that my brother-in-law had either been killed or taken prisoner by the Indians. I immediately mounted my horse, in my buckskin hunting shirt, Kentucky jeans pantaloons, and put out for the rescue of my brother-in-law and his companions, having my double-barrelled gun, well loaded with buck-shot, a holster of pistols, and two in my belt, with a bowie-knife.

I reached Galena several hours after the Cavalry Company of Capt. Stephenson had left for the scene of murder or captivity. Contrary to the entreaty of my friends, Capt. James May, in particular, Mr. McKnight, Major Charles S. Hempstead, and others, I followed on *alone*, and overtook the troop of horse some 25 or 30 miles east of Galena, where I also found Col. Dodge with his

mining regiment. In the course of the day the mutilated body of Mr. St. Vrain was found by myself; Col. Dodge and I were the only persons there who had known him. His head, feet, and hands had been cut off, and with his heart and the most of the flesh of his body had been taken off by the Indians as trophies of war, and as food, he being a pretty fat man. We were directed to his corpse by the turkey buzzards which we saw flying and circling around at a considerable distance. I knew him from the color of his black hair, some of which was strewn around as the Indians scalped him, his blue dress coat, swallow-tailed, through the large collar of which, then the style, the bullet which had broken his neck had passed. His pocket-book and papers and the silver and gold money were untouched in his pockets. His head, heart, feet and hands were taken to the headquarters of the Indians, then near Lake Koshkonong, and used in their war dances; one brave having his head swung between his knees, two others a hand each, and two the feet, to brandish. The heart was cut into small pieces, and given to the young boys to swallow, he to be declared the bravest who could gulp down the largest piece.

Mr. St. Vrain rode a splendid horse, and could easily have made a good escape, but he tried hard to hold his horse in and turn him around, but the yelling and warwhoops and screaming of the pursuing Indians on horseback, some forty of them, so frightened his horse and the horses of his companions as to make them unmanageable. The most of these particulars I got from Madame Mayotte,¹ a French interpretest, whom I saw when Col. Dodge rescued the Hall young ladies.

A few days after that meeting with Col. Dodge and his command, he sent his valiant son, Henry L., and his adjutant, W. W. Woodbridge, to my residence and fort at Sinsinawa Mound, to request me to become his aid-de-camp, he having been ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Atkinson, to take command of Gen. Posey's brigade of Illinois Volunteers, then encamped near Hamilton's fort. Capt. H. L. Dodge and Adjutant Woodbridge reached my house in the night, after a hard day's ride from Dodgeville. The next morning at daylight I gladly went off with them, accoutred as before, to accept the highest and most responsible office I had ever expected to fill, and under him whom I had loved from my childhood. Col. Dodge was waiting for me to accompany him to take command of some 1,500 volunteers from Southern Illinois. He was in his buckskin, sassafras tanned, hunting shirt, and Kentucky jeans pants, just like my own. As soon as I entered his log cabin residence, having but one window, and no plank but a dirt floor, he welcomed me heartily, and said: "I have sent for you to become my aid-de-camp, because I have unbounded confidence in your friendship, bravery and honor, as I had in your learned and brave father, your brothers, and your brothers-in-law, Hon. John and Judge Andrew Scott, all of whom served under me in the war with Great Britain and their Indian allies, in and on the frontiers of Missouri Territory, in the war of 1812. Your venturing *alone* through the wilderness in search of Mr. St. Vrain and party, was a hazardous undertaking; but it gratified me."

1 A half breed, very popular with her tribe, the Winnebagoes. Mrs. Adele P. Gratiot's Narrative, in Wis. Coll., x. 267, 269.

On our arrival at the encampment, Col. Dodge refused to assume command unless the volunteers would elect him as their commander, over their own General; although Col. Davenport, of the U. S. Army, was present, under orders from Gen. Atkinson to make the transfer or substitution in the command. All of the volunteers were entire strangers to Col. Dodge. At his request they were drawn up into a hollow square, when he addressed them, and was followed by Gen. Posey, who appealed to his old neighbors not to desert and disgrace him. His entreaties had the desired effect.

As Col Dodge and I rode up to Posey's encampment, he pointed out to me the clump of hazle and other bushes in which those thirteen Indians were concealed, waiting for him, as he rode alone on his way to Fort Hamilton, a short time before. That clump was in the angle of a right angle triangle, the hypotenuse of which he took to save time, instead of keeping on the big wagon road.

I attended the treaty made by General Winfield Scott on the Mississippi river directly opposite Rock Island, and procured through my influence with George Davenport, Antoine LeClaire, and the then made chief of the Sac and Fox Nation, Keokuk, two thousand acres of land as an indemnity to the widow and children of Mr. Felix St. Vrain.

WILLIAM SALTER.

Burlington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE EX-GOV. NELSON DEWEY, OF WISCONSIN.



UPON the 20th of July last occurred the death of one early identified with the political history of the Territory of Wisconsin while Iowa was attached thereto.

The "Dennison and Brunson Company," composed of New York capitalists engaged in land speculations in the west, selected a spot upon the east bank of the Mississippi known as Cassville, about 30 miles above Dubuque, as the most likely to become the Capital of the Territory on account of its central location. Wisconsin and Iowa were then united politically. In the month of June, 1836, Nelson Dewey, as clerk for the company, commenced operations there. The first act

was to build a "Council House" for the sessions of the Territorial Legislature. The building still stands and is occupied as a store. Then followed the erection of an immense hotel, called to this day, the "Dennison House." In the crash of 1837 the company failed, and Mr. Dewey entered upon law practice at Lancaster, in company with Hon. J. A. Barber. Their practice was large and remunerative. Mr. Dewey was elected Register of Deeds upon the organization of Grant county in 1837, was elected to the Territorial Legislature in 1838, was speaker of the House in 1840 and 1841, was elected to the Territorial Council in 1842, and made President of the Council during its fourth session, was elected Governor of the State when first admitted to the Union in 1848, and served in that capacity until January, 1852. Many of the prominent features of administration still existing were introduced by Gov. Dewey.

In 1855 Gov. Dewey purchased the property owned by the company since its failure in 1837, and undertook to make a city of Cassville. He purchased additional property, built a magnificent residence, which was soon after destroyed by fire from defective heating apparatus, laid out fine walks and drives at great expense, More than seven miles of solid stone walls bordering the drives still remain in ruins.

Disaster after disaster befell him. His home was broken up; he retired to the Dennison House, the building of which he had superintended in 1836, and there passed his last days in seclusion, shunning those whom he met. He made no one his confidant. He attended every State Convention of the Democratic party and was honored as a gentleman of the old school, whose counsels were timely. At his request his body was deposited in the Episcopal burying ground of Lancaster, Wisconsin.

Many of the present and past State officers attended the final services. All the officers of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin were present, as a tribute of personal regard for a fast friend of the Society.

ANECDOTES OF EARLY DAYS IN IOWA.

BY CAPT. N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



It may not be out of place to relate a few anecdotes of some of our frontier men, showing their unique and peculiar manner and methods of business. Some of them are to-day among our most prominent and best citizens.

I will endeavor to give facts, but not names, in all instances, out of delicacy to some of the parties.

About the year 1859 or 1860 a youthful M. E. minister, whom I will designate as A., was assigned by the North Iowa Conference to a work embracing Smithland, in Woodbury county, and the settlements north up the Little Sioux river to Cherokee.

The preacher was a young man of exceptional native ability and promise, was of the true western type, and therefore could adapt himself to circumstances as occasion required, and address himself in a manner that he could be understood. In those days plain talk was sometimes necessary to tame down and corral the festive youth. At one of Brother A.'s appointments there were a number of these incorrigible festives who were very annoying during services. Brother A. not only believed soft words would turn away wrath, but were a good preventive. On one occasion he concluded to administer a little reproof, by way of anecdote, that would amuse them as well as severely reprove. Said he, "My friends, there was once an idiotic young man who attended church and heard the preacher discourse on God forming Adam out of clay. The sermon made a deep impression on the mind of the idiot, as sermons should. When he returned home he resolved to imitate the master architect by making an Adam out of clay. So he hied himself to a cluster of tall weeds adjacent to the village where he resided. He prepared clay and began the construction of his Adam. After some days when his Adam

was nearly completed some mischievous boys in the village became curious to know what attracted the idiotic young man so frequently to the weeds. They held a council and resolved to investigate. Awaiting an opportunity when the idiot had returned home to his meal they took his trail and were soon at his place of operations, where they found his Adam near completion. That they might have some sport with the unfortunate young man, they at once carried Adam number two away to a secret place, that they might enjoy no little glee in seeing the proprietor make a vigorous search for it. In this they were not disappointed. After a fruitless search the idiot returned to the village, where he met a verdant and exceedingly awkward youth from the rural district. The idiot followed the greeny wherever he went, for he felt that the lost was found. When the greeny started for home, his pursuer was close at his heels, when he turned and said, why do you follow me? The idiot replied, 'Why did you leave before you were finished?' "My friends," said Rev. A. "I fear that is the case with some of you, you left before you were finished."

Rev. A., in relating this anecdote to me, said it had the desired effect, and corrected the rude habits of that congregation, for no one after that desired to leave the impression that he or she was not finished. Rev. A. is now a prominent presiding elder in the United Brethren church in Iowa.

REV. HENRY CLAY DEAN.

A personal friend of Rev. Dean relates the following anecdotes of him, which occurred during a heated political canvass in Iowa. Dean was a dispenser of political issues as well as of the gospel. He was an ardent democrat and an acknowledged leader of his party, and one of Iowa's most brilliant orators. When upon the stump he was a terror to his political foes, for he cried aloud and spared not.

During one of his political canvassing tours he was invited to fill the pulpit of a brother divine on Sabbath. When he arose to announce his text some of his political enemies present

arose also and started for the door to shake the dust from their feet as a testimony against the priest, if not against the house. Dean, observing them, said, "Hold on, do not leave, I fight republicans six days in the week and the Devil one—this is the Devil's day." The explanation was not sufficient to check the retreat, nor the ejaculation of little "cuss-words" that ornamented their views of the preacher.

It is related of him that when he was Chaplain in the U. S. Senate he was rather a rigid observer of church etiquette and was not backward in reminding his hearers of little improprieties. Many of his audience were in the habit of turning their heads toward the door when anyone entered. This was quite annoying to Mr. Dean, who did not like to preach to people whose heads worked on pivots. He concluded to correct this little impropriety by the following suggestion: "My friends," said he, "it is doubtless a little inconvenient and troublesome for you to turn and look at every person who enters the house. I'll relieve you of that trouble by announcing the names of each person as they enter, and you can thus give me your entire attention." He proceeded with the services, and was soon interrupted by an arrival, which he announced as Hon. B., of Virginia, Mrs. A., of the city, and so he continued until a stranger entered that he could not name, when he said: "It is a little, old man, with a drab coat and white hat, I don't know who he is, look for yourselves." It is said that this cured his congregation of the pivot-head complaint without further announcements.

CAPT. LYON.

In the latter part of the summer of 1857 low water in the Missouri river made Sioux City the terminus of navigation for that season. All freight for points above was discharged at Sioux City and conveyed to the final destination by teams. Capt. Lyon (afterward General Lyon, who fell at Wilson's Creek) was stationed at Ft. Randall, above Sioux City, and was ordered to Sioux City with government teams for the supplies for that post. There came with him a citizen who

had been in the Quartermaster's employ as teamster. On settling with the Quartermaster there was one month's wages of \$30.00 due him which the Quartermaster did not pay, for the reason, as he stated, the want of funds. The teamster was not a little grieved over the loss of his month's wages, and determined to appeal to the majesty of civil law for his rights. On his arrival in Sioux City he laid his case before Mr. H., a newly fledged disciple of Blackstone, who was just beginning to plume his legal pinions for a lofty flight in the legal world, and was looking for an important case for a riser. Here was a citizen vs. Uncle Sam—just what was wanted. But where and how to begin was a question not clear to the legal mind of H. While he was consulting all the legal authorities at his command for a settler on this point, his client walked down Pearl street. Passing a saloon he discovered a mule belonging to one of Capt. Lyon's teams tied to a post in front of the saloon. The mule had been sent to a blacksmith shop to be shod. The soldier in passing the saloon doubtless was drier than the mule, and went in to slake his thirst while his muleship was left to his own reflection. On seeing the mule new light flashed on the mind of the client, and he rushed back to the office of H., feeling confident that he had found a vulnerable point to attack Uncle Sam by way of attachment. H. now saw his way clear to bring Uncle Sam to terms. An attachment was soon in the hands of the Sheriff and the mule made a prisoner of war under lock and key, where he was to languish until the uttermost farthing was paid. The soldier, after finishing his last smile, bethought him of his country's mule, and hastened to its relief. He found the hitching post all right, but the mule non est. The soldier now rustled on a double quick and doubtless thought, "a mule, a mule, my kingdom for a mule." He was soon on his track and reported as soon as possible to his Captain. The Captain at once took up the line of march for the seat of war. When he entered the attorney's office H. greeted him with a triumphant smile, when the Captain said, "Mr. H., is it true that you have

attached a government mule that is in my charge?" H., "Yes." Lyon, "What for?" H., "Because you owe us \$30.00." Lyon, musingly, "Thirty dollars, and for what?" H., "For labor as teamster in the Quartermaster department at Ft. Randall." Lyon, "I have nothing to do with that; that is a matter between your client and the Quartermaster." H., "The mule is government property and subject to attachment for debt the same as the property of a private citizen, and we will hold it until we get our money." Lyon, "Mr. H., when you swear out an attachment you have got to swear that the debtor is about to abscond or leave the country. Are you prepared to swear that Uncle Sam is about to abscond?" H., "Well, we do not know what he might do, so we will hold on to the mule until we get our money."

Capt. Lyon, finding mild persuasion ineffectual to regain his property, assumed a firm and decisive military air, for which he was noted, and said, "Now, sir, I'm not going back to Ft. Randall without that mule, you can just bring it out. If not, I have men enough to take it;" this was accompanied with a business look that convinced H. that he had caught a tartar and the wrong mule and that to demur would be useless, and that he could not wing his way to legal fame on that case, and turning to the Sheriff said, "Bring out the mule." It was not long before his muleship stood in front of the attorney's office, looking none the worse for having been the subject of legal process, when Capt. Lyon ordered it sent to the corral, and he turned away saying, "Well, I think young H. a very clever young man, but he does not know much about law. I can teach him some yet."

GEN. HARNEY.

The following anecdote was related to me many years since by one of Gen. Harney's soldiers who had served under him several years, and who vouched for the truth of his statement. Harney much resembled Gen. Anthony Wayne in his peculiar organization as well as an Indian fighter. His memorable battle with the Indians at Ash Hollow rendered his name as

much of a terror to the Indians of the northwest as Wayne's was to the Indians in his day. Harney was very strict and exacting in discipline; the least deviation would afford him an opportunity to let fly a copious shower of invectives. It was upon an occasion of this kind at one of the military posts on the upper Missouri river, where, for some trivial offense by one of his soldiers, that the General poured forth a shower of invectives so highly polished with profanity that the soldier remarked, "If you were not my General I would not take that." "You would not take it, eh! by —— we'll see about that," said the General; so saying he doffed his military coat, threw it upon the ground, and pointing to it said, "There lies the General;" then bringing his fist to his breast, said, "Here is old Harney; just try him on." A second invitation was not necessary. The soldier sailed in on the first; although the General was an athletic and muscular man he soon found that for once at least he had got more than his match, and that a *general* clean out was inevitable. There was a *general lay down*, which was soon followed by a general surrender and capitulation. The General, after expelling the dust from his clothes, said, "Well, you are a d——d good soldier, to whip your General; now, sir, you go and get a jug and come to my quarters and I'll fill it for you." The victor went his way; when in a short time he appeared at the General's quarters with a quart bottle, the General seized the bottle and sent it whirling through the air with no little profanity flying after it. Turning to the soldier, he said, "Get something that will hold something; a soldier that can whip his General is entitled to more than that d——d bottle will hold." Again the soldier skirmished through the camp and soon returned with a two gallon demijohn. "Now," said Harney, "that looks like corraling the enemy." Taking it he filled it with old Bourbon, and handing it to him, he said, "Now, sir, you have a furlough to go to the brush and get drunk while that priming lasts." The victor saluted his general and retired to the shades of private life for a few days, when he again returned for his country's good.

CROCKER'S IOWA BRIGADE.*

BY D. C. CHASE, WEBSTER CITY, IOWA.

The Old Brigade! how warms the
heart

With memories; glorious its part

From Shiloh to the sea;

From that baptismal day of blood

Until the hour its veterans stood

On treason's capitol, and gave

"Old Glory" to the breeze, to wave

There through eternity.

The "Old Brigade" shattered its
strength

By hard-fought fields, worn by the
length

Of weary march; but shattered and
worn

It stood united, thinned and torn

By rebel balls; these Iowa men

Always came together again,

From Shiloh's field to the last hour

Of the accurs'd slaveholders' power;

And all that time right royally

In march, in siege, in victory,

It bore the Hawkeye name.

It made a place in history;

For courage and for constancy

It won a deathless fame.

Five thousand miles it marched, and
still

Was ready; "Crocker's Greyhounds"
fill

Pages of history which the pen

Will never write; braver men

Ne'er moved against an enemy

Than this host of the Tennessee.

At Corinth, Vicksburg, Nickajack,

At each remove in looking back

They looked back at a victory

From Kenesaw down to the sea.

Before Atlanta, in those days

Of carnage, the unstinted praise

Of foe as well as friend, has made

A record for the "Old Brigade."

There in the storm of shot and shell

The well-beloved McPherson fell.

A soldier paused amidst the tide

Of battle, broken at his side

His arm hung bleeding, but he knelt

By the fallen hero, and felt

His final breath, then onward sped

To guide his comrades to the dead.

Glory to him, and with the rest

Of your heroes, bravest and best,

Place Reynolds' name, and let it live

In praise which noble actions give.

Strong hearts and true, who perilled
not

Their lives for self, but rather fought

That other lives might grow as free

As theirs; and the old flag might be

Unshorn of a star; who for the right

Takes arms, arms twice; his thought
is might;

A coat of mail his breast, though
bare;

His brow, a helmet visored there;

High courage, which the armored
steel

Could never make its wearer feel.

Oh, Army of the Tennessee!

Time thins thy ranks, and silently

Thy heroes fall away.

A soul upon McGregor's height

Commingles with the winds of night,

And naught is left but clay.

The reaper comes, and spareth not

His blade, yet cannot cut the knot

Which binds thy glories up; thy
name

Endures; death only crowns thy
fame;

It lives not for a day.

*Read before the Reunion of Crocker's Iowa Brigade at Council Bluffs, September 18-19, 1889, by G. B. Pray, of the 16th Iowa.

RECENT DEATHS.

COL. J. J. WOODS, who was Colonel of the 12th Iowa Volunteers, died September 27th, 1889, at his home near Oswego, Kansas. In 1847 he graduated at West Point, having followed U. S. Grant to the Military Academy from the same Congressional District. Col. Woods served in the Mexican war. Soon after the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed by Gov. Kirkwood Colonel of the 12th Iowa Infantry. He was twice wounded at the battle of Shiloh and taken prisoner with his regiment, but was recaptured by the Union forces the second day of the battle. After his wounds had healed and his regiment had been exchanged, he resumed command of it, and fought on to the end of the war. President Grant twice appointed him a visitor to West Point. He removed from Iowa to Kansas in 1869, and settled on the farm where he died.

THOMAS HUGH NAPIER died October 24th, 1889, near Ainsworth, Brown county, Nebraska. He was born July 20th, 1809, in Giles county, Virginia, came to Iowa Territory in 1839, settling first in Johnson county, but removing to Polk county March, 1864, where he served four years as Justice of the Peace, two years as Sheriff, and one year as County Judge. He was strictly honest and discharged the duties of the offices he held with fidelity and to the satisfaction of the people.

PERRY REEL, born in Putnam county, Indiana, in 1838, but a resident of Pottawattamie county since 1852, died at Council Bluffs, December 10th, 1889. He served his county in the Board of Supervisors five years, as Treasurer two years, and as Sheriff ten years. In 1862 he married Miss Nellie Branson, who, with four children survives him. Upon the announcement of his death, the District Court, then in session, adjourned after appointing a committee of the bar to draft suitable resolutions, expressing the loss felt by the Court, the bar, and the people of Council Bluffs.

NOTES.

THE Indian has not been generally credited with much paternal feeling. An incident which occurred not long ago at Fort Supply in the Indian Territory, however, goes to refute this impression. An Indian scout named Sweetwater, a full-blooded Cheyenne, lost a child by death, and brooded over his affliction so deeply that in his despondency he attempted to commit suicide with his rifle. The gun was aimed at his heart but the effort of pulling the trigger diverted it and no serious wound resulted.

CAPT. N. LEVERING, formerly of Sioux City, but for some time a resident of Los Angeles, who has contributed many valuable papers to the publications of the State Historical Society of Iowa, has also done much to establish the Historical Society of California, which is now in a flourishing condition. Its prosperity has been much increased by the bequest, about a year ago, of one hundred thousand dollars made to its treasury by a wealthy Mexican.

AT a reunion of the Indiana Association of Iowa held on the campus of Drake University at Des Moines, in August, 1887, Gen. George W. Jones, of Dubuque, ex-U. S. Senator from Iowa, was present and made an appropriate speech, he being an Indianan, having been born in Vincennes in that State. After the exercises had been concluded, and before the General had left the stand, two ladies, Mrs. M. and Miss J., went to the stand and requested the President of the Association, Hon. P. M. Casady, to introduce them to the witty and polite General, which he did. The General, shaking hands, kissed each of them heartily in the presence of the large audience there assembled. The ladies blushed, and those who witnessed the scene smiled, some of them audibly. It is improbable that the ladies would have solicited an introduction if they had known the General's failing. The General said to the President he could not resist the temptation of kissing such good looking ladies.





Thos. Hughes

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THOMAS HUGHES.



THAT mine adversary had written a book," was the exclamation of the man whose life has become, to all the ages, the synonym of patience. Twenty and more centuries has but served to accentuate the wisdom of the remark to him who has read the lives of men with which our literature abounds. A more recent writer with a view of having the truth told, said, "paint me as I am;" which is too seldom done by either the brush or the pen of the artist, however skilled he may be in their use. We have had some little experience in the use of the latter instrument, and in the line of pencil sketches of friends. We have thought therefore that the living or the memory of the dead would fare quite as well at the hands of an "adversary" as to be "painted" by one whose friendship knew no abatement through the lapse of many long and eventful years of social and public life in which the twain had acted no inconspicuous part.

Difficult as it may be to portray the career of a personal friend, other friends have enjoined upon us the labor of sketching from the briefest material of his early life the private and public career of THOMAS HUGHES, one of Iowa's pioneer

printers, publishers and editors, for it was in this field of labor he first engaged, and rendered the most valued services to the Territory and State of his adoption.

The parents of Mr. Hughes, Ellis and Wilhelmina Hughes were Quakers, whose ancestors had at an early day settled in the Colony founded by the leader and greatest patron of their sect, William Penn, and like him were of English or rather Welsh origin. The father had taken his family to, and made a home in the rural village of Catawissa, where on the 22d of September, 1814, their son, the subject of this sketch was born. The parents gave to him the name of Thomas, not doubting he would adhere to the faith of the fathers as it had been given, in their belief, to the saints. In this however, although the son was ever peaceably inclined, they were disappointed as he wisely concluded later in life that a united household was better, and he died as he had lived, a Presbyterian of the strictest sect.

The boyhood of our friend was passed among the foothills that border the mountain range of the old Commonwealth, and mid the woods of Penn, skirting a small stream that flows into her grandest river, the Susquehanna, the boy grew in health and ambition to become a man. The father and family removed to Danville the seat of justice of Montour county, Penn., while he was yet a lad and there he attended the school taught by his father, acquiring a good knowledge of the English branches taught in the village schools of that day. This education was preliminary to the higher and more practical one he later sought in the printing office of this town, situated near enough to the Capital of the State to borrow somewhat of its ideas and ambitions so captivating to the country youth.

The learning of a trade by the country boys was in accord with "the eternal fitness of things" in that period when parents were not educated up to the standard of spoiling first-class printers and followers of other vocations by making "poor rate" hangers on of the learned professions. Young

Hughes became a Master of Art in type-setting, and acquired as all industrious printer boys do a wider range of knowledge, of books, of men, and things. With this increase of knowledge and an increased ambition to succeed in his calling, he wended his way to Harrisburg (and later Philadelphia), and entered an office there as "journeyman-printer" and worked at the case till inspired by glowing reports of the "New Countries," he, before Greeley's day, came West, and to Iowa Territory in the fall of 1838.

THE PRESS.

Iowa had been organized as a territory in July (4), 1838, at which time there was published at Dubuque the *News* (by W. W. Corriell), the successor to the Dubuque *Visitor*, by Judge King, the first newspaper published in Iowa while it was Wisconsin, in 1836. The Iowa Territorial *Gazette* was published at Burlington, and also in the second year, at that date by James Clarke, afterward the third and last Territorial Governor. The Fort Madison *Patriot*, later in the fall of 1838 removed to Burlington and became the *Hawkeye*, was published by James G. Edwards, its founder.

At the time of Mr. Hughes' arrival in Iowa, which was at Davenport, the 27th of October, 1838, there was published by Mr. Logan the Iowa *Sun*, and Davenport and Rock Island *News*. All of these papers were edited by the publishers, and all except Mr. Edwards, who was a Whig, were Democrats of the Jacksonian school. The *Sun* was founded in the August (15) preceding Mr. Hughes' arrival in Davenport. The Rock Island in the title had reference to the island on which stood the ruins of Fort Armstrong, and not to the present city of that name, which was then called Stephenson, and the paper purported to be published "simultaneously" at both places, country villages of that day.

Mr. Hughes entered the office of the *Sun* as a journeyman, bringing with him but little capital other than a strong determination to succeed in his business. He worked in this office

with Mr. Logan and his sons till in November, when the convening of the Legislature (the first territorial) promising a better prospect in the printing business, he went to Burlington, the Territorial Capital, and engaged with Mr. Clarke (also a Pennsylvanian) upon the *Gazette*. In that office, Mr. Paul, city postmaster (1890), also worked that winter, and like Mr. Hughes later removed to this (Iowa) City and engaged in the newspaper business. In the spring of '39, when the Legislature had adjourned, and the river opened, Mr. Hughes moved to Dubuque, and entered the office of the *Dubuque News* upon which he worked until his removal to Bloomington, (Muscatine) in October, 1840. The *Express* is still published at Dubuque under the name of the *Herald*—the *Gazette* and *Hawkeye* at Burlington, under their old names. The *Sun*, previously mentioned, was in 1842 sold, removed, and became a Mormon paper, under the significant title of "*The Bride and the Lamb's Wife*," as it was in the singular number it is presumed that polygamy had not then become engrafted upon the Latter Day Saints church polity. It was here, and then that we became acquainted with Mr. Hughes and formed a friendship broken only by his death many years later (1881). While at work in Dubuque (if not before) he became acquainted with John B. Russell, also engaged in the *News* office, and the two agreed to go into business for themselves, and established a paper at Bloomington. Mr. Hughes in 1840 returned to Penn., purchased the material and forwarded it by boat from Pittsburg to Bloomington, where, under the firm name of Hughes & Russell they published on the 27th of October, 1840, the Bloomington *Herald*, the seventh paper published in Iowa.

The *Herald* had been preceded four days by the publication of the Iowa *Standard*, at Bloomington, by Messrs. Crum and Bailey, from Pennsylvania also, whose first number had made its appearance on the 23d of October. The publication of the *Herald* had been delayed over a week, awaiting the completion of a room they were to occupy, but they had temporarily

set up their press and printed the tickets for the democratic party; at that October election. To guard against carping criticism, we may here state that the election *that* year, was by the law of 1839, ordained to be held in October, and not August as provided by general statute. Messrs. Hughes and Russell were Democrats and published a Democratic paper, while the *Standard* was Whig in its politics. A few months later, the *Standard* was removed to Iowa City, and issued under the name of the Iowa City *Standard*, and for a time it purported to be issued "simultaneously" at Iowa City and Bloomington, until a wag of a devil in the office changed it to *spontaneously*, when it was dropped.

In the fall (Nov. 20) of 1841, Mr. Hughes having sold his interest in the *Herald* to his partner, Mr. Russell, also removed to Iowa City. The *Herald* was edited by the junior partner, Mr. Russell, while both worked at the case. Mr. Russell set up his editorials without writing them down, and in the selection of his copy, of which the papers of that day were mostly made up, displayed remarkably good taste, and used the scissors to a better advantage than the pen. A local historian of that county (Muscatine) says of Mr. R. that "he was the controlling spirit of the *Herald*," which is only true in the sense that he did the editorial work. The method of conducting a paper in those days was quite different from that in use at the present time. Then we had only a weekly mail, and no daily papers nearer than St. Louis and Cincinnati, at least none came to the office in exchange (as we know, having had more or less to do with the office as a writer in those days). With but little news from abroad or at home, the papers were mostly made up of selections and essays on moral and historical subjects, save during the election campaigns, when a little politics was infused by way of leaven to the whole lump.

"Mr. Hughes, the senior partner," the same writer says "was of a retiring disposition, and filled his place honorably but without making any marked impression on the paper or

town." To-day there is no instrumentality which exerts such an influence upon society as the Press. Its power for good or evil is unlimited, and the local press is justly considered among the most important institutions in our cities, towns and villages. In the early days of our history the circulation was much more limited, and in order to make ourselves known abroad, we had then recourse to what has since become a great and important factor of all our leading dailies. We well remember that in 1838, '39 and '40, we were a regular correspondent for a Cincinnati daily with the sole view of advertising Iowa by "writing up" its promised advantages to the emigrant from the older states. In the latter year, we were also the regular weekly correspondent of the *Herald* during the third session of our Territorial Legislature.

In view of the fact that the coming session of the Territorial Legislature was to convene at Iowa City (a temporary capitol building having been erected for the purpose by Walter Butler in behalf of the citizens) in December (6th) of this year, 1841, Mr. Hughes formed a partnership with General Verplanck VanAntwerp also of Bloomington, and arranged to establish a paper at the new capital, Iowa City. Mr. VanAntwerp was from Albany, N. Y., had been appointed by President Van Buren, (his personal as well as political friend) Receiver of Public Moneys in the Land Office at Burlington the first established in the territory, and in 1838. He was not a practical printer. They took their material from Bloomington where it had arrived from Burlington in the fall, and founded the old Iowa Capital *Reporter*—now the *State Press*. In this office George Paul, now postmaster at Iowa City and who had like Mr. Hughes worked in the *Gazette* office at Burlington in 1838, was the foreman. The paper was of course Democratic in its politics, and edited by VanAntwerp, while its business affairs were superintended by the junior partner (Hughes). A Democratic paper had been previously established, August 1st, 1841, at the prospective capital by Dr. Nathan Jackson, of Ind., styled the Iowa City *Argus*, but its

vision was however, notwithstanding its hundred eyed name, of limited duration. In this office another of our old settlers, Isaac V. Dennis, was foreman, but though a "born printer" he could not with his editor, compete with the adversary for the "Public Printing" for which both papers had been started. The contest was short, sharp, and bitter, and the "Burlington party," as the proprietors of the *Reporter* were called, won the coveted prize, and the *Argus* was discontinued. In October, 1842, Col. Jesse Williams, who had been a fellow clerk with the writer in Gov. Lucas' office in 1838, and later, 1846, became the Secretary of the Territory, purchased Gen. VanAntwerp's interest, and became a partner with Mr. Hughes, and joint editor as well as publisher.

Two years later, 1844, Mr. Hughes retired, having sold his interest to Col. Williams, who became sole editor and proprietor. This was the last venture of Mr. Hughes in the newspaper business as editor or publisher. Some years later, however (after the war), he returned to the case, and worked for a season. The foregoing statement needs a brief qualification. During the war, while the 28th Regiment, of which Mr. Hughes was quartermaster, was stationed at Alexandria, La., Col. Connell, its commander, confiscated the rebel press of that town. Mr. now Lieut. Hughes, being a practical printer, opened office, and issued for a while a "live" daily journal from the abandoned office, in the interest of the Union, and the Union Army of Occupation.

It would be historically interesting to trace the subsequent career of the *Herald* and the *Reporter* founded by Mr. Hughes in part, but it would be foreign to our present purpose, which is to speak of him, and his ventures in the newspaper line. He had but little to do with the editorial department, though his name always appeared in connection with his partner, whether his junior, as in the case of Russell, or senior, as in the case of VanAntwerp. He was a good and successful business manager, and had a thorough knowledge of the art preservative of all arts, and his papers always com-

manded the respect of his party, and the business public. He was too modest and retiring in his disposition, and not sufficiently aggressive and combative in his character to control the editorial department of a political paper, the official organ of the party, and hence he shrank from the task, willing to devolve it upon his associates, who quite as willingly assumed the duty. We speak from personal and intimate knowledge of all the parties, for even in those years our partisan press contained too much of the controversial bitterness which has in later years detracted so much from their high character.

PUBLIC AND SOCIETY LIFE.

Notwithstanding he had retired from the Press, he still took an active interest in politics, and public affairs. Iowa having in the winter (Dec. 27) of 1846, become a state, Mr. Hughes was elected a Senator to the first State Legislature from the counties of Muscatine, *Johnson*, and Iowa, and in November (30th) of that year took his seat as a Democrat, which party had a majority in both houses. Mr. Hughes was chairman of the Committees on Incorporations, and Enrolled Bills, and took an active interest in "schools and school lands," but was not known for his "much speaking." An *extra* session was held January 3d, 1848, when Mr. Hughes was elected President. Not a little singular is the coincidence that his old associate at the case in Dubuque, and partner at Bloomington, John B. Russell, was elected Secretary of the Senate at both sessions. The Senate consisted of nineteen members, twelve Democrats and seven Whigs, when Mr. Hughes received fourteen of the nineteen votes. His addresses upon taking the chair as also at the close of the session when he pronounced the body adjourned *sine die*, were remarkable for their brevity (an example worthy of imitation by his successors), as "he was not" he said, "versed in the rule or practice of deliberative assemblies."

This extra session had been called to legislate upon the subject of the "School Law," the regular session having

passed a law without providing for the election of school officers to carry into effect its provisions. With the close of this session he retired from state politics and devoted himself to county and city affairs.

In 1856, he, with Sam'l J. Kirkwood, and many other Democrats, switched off from the Democratic party on the Slavery question involved in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which agitated the whole country, and henceforth acted with the Republican party, in whose fold he died. From 1869-72 and again 1878-80, he served by annual and successive elections as City Clerk, which office he filled at the date of his death.

He served the county as Treasurer for two terms, 1856-60, proving himself an efficient and faithful officer.

He was an active and prominent Odd Fellow, having become a member at Muscatine about the year 1845. Later, in 1846, he became a charter member, and was one of the leading founders of Kosciusko Lodge, No. 6, at Iowa City. To his influence, personal efforts, and worthy example, this old and popular Lodge owes much of its reputation and high standing in the Order and in the Grand Lodge of the state. That his worth and services were duly appreciated is evidenced by the fact that he was called successively to fill the position of N. G. at home, and of Grand Treasurer and Grand Master of the State Body as well as of Grand Representative in the National or Supreme Grand Lodge of the Order.

In April, 1877, by election of the Board of Curators, he became the Secretary of the State Historical Society, holding the office till July, 1881. In this position he rendered valuable services in arranging and caring for the large collections of the Society.

ARMY LIFE.

August 15th, 1862, he was commissioned Quartermaster of the 28th Regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry, which rendezvoused at Iowa City. Of this regiment, Wm. E. Miller, a fellow-townsmen, was the first Colonel. He was succeeded upon his resignation, March, 1863, by John Connell of Toledo,

who led his regiment, as a part of the 3d Division of the Army under Gen. Banks, in the famous Red River Expedition, in the spring of 1864. At the bloody battle of "Sabine Cross Roads" Gen. Banks was defeated—"by bad generalship," says Ingersoll in his "Iowa and the Rebellion," and Col. Connell wounded (losing his right arm) and captured.

It was here too that Quartermaster Hughes was captured and carried by the forces under Gen. Dick Taylor (son of old Zach), to Tyler in Texas, where he languished for many months (14) in the rebel prison from which he was not released till in July, 1865, when enfeebled by long confinement and prison hardships, he returned, broken in health, if not in spirit, to his Iowa home. The result of exposure on the march, and his sufferings in prison caused him the partial loss of an eye, and the same year he had a paralytic stroke from which he recovered, and later a second from which he never entirely recovered.

MARRIAGE.

During his residence in Dubuque, Mr. Hughes became acquainted with the lady, who later became his wife, Miss Louisa C. F. King, who had assisted her mother in teaching the first female school of a higher grade in Iowa and was in 1839, teacher of modern languages in the classical (the first in Iowa) school of Col. Thos. H. Benton, jr. When Mr. Hughes had become settled in business at Bloomington as publisher of the *Herald*, he returned to Dubuque and married the lady of his choice, who became the mother of his children, and proved a helpmeet indeed in all the qualities of a most estimable and devoted wife. Their marriage occurred September 15th, 1841, and until death claimed the husband, forty years later, they shared each other's fortunes in a helping union at Iowa City, where the widow still lives beloved by all who have known her during these years.

To them were born four children, Delia, the wife of Prof. James Gow, formerly of the State University, and now a large

stock raiser and farmer of Greenfield, Adair county, Iowa, Ellis G., a prominent attorney of Portland, Oregon; Anna G., the prop and stay of her mother whose crippled condition from a fall, Thanksgiving day, 1881, has required and made the loving services of Miss Anna, essential to her comfort and usefulness, for neither age nor infirmity has abated her zeal in the labor of her hands, nor her interest in the welfare of her children; and Miss Louise E. (or Lou for short), long principal of the Iowa City High School, now of the High School at Des Moines. Children and grandchildren rise up to call her blessed, as a mother in Israel as of the family.

She early became united, as in late years did her husband, with the Presbyterian church, which, while in health, they both served with a zeal that knew no abatement. Mrs. Hughes was a native of Baltimore, where she was born August 23d, 1823, and with her mother (her father having died during her infancy) removed to Dubuque in 1839, a year later than the coming of him who was to be her life-long companion.

Mr. Hughes was truly a retiring and home man, always preferring the society of home life and friends to mingling among men of the world. And while for many years publishing, and nominally editing prominent, and, at times, the official papers of the dominant party (in those days Democratic in whose faith he had been reared) he yet ever shrank from an active participation in the party affairs necessary to party success. But when from a sense of duty to those whose leader he at times became, he hesitated not to embark in political warfare notwithstanding the Quaker blood that coursed through his veins.

He ever took a deep interest in the welfare of the city where he spent a majority of the years of his life, and strove by his efforts to promote the welfare of her people.

Not ambitious for office for the mere honors of position he yet at times successfully sought the support of his fellow-citizens, rendering them an honest and faithful service in return for their suffrages.

In the social organizations to which he belonged he was in his earlier years an active and useful worker to promote their success. Through his aid and that of kindred spirits the Lodge of Odd Fellows he had organized at an early day became very prominent among the secret societies of the city and state, numbering among its members many of our prominent citizens.

In earlier years Mr. Hughes had been prosperous in business, and accumulated enough to lighten the burden of his declining years, but, through the failure of a city bank, and the betrayal of confidence reposed in friends (?) he lost the savings of years, and struggling on he labored to make comfortable those depending upon him. Yet, during these years, we never heard him complain, but patiently endured to the end which came on the 11th of March, 1881, when he succumbed to an attack of paralysis of the lungs. The old settlers and many kind friends, old and new, bore his remains to yonder cemetery on the hill overlooking the beautiful Iowa, where repose so many of the old settlers of our city and state. To-day, there remain but few of the pioneer band who were his companions, but as they pass away, one by one, their work still lives, and generations unborn will enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Of all his associates of the press, whether publishers, editors or journeymen at the case of 1838-41, during which years Mr. Hughes was one of them, at Davenport, Burlington, Dubuque, Muscatine, and Iowa City, all save two, George Paul, and Isaac V. Dennis, of this (Iowa) City have crossed the dark river, Logan, Clarke, Edwards, Corriell, Crum, Bailey, Jackson, VanAntwerp, and Williams, all of whom we have named in their proper connections, preceded him in their last call for copy. But the press of each of those five places and five hundred others in the Iowa of to-day move on as though none had died.

Although never a publisher and not till later years editorially engaged, we were then closely and intimately associated

with Mr. Hughes and a majority of his associate editors and publishers, as a writer and a party worker from the first to his last connection with the early press of Iowa. And now when the Autumn leaves of fifty and one winters have fallen around us and we, standing almost alone, are led to exclaim with the poet

"When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted;
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but *one* departed."

T. S. PARVIN.

HENRY DODGE.

III.

MAJOR U. S. MOUNTED RANGERS, 1832-3.



WHILE the Black Hawk war was raging, Congress authorized the creation of a battalion of Mounted Rangers, by Act of June 15th, 1832, for the better protection of the frontiers. In supporting the measure in the House of Representatives, Hon. Joseph Duncan, afterwards Governor of Illinois, said that about the first proposition he ever submitted for the consideration of Congress was one for raising eight companies of mounted gunmen for this service in 1828; he believed that all the distress and bloodshed that had just been heard of in Illinois would have been avoided if Congress had adopted that plan; no number of U. S. soldiers on foot could restore confidence to the citizens residing in that country; families who have witnessed the shocking scenes which had just been acted on the frontier would never return to their homes until an efficient

force was raised for their protection; he believed we should hear of no more Indian wars after this force was organized and placed in service. The President appointed Henry Dodge Major of the battalion. His commission was brought to him by express at the mouth of the Whitewater river, when at the head of his command in line of battle.

As soon as the Black Hawk war was over, a Rangers' camp was established on the Mississippi near the mouth of Rock river. The cholera, which had been brought from the seaboard with the troops under General Scott,¹ broke out in the camp, and raged for three weeks. Thirteen of the Rangers died, and were buried in the woods without coffins. Upon this outbreak of the epidemic General Scott issued the following order:

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
FORT ARMSTRONG, August 28th, 1832. }

Order No. 16.

1. The cholera has made its appearance on Rock Island. The two first cases were brought by mistake from Capt. Ford's company of U. S. Rangers; one of these died yesterday, the other is convalescent. A second death occurred this morning in the hospital in Fort Armstrong. The man was of the 4th Infantry, and had been some time there under treatment for debility. The Ranger now convalescent was in the same hospital with him for sixteen hours before a cholera hospital could be established outside the camp and Fort.

2. It is believed that all these men were of intemperate habits. The Ranger, who is dead, it is known, generated the disease within him by a fit of intoxication.

3. This disease having appeared among the Rangers, and on this Island, all in commission are called upon to exert themselves to the utmost to stop the spread of the calamity.

4. Sobriety, cleanliness of person, cleanliness of camp and quarters, together with care in the preparation of the men's messes, are the grand preventives. No neglect under these important heads will be overlooked or tolerated.

5. In addition to the foregoing, the Senior Surgeon present recommends the use of flannel shirts, flannel drawers and woolen stockings; but the Commanding General, who has seen much of disease, knows that it is *intemperance* which in the present state of the atmosphere generates and spreads the calamity, and that, when once spread, good and temperate men are likely to take the infection.

1 Of about fifteen hundred officers and men of the regular troops ordered to the northwestern frontier, not less than two hundred died by the cholera. Report of the Secretary of War, Nov. 25, 1832.

6. He therefore peremptorily commands that every soldier or Ranger, who shall be found drunk or sensibly intoxicated after the publication of this order, be compelled, as soon as his strength will permit, to dig a grave at a suitable burying place large enough, for his own reception, as such grave cannot fail soon to be wanted for the drunken man himself or some drunken companion.

7. This Order is given, as well to serve for the punishment of drunkenness as to spare good and temperate men the labor of digging graves for their worthless companions.

8. The sanitary regulations now in force respecting communications between the camp near the mouth of Rock river and other camps and posts in the neighborhood are revoked. [They had provided for sending all the sick to the hospital on Rock Island]. Col. Eustis, however, whose troops are perfectly free from cholera, will report to the Commanding General whether he believes it for the safety of his command that these regulations should be renewed.

By order of MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT,

P. H. GALT, Ass't Adjutant General.

At this time there were three Sacs confined in the military prison at Fort Armstrong on a charge of having been parties to a murderous attack upon a Menominee camp near Prairie du Chien, on the 31st of July, 1831. On account of the cholera Gen. Scott set them at liberty, taking their promise to return upon the exhibition of a certain signal to be hung from the limb of a dead tree at an elevated point of the island when the epidemic should be over. They kept their word, and reported themselves upon the exhibition of the signal. They were again placed on parole, and subsequently released.¹

ASST. ADJT. GENERAL'S OFFICE, NORTHWESTERN ARMY, }
Special Order: ROCK ISLAND, September 6th, 1832. }

The General commanding directs the use of the following paroles and countersigns for the ensuing eight days:

	<i>Parole.</i>	<i>Countersign.</i>
1832, Sept. 7.	Cæsar.	Gaul.
8.	Hannibal.	Capua.
9.	Napoleon.	Corsica.
10.	Desaix.	Marengo.
11.	Saladin.	Palestine.
12.	Hamlet.	Denmark.
13.	Atkinson.	Bad Axe.
14.	Dodge.	Quisconsin.

By order of MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT,
 R. BACHE,² Ass't Adjutant General.

To MAJOR HENRY DODGE,
 Commanding Battalion U. S. Rangers,
 Camp on Rock River.

¹ Autobiography of Lt. General Scott, Chap. xviii.

² Richard Bache was a descendant of Benjamin Franklin.

Major Dodge was present at the treaty made by General Scott and Governor Reynolds with the Winnebagoes, on Rock Island, on the 15th of September and at the request of those Indians acted as their friend and adviser in the Council. Writing a number of years afterward, Gen. Scott spoke of that occasion and of the course of Henry Dodge in the Black Hawk war, in the following manner:

In the Black Hawk war Gen. Dodge displayed, as was generally acknowledged, the greatest vigor in pursuit, and prowess in conflict with the Indians. After Gen. Atkinson's battle of the Bad Axe, the Western Army came under my immediate command, and I know that Gen. Dodge was held in the highest dread by both the enemy and their secret abettors, the Winnebagoes. Yet, at the treaty held with the latter, Gen. Dodge was chosen as their councillor, and it gave me great delight to witness the zeal and humanity he displayed in protecting their interests, a trait, in my humble judgment, as honorable to him as his victorious blade. I was upon the whole deeply impressed with his merits and have not since doubted that according to their merits, or demerits, he will ever be found the protector or punisher of the Indians about him.¹

He was also present at the "treaty of peace, friendship, and cession," made on the 21st of September with the Sacs and Foxes, upon the site of the present city of Davenport. His signature was appended as a witness to both treaties. These treaties were of great historical significance to the future State of Iowa. That with the Winnebagoes granted to them what was then known as the "Neutral Ground," in what is now Northern Iowa, in lieu of lands they had long occupied on the east side of the Mississippi, south and east of the Wisconsin river and of Fox river of Green Bay. By the treaty with the Sacs and Foxes, those confederated tribes ceded to the U. S. "a tract of the Sac and Fox country bordering on the invaded frontier, more than proportional to the numbers of the hostile band that had been conquered and subdued," viz., a strip of land on the east side of the Mississippi, about two hundred miles in length, extending from the boundary line of the State of Missouri on the south to the "Neutral Ground" on the north, and ranging from fifty to seventy-five miles in breadth, containing about six million acres of land; and they agreed to

1 Letter of Winfield Scott to A. C. Dodge, Feb. 9th, 1841.

remove from the ceded country on or before the first day of June, 1833, with the express understanding that they were not to reside, plant, fish, or hunt on any portion of it after that date. Thus that date became memorable in Iowa history as the day in which a portion of her territory first became open to occupation and settlement by the American people.

The battalion of mounted Rangers consisted of six companies, three of which (Captains James D. Henry, Benjamin V. Beekes, and Jesse B. Browne¹) were assigned by Major General Scott to the Northwestern frontier, to range between the Wabash river, Chicago, Ft. Winnebago, and the mouth of the Wisconsin river, under the immediate instructions of Major Dodge. The other companies (Captains Lemuel Ford, Jesse Bean, and Nathan Boone¹) were ordered to Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas river, for the protection of the Southwestern frontier. The circumstances and discipline of the service are explained in the following orders of Major Dodge:

RANGERS CAMP NEAR ROCK ISLAND, }
September 23d, 1832. }

Order No. 9.

Capt. Browne will march his company from his present encampment to the vicinity of Danville, Illinois. He is permitted to make a proper selection of a position for erecting suitable buildings for the use of his officers and men for the next winter. In the choice of this position he will select the most suitable place for fuel, as well as forage for the horses; it being an object of the first importance that the corn and forage should be as cheap as possible.

The greatest respect is to be paid to the private rights of citizens. The Rangers were intended for the defence and protection of the inhabitants of the frontiers, and it is strictly enjoined on each officer and Ranger not to trespass on the private rights of any citizen without paying a just equivalent for what may be received.

Gambling and drinking to intoxication is prohibited. The Captain commanding will order court martials for the trial of those found intoxicated, and punish them without delay; as well as prevent gambling in his camp.

Capt. Browne will report to me monthly, to be directed to Mineral Point,

¹ Capt. Browne was a member from Lee County of the Council of the first four Legislative Assemblies of Iowa Territory, of the H. of R. of the 8th Legislative Assembly, and of the H. of R. and Speaker of the House, of the First General Assembly of the State. Capt. Boone was a son of Daniel Boone, the Kentucky pioneer. A sketch of their lives is in the *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1872, pp. 196, 226.

Michigan Territory, the strength and condition of his company, as to arms, ammunition, provisions, as well as the state and condition of his horses.

The Commanding Officer of the Rangers expects that each officer and Ranger will be prompt and diligent in the discharge of his duty. The government intends this corps as the vanguard for the frontier. This high expectation must not be disappointed.

VANDALIA, ILL., October 13th, 1832.

Capt. Jesse Browne,

Commanding a Company of U. S. Rangers:

I have this day received a letter from His Excellency, Governor Reynolds, stating that the Pottawattamie Indians had assumed an imposing and threatening attitude on the northern frontier of Illinois. From the pressing manner the Governor writes me on this subject, you will without delay march your company from the vicinity of Danville to the northern frontier of this State. You will range the country from Ottawa at the mouth of Fox river on the Illinois river, so as to completely cover the settlements on Beaver creek in the counties of Putnam and La Salle. You will order the Pottawattamies out of the settlements, and drive them out of the range of the settlements, if they refuse to go. You will select such a position on Bureau as will enable you to procure corn and forage for your horses. Your assistant commissary will make the necessary purchases for the supply of the company, unless the company should find it more convenient to furnish themselves. You are not to make an attack on the Pottawattamies unless they should make an attack on the frontiers. Should they, however, shed a drop of white blood, you will not hesitate to kill the offenders, their aiders and abettors. Should the Indians leave that frontier, and the minds of the inhabitants be quieted, you will return to your winter quarters near Danville. You will exercise your own judgment as to the proper time to leave the frontier, which will be governed wholly by the attitude assumed by the Indians.

Early in 1833 Henry Dodge visited Washington. Regarded as the hero of the Black Hawk war, he was received with marked attention and honor. President Andrew Jackson greeted him with assurances of high appreciation and esteem. Senator Buckner, of Missouri, complimented him in the Senate chamber, as already quoted. Those were the squally days of nullification in South Carolina. Gen. Scott had been ordered to Charleston, also ships of war, and the President had signified his determination, if matters grew worse, to appoint Henry Dodge Marshal of South Carolina, to insure the execution of the laws of the United States in that State. The following letter to Henry Dodge, from his half-brother, Lewis F. Linn, M. D., who, upon the death of Mr. Buckner by

cholera the next summer, succeeded him as Senator from Missouri, relates to this period:

SAINTE GENEVIEVE, February 15th, 1833.

DEAR BROTHER:—I had written you a few days before the reception of your letter announcing your arrival at Washington. It is needless for me to say how much I was gratified at the friendly and distinguished manner of your reception by our venerable and truly great President, so every way qualified to judge of the relative merit of men. How contemptible his revilers must feel on seeing him every moment growing in greatness and increasing in the confidence and affection of the American people! Time, you know, is an indolent old fellow not fond of burthens, and, as he drives along the stream into the ocean of eternity, freighted with the reputation of men, is ever and anon engaged in selecting from his overloaded bark such as do not deserve immortality, and casting them into oblivion. Among the retained will ever be found the name of Andrew Jackson.

Your chivalrous conduct during the late Indian war has truly placed you on elevated ground, from whence you will be enabled to catch a glimpse of coming events, and turn them to your advantage and to that of our common country. It would be a sincere source of regret to find in our domestic troubles you might be compelled to shed American blood, but if stern necessity requires it I know your valor will be tempered with humanity. In a government like ours, made by the people and for the people, where the public will is the supreme arbiter, where the great mass of the people seldom err in judgment, every friend to his country, nay, every friend to liberty throughout the world, may still entertain a reasonable hope that the difficulty with South Carolina will yet be arranged without a resort to force; but should it be otherwise I entertain no fear for the result, and none that you will conduct yourself, if engaged, in such a way as to benefit your country, and add to your well-earned reputation.

In accordance with your wish I will write Col. Buckner, happy if any little influence I may possess could be of service to you; but I doubt much if he has weight at Washington. You know the President, and, knowing him, you can judge whether his wavering course heretofore is likely to gain him the esteem of General Jackson, whose judgment is so unerring as regards men; in fact his election was the result of a singular combination of circumstances, most of which Col. Benton is acquainted with. I might have been in his place, if I had not disdained to be elected by my political opponents; even if I was considered of sufficient importance to be bid for. I had to choose between him and Wells, and I preferred Buckner, knowing that the southern part of the State had in some measure been overlooked heretofore. I must say he has shown every disposition to befriend me since. His subsequent opposition to Col. Benton is, I presume, part of the price he had to pay the Clay men for their support. In this I was completely deceived, or he would not have received my vote.

I am aware of the many virtues of Gen. Ashley, of his sterling good sense, and of his sincere unfeigned friendship for you; but, my dear brother, Col.

Benton is the only man Missouri ever had in Congress whose splendid talents, unwavering purpose of soul, and expanded views entitled him to the character of a great man. It would not surprise me to see him President. At present I view Richard M. Johnson as the only man that stands between him and Vice-President. In support of him last summer, patriotism and personal regard were combined to induce me to contribute my mite toward his success. He ever to me manifested a sincere friendship for you, and for myself I owe him many acts of kindness.

My constitution is much worn out by sickness and a harrassing profession; my head is tolerably well sprinkled with gray hairs, great muscular debility from palpitation of the heart, though I weigh what my father did when he died, 180 pounds. I endeavor to fulfil my duty to my profession, country, friends, and family, and will try to live without fear and die without reproach. After my time as Commissioner expires, I would be pleased to get some appointment for which I might be qualified, that would relieve me from this unfortunate profession of mine to be looking always on man as an object of affliction and sorrow, to be compelled to examine him by piecemeal, every tendon, muscle, bone, nerve, and organ, but worst of all to be compelled to analyze his passions, trace them to their source, and view them in their naked deformity; my soul yearns after getting rid of this.

I have at present three fine children; my wife's health very bad; our old friend Scott is much under the weather; he appears to delight in your brightening prospects; sister is as usual, happy and cheerful; nothing can crush her fortitude; our town and section of country looking up. That your visit to Washington may be one of pleasure and profit is the sincere wish of your brother.

L. F. LINN.¹

GEN. H. DODGE.

In his annual report, November 25th, 1832, the Secretary of War, Mr. Cass, recommended the conversion of the corps of rangers into a regiment of dragoons. Consequent upon this recommendation, an act for the more perfect defence of the frontiers was passed by Congress, approved March 2d, 1833. It provided for a regiment of ten companies, of one hundred men each. The President appointed Henry Dodge Colonel of the regiment. Thus honored with the confidence of the Government, Col. Dodge returned to his command. He

1 Dr. Linn was at this time one of three Commissioners to settle Spanish land claims in Missouri. His sister, Mrs. Mary Ann McArthur, removed to Michigan Territory in 1835, and kept hotel at Belmont during the first session of the First Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory, 1836. Gen. Ashley was member of House of Representatives from Missouri. John Scott was delegate to Congress from Missouri Territory, 1817-1821.

issued the following order to one of his Captains, who had been appointed in the place of Capt. Henry:

ST. LOUIS, March 31st, 1833.

*Capt. Matthew Duncan,*¹

Commanding Company of U. S. Rangers:

You will on hearing of the departure of the caravans for Santa Fe hold your company in readiness, and march them to join the caravans at the nearest point from your present encampment. Your command will act as an escort until you arrive at the Arkansas river, or the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. You will afford the caravans on their march all the aid and assistance in your power, and defend them against the attack of the hostile Indians. You will preserve the utmost harmony between the Rangers and the Santa Fe traders. On your march you will guard against the possibility of surprise. On your arrival at the southwestern boundary line of the United States, you will have an express understanding with the traders as to the time they will return, and you will meet them with your company on their return at the boundary line, and act as an escort until they pass the line of the State of Missouri.

H. DODGE,

Col. U. S. Dragoons, Commanding U. S. Rangers.

Upon the Illinois frontier he found the people in a state of alarm from a wide-spread apprehension that the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies were forming a combination to attack the settlements. He at once made a disposition of troops to quiet the public mind and protect the frontier. A low stage of water in the river preventing steamboats from passing the rapids of the Upper Mississippi, he travelled on horseback from St. Louis by way of Vandalia, Fort Clark and Dixon's Ferry to Dodgeville, a distance of 400 miles. The following letters explain the condition of the frontier at this period:

VANDALIA, April 3d, 1833.

To Captains Beekes and Browne:

The threatening attitude of the Winnebagoes and the exposed situation of our Northwestern frontier makes it important for the safety of the citizens of that frontier, as well as to enforce a strict observance of the treaty made with the Winnebagoes, that you should march from your present position to Hennepin on the Illinois river, to arrive at that place by the 20th of April, if possible. Supplies for the Rangers will be sent up the Illinois river to that place by Gen. Atkinson. On your arrival at Hennepin, you will immediately report to me near Dodgeville, Michigan Territory. It is important that your move-

¹ M. Duncan was publisher of the first newspaper in Illinois, the *Illinois Herald*, at Kaskaskia. He was a brother of Joseph Duncan, Governor of Illinois, 1834-S.

ment should be made promptly. At Hennepin you will be about sixty miles from Rock river, where you can march immediately to Rock river, or any other part of the country where it may be necessary to concentrate the Rangers.

DIXON'S FERRY, April 9th, 1833.

To Gen. Atkinson, St. Louis:

I arrived at this place at 10 o'clock last night, accompanied by Mr. Woodbridge, after a ride of seventy miles. I found the people moving in every direction, much excited. There are no families on the road from Meredith, twenty miles this side of Fort Clark, except Thomas, and none between this place and Apple river. The information received through Dixon has directly operated on the great mass of the community living on this frontier. From his statements the conduct of the Winnebagoes is mysterious and doubtful. A short time will determine the course they will take. Lieutenant Wilson, of the U. S. Army, is going directly to Jefferson Barracks; he is from the mines, and can inform you as to the state of public feeling. It is certainly desirable that the Government should purchase as early as possible the Pottawattamie country,¹ and enforce the treaty made with the Winnebagoes. Such is the state of feeling of the people, that the Indians must be removed to prevent war, the sooner the better.

Should the Indians make any hostile movements, I will endeavor to be prepared for them. Their inquiries have been very particular where I was, and where my family were. I will advise the people of the mining country to form themselves into mounted companies, as many as can procure horses, and will post myself with them in advance of the settlements, if there is an appearance of danger. I will see Gratiot on my way home, and will send for the principal chiefs of the Winnebagoes, and have a talk with them, which I will communicate to you.

NEAR DODGEVILLE, MICH. TY., April 13th, 1833.

To Major General Macomb,

Commanding U. S. Army at Washington City:

The inhabitants of the Illinois frontier appear in much dread from an attack of the Pottawattamies, and are leaving the settlements; many of them I met in wagons. They appear in great dread of a premeditated attack from both Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes. I am convinced that nothing short of an extinguishment of the title of the Pottawattamies to the country bordering on the State of Illinois, and their removal from that frontier, will quiet the minds of the inhabitants. I consider it important to the future growth of this

¹ The Pottawattamie country contained about five millions of acres lying along the western shore of Lake Michigan, and between that lake and the land lately ceded to the U. S. by the Winnebagoes. By a treaty made a few months afterward at Chicago it was ceded to the U. S. September 26th, 1833, and the Pottawattamies agreed to remove to the country now constituting a part of Southwestern Iowa and of Northwestern Missouri, lying between the Boyer and Nodaway rivers, and embracing five millions of acres. *U. S. Statutes at Large*, vii, 431.

country that the Winnebagoes should be forced to leave the country they have ceded to the U. S., and that there should be a separation of the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies. Such is the dislike of the people of the frontier generally of these two nations, impressed as they are with the belief that they participated in the late war with the Sacs and Foxes, that war must be the inevitable result unless they are all removed. Whether the inhabitants are in danger or not, they appear confident of the hostile disposition of these Indians. I have seen Mr. Gratiot, sub agent, since my arrival. He says no danger is to be apprehended from the Winnebagoes, that they say they will not go to war with the whites, but that they wish to remain on the lands they have ceded to the U. S., and raise corn, and that when they receive their annuity money in the fall they will cross the Wisconsin river to their country. This arrangement will not suit the people of this frontier. Nothing but the removal of the Rock River Indians will satisfy the people; and from the advantages the Indians have, their knowledge of the country, the extent of the swamps, as well as the thickets and fallen timber where they could secrete themselves and be free from an attack of a body of horses, unless the Winnebagoes go peaceably it will take at least 700 mounted men to remove them to act on foot or mounted, as this particular service may require.

Gratiot states to me he saw among the Winnebagoes four of the murderers that made their escape from Fort Winnebago last fall.¹ If they are as friendly as they profess to be, why not give up the murderers? It would certainly be the best evidence of their disposition to act correctly. The people of the mining country are satisfied of the guilt of the Winnebagoes in having aided the Sacs in the war against us and the escape of the Winnebago murderers. It being known to all that the murderers of our people are protected by the great body of the Winnebagoes on Rock river will make it difficult to keep peace unless these murderers are given up.

DODGEVILLE, April 22d, 1833.

To Brigadier General H. Atkinson,

Commanding the Right Wing of the Western Dept., U. S. Army:

On my arrival at Gratiot's Grove on the 10th inst., I proposed to Mr. Gratiot, who had returned from the Turtle village the evening before, to send immediately for the chiefs of the Winnebagoes on Rock river. My object was to ascertain the state of feeling among them. Mr. Gratiot states that they deny any hostile feelings towards the whites, and that they have no ammunition, and are almost in a state of starvation.

Mr. John Kinzie, sub-agent at Fort Winnebago, was with me last night; he is directly from that place by the way of Daugherty's, an Indian trader, who

¹ These murderers were charged, some of them, with the murder of St. Vrain, in Illinois, others with the murder of Aubrey, Green, and Force, near the Blue Mounds. They made their escape from the black hole at the fort, by digging under the stone foundation with their knives through the earth, a distance of seven or eight feet outside the fort. *Niles' Register*, January 19th, 1833.

is settled near the Four Lakes. He says the Winnebagoes are in great dread of the whites, and wish much to see me. I have agreed to meet Kinzie at the Four Lakes on this day week. He will notify the Indians, and will attend. I will endeavor to have Gratiot present, and Pauquette as interpreter. I will let the Indians know the necessity of their removal.

Mr. Kinzie states, on his return from Chicago recently, that he had seen and talked with Caldwell, the chief of the Pottawattamies, who says they are anxious to sell their country to the United States and move west of the Mississippi; and that they are anxious to explore the country west of the Mississippi, and want an escort of Rangers to accompany them, as the country west of the Mississippi is owned by different nations of Indians, with the exception of that portion recently purchased by the United States from the Sacs and Foxes. A treaty would have to be made with the Indians owning the country they might select, before their removal could be effected.

I received a letter from Capt. Beekes, dated from his camp near Vincennes on the 9th inst. He acknowledges the receipt of my order. He appears to think it will be impossible for him to reach Hennepin by the 20th inst. He states that Paymaster Philips had not arrived, that the Rangers were without money to buy forage for their horses, that he had selected Mr. Samuel Smith to purchase rations for the Rangers as well as forage for their horses, and was busily engaged in making the necessary preparations for their march, that he would reach Hennepin as early as possible, that the health of the men was good, their horses in excellent order, and that they were well armed and equipped for service.

Capt. Browne will, I presume, be at Hennepin with his company by the time specified. I have no doubt the Rangers of these companies will be employed on this frontier during their term of enlistment. Supplies of provisions will be wanting for them at some convenient points, say Fort Winnebago, Fort Crawford, and at Helena, on the Wisconsin river. It is believed that the Winnebagoes will locate themselves at or near the old Sac village. Helena would be a central point between the Portage and the mouth of the Wisconsin river, and, as the Winnebagoes will be all removed north of the river, there will be no necessity for ranging the country on the Rock river, unless it should be necessary to watch the movements of the Pottawattamies on the Illinois frontier.

I will immediately, after a meeting with the Winnebagoes, forward you copies of our talk with them. The large amount now to be paid the Winnebagoes annually, and the conflicting interests of agents as well as Indian traders, make it difficult to come at the truth.

NEAR DODGEVILLE, April 25th, 1833.

Capt. Jesse Browne,

Commanding a Company of U. S. Rangers:

I received your favor of the 20th inst. from Hennepin by express. Your arrival at that place was calculated to quiet the minds of the inhabitants on the Illinois frontier; the people have been kept in a state of agitation from conflicting reports.

With a view to ensuring the complete execution of the treaty with the Winnebagoes, I am directed to order your company to advance as early as the season will permit, to take such a position as will enable your command to be effective in reference to the removal of the Winnebagoes, should they hesitate to comply with the treaty.

To facilitate the views of the Government, you will march your company to this frontier as early as possible, and as the supplies of provisions, arms and ammunition for the use of your company must be drawn at Fort Crawford, you will have to draw at least ten days rations at Hennepin; the distance from that place to Fort Crawford is 200 miles. As it will be necessary for me to communicate with Col. Taylor, the commanding officer at Fort Crawford, you will pass near my residence in the mining country, which is the direct route from Rock river to Fort Crawford, and report to me for further orders.

I am to hold a talk with the chiefs of the Rock River Band of Winnebagoes at the Four Lakes on the 29th inst., and will possibly get some information that may be depended on. From the statements of the Indian Agents it would seem the Winnebagoes are in great dread of an attack from the Rangers this spring. I will communicate to them what the views of the Government are as respects their removal from the lands they have ceded to the United States. I have no doubt it is absolutely necessary for the security of the frontier inhabitants both of Illinois and Michigan that the Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes should be separated, and that they should be obliged to leave their present residence.

Similar orders to those sent to Capt. Browne were sent to Capt. Beekes. Col. Dodge met the Winnebago chiefs at the Four Lakes on the 29th of April, as is described in the following letters:

May 2d, 1833.

Brigadier General Atkinson:

I forward you a copy of the talk held with the Winnebagoes at the head of the Four Lakes on the 29th ult. Mr. Kinzie attended the council as well as Mr. Gratiot; Pauquette acted as interpreter. The White Crow and Whirling Thunder were anxious that I should speak first, no doubt with a view of ascertaining if any advantage could be taken on their part. I told the chiefs I wished to know what their feelings and wishes were in relation to removal from the country they had ceded the United States last year. I replied to the talk of the chiefs, and then told them I would be glad to hear from them again. They made no reply to that part of my talk in relation to the murderers.

From all the information I can procure, the traders and some others have told the Indians that as they delivered the murderers once, and the whites permitted them to escape, by the laws of nations the whites would have to retake them.

I was informed about four days before I met the Indians in council, that one hundred and fifty of the Winnebagoes had been at Daugherty's trading

house, which is about fifteen miles from the Four Lakes, to see me, understanding I was to be there at that time. The Indian who killed St. Vrain, the Indian agent, was among the number, dressed very fine, and said he wanted to see me. Some steps should be taken to oblige the chiefs to deliver these murderers. I have received no instructions on that subject. I discovered a great unwillingness on the part of the Indians to leave the country they have sold the United States. Nothing but a strong mounted force will drive them off. My opinion is, a few of the leading men will go to save appearances, and many will remain on the Upper Rock river, which is so well calculated to afford them shelter and protection.

I had the honor of receiving your favor of the 15th ult. I had not intended organizing the militia of the mining country unless the hostile disposition of the Indians was apparent. I am much gratified that the steps I have taken in calling the Indians into council has met your approbation. I could devise no plan that appeared to me more advisable than to call them together, and have their agents present at a conference with them.

I am exceedingly unwilling to assume responsibilities not warranted by the express letter of my orders. I have, however, frequently from necessity and not choice been obliged to act from circumstances. As this frontier is under your immediate direction I should not act without your orders as the commanding general, except in cases of great apparent danger.

NEAR DODGEVILLE, M. T., May 3d, 1833.

Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War:

[After communicating the same information as is contained in the above letter to Gen. Atkinson] You are much better acquainted with the Indian character than I can pretend to be, and can form more correct conclusions than I can. The Winnebagoes are the most difficult Indians to understand I have ever been acquainted with. If they could avoid a compliance with their engagements to leave the country they have ceded to the United States, they would do so. The Rangers will be here in a few days. Whether the two companies will be a force sufficiently imposing to oblige the Upper Rock River Winnebagoes to remove, I am unable to say. A few of the leading men I think will remove; but it is doubtful whether the major part of them will cross the Wisconsin river. Their chiefs appear to have less influence over them than any Indians I have known.

Upon the arrival of the two companies of Rangers at Col. Dodge's headquarters the latter part of May, they were ordered, after halting a week, to take a position suitable for camping in the neighborhood of the Four Lakes, in order to watch the Winnebagoes, and to insure their strict observance of the treaty made with them at Rock Island. They established a camp near the northwest side of Fourth Lake, and named it Belle Fountain; and subsequently a camp on the

Wisconsin river, and named it camp Knox. Supplies of ammunition and subsistence were drawn from Fort Winnebago, and from Helena, on the Wisconsin river. The two companies were under the command of Capt. Beekes, to whom Col. Dodge gave the following orders, June 4th:

Captain Beekes will observe a mild but decided course towards the Winnebagoes. He will order a detachment of twenty men under the command of an officer, who will take the main trail of the Sacs to where they crossed the muddy fork of Rock river; after crossing that branch of Rock river they will take the main trail made by the whites to where the volunteers under my command reached Rock river from Fort Winnebago. By this movement you will ascertain if a part of the Winnebagoes are yet remaining on Rock river. You will keep detachments ranging the country to Whitewater on the Rock river, as well as to the Turtle village formerly occupied by the Winnebagoes, and ascertain, if possible, if any part of the Winnebagoes have removed to the lands of the Pottawattamies. Should you find a considerable number of the Winnebagoes yet remaining on the lands they have ceded the United States, you will immediately send an express to Col. Taylor, commanding at Fort Crawford, under whose orders you are placed during my absence to the southern frontier, and no steps are to be taken until his arrival, as the removal of the Winnebagoes devolves exclusively on Col. Taylor, should they refuse to leave the country agreeably to the stipulations of the treaty made at Rock Island.

Should the U. S. Rangers meet the Winnebagoes, or find them located on the ceded lands, they are to take no steps, but report the facts to the commanding officer of the detachment, unless they should be attacked by the Winnebagoes. In that event they are to kill the offenders, their aiders and abettors, if possible. The parties sent on this service should be directed to be strictly on their guard against the possibility of surprise, by keeping their spies always in the advance and on their flanks and rear such a distance as to give the main party time to be prepared for action, should it become necessary. Silence is of the first importance where there is the possibility of danger; loud talking and laughing should be prohibited on a march; caution is the first duty of a soldier; the utmost vigilance will be necessary in preventing horses from being stolen by the Indians, or straying away; they must be well secured at all times.

Discipline and subordination is of vital importance to all bodies of armed men. The drill for the Rangers as prescribed by the War Department must be practiced each day when the weather will permit; the dismounting motion, linking horses, advancing the Rangers in line, in open order, and at trail arms, is an important movement that should be well understood by the Rangers.

The commanding officer of the Rangers directs that the rules and articles of war shall be observed and obeyed, and that the general regulations of the army be observed in all cases. A proper deference and respect from the officers to each other, it is expected, will be strictly observed in their respective relations. Combining as the officers of this detachment do a knowledge of the leading

principles of their profession, as well as a practical knowledge of Indian warfare, the most happy results may be expected in affording protection to the settlers on the frontiers.

Ordered by Gen. Atkinson to make a demand upon the Winnebago chiefs for the murderers who had escaped the previous fall, Col. Dodge made arrangements to meet the chiefs at the Portage for that purpose.

June 4th, 1833.

To Gen. Henry Atkinson:

Yours of the 24th ult. I received this morning. I am much gratified that my course in relation to the Winnebagoes has met your approbation. Every facility has been afforded the Winnebagoes of Rock river to enable them peaceably to leave the country they have ceded to the United States; the corn promised them they have received, and Capt. Gentry hauled their canoes from the Four Lakes to the Wisconsin river. The Whirling Thunder, the Blind or White Crow, Little Priest, Little Black, and White Breast had crossed over to the Wisconsin with their canoes. The Man Eater, who is the principal chief on the Upper Rock river, and the Spotted Arm, it was understood, had not crossed the Wisconsin. Capt. Gentry saw about one hundred men, warriors. From all the information I have been able to procure, not one half of the Rock River Indians have crossed the Wisconsin; and the Indians that have crossed are no doubt waiting to see what steps will be taken as to the removal of those remaining on the lands they have ceded the United States.

I will take a position near the Four Lakes, where I can march to any part of the Rock River country in two days. The large trails made last season will be easily followed by light parties that may be sent out to make discoveries. I have always been of opinion it would require an armed force to drive the Winnebagoes from Rock River. Should a spirit of resistance be shown on the part of the Indians, when I ascertain the probable number I can better determine what number of troops will be necessary to drive them, and will advise you immediately. I will get Pauquette, if possible, to accompany me as interpreter. It will be difficult at present to get the murderers. The course you have advised will be pursued. I have no doubt it will require the action of the chiefs to effect a delivery of them. I will immediately call the attention of the Indian agents to the subject, and meet the chiefs as early as possible. The Portage will be, I think, the better place to convene them.

NEAR DODGEVILLE, June 8th, 1832.

To Brigadier General Atkinson:

I leave this place early to-morrow morning for the Four Lakes. I will ascertain as early as possible the movements of the Winnebagoes, and advise the Indian agents of the time and place I will meet the chiefs to make a demand of the murderers. I learned from Mr. Goodale, sutler at Fort Winnebago, that Mr. Kinzie, the Indian agent at the Portage, had gone to Green Bay, to meet Governor Porter, and that he would not return to the Portage before the 15th inst.

The Four Lakes, I think, will be a proper point to post the Rangers; the distance from Helena will be about thirty-seven miles. The Rangers have six wagons, and will be able with convenience to transport the necessary supplies for their use while at that place, and it will be within fifteen miles of the Wisconsin river, and where I can ascertain better the movements of the Indians, and range the country from the Blue Mounds to Fort Winnebago.

In addition to his duties with the Rangers in connection with the removal of the Winnebagoes, Col. Dodge was also occupied with arrangements for the organization of the Regiment of U. S. Dragoons. The following extracts relate in part to those arrangements:

DODGEVILLE, June 8th, 1833.

To Major J. B. Brant,

Quartermaster, St. Louis, Missouri:

Every attention shall be paid for the safe keeping of the public horses. It is desirable, however, they should be removed as early as possible to where they might be wanting for the use of the Dragoons, as they are in fine order. Should any of the public horses stray off, or be stolen, I certainly ought not to be responsible for them.

I am much gratified to hear the public horses purchased by me will be paid for, and that a settlement will take place for the mounting and equipping the Iowa County Militia. The responsibility I was obliged to take for the defence and protection of our frontier has been a source of great uneasiness to me. I have given to Major Kirby, the paymaster, all the information in my power, and, if my duties on the frontier will permit me, will do everything I can to assist Capt. Palmer, Special Agent for the Quartermaster's Department, in his settlement of the public accounts.

In your letter of the 30th ult., you stated you had received instructions for the erection of stables, store-houses, and for equipments, etc., for the Regiment of Dragoons. I fully agree with you in your views as to the propriety of regarding efficiency and durability in the outfit as essential to the future usefulness of the corps, and that economy should be observed in the expenditure of the public money in the erection of stables.

The Regiment of Dragoons was intended for the more perfect defence of this frontier. I do not know what the views of the Government may be as to the future disposition of the Regiment. I presume, however, they will be stationed after their organization on the frontier. It is not to be expected that Jefferson Barracks will be the permanent headquarters of the Regiment longer than may be necessary to complete its organization.

On his return from Fort Winnebago he forwarded the following report to Gen. Atkinson:

DODGEVILLE, MICHIGAN T^y., June 29th, 1833.

GENERAL:—I received your letter of 13th inst. yesterday evening on my return from Fort Winnebago. On the 9th inst. I started from this place for

Fort Winnebago, reached the Rangers' camp near the Four Lakes on the 10th inst., and arrived at Fort Winnebago on the 14th. Mr. Kinzie, sub-agent for the Winnebagoes, arrived on the 15th with twenty thousand dollars, the annuity money for the Winnebagoes. I waited on Mr. Kinzie, and sent for Mr. Pauquette, the interpreter, and had a confidential conference with them on the subject of the removal of the Winnebagoes, as well as the necessity of a prompt delivery of the eight murderers who made their escape from Fort Winnebago last fall; and that a refusal on the part of the Indians to remove from the ceded lands would oblige me to march with the mounted Rangers to drive them across the Wisconsin river, and that it might be necessary for me to call on the Government for aid, and, should it become necessary to do so, that the chiefs would be in danger of being taken and held as hostages until the murderers were delivered up, to be dealt with according to law. I was well apprised that Man Eater, the chief on the Upper Rock river, had not left his village, and that at least sixty lodges were yet remaining on the Upper Rock river. Mr. Kinzie having the annuity money in his possession, I thought it would be a favorable moment to call the attention of the chiefs to this subject, that the annuity money would not be paid them, until they complied with the demands of the Government. I desired Mr. Kinzie to notify the chiefs I would meet them on the 22d inst., at the Portage; in the meantime, the Indians on the Rock river should be all notified, both as to their removal, as well as my course in relation to the murderers.

I left the Rangers on the morning of the 22d inst., and arrived at Fort Winnebago at about 10 o'clock. The Rangers arrived at the fort at about 12 o'clock. I enclose you a talk held with the chiefs:

To the Chiefs of the Winnebago Nation:

When at the Four Lakes, on the 29th of April, in my talk with you I told you that a cloud of darkness would rest on your Nation until you delivered up to justice the eight murderers taken by you last fall under a stipulation of the treaty made with the U. S. Commissioners at Rock Island. You acted in that respect with good faith. The murderers have made their escape; they have received your aid and protection. During the winter on Rock river, your agent, Mr. Gratiot, stated to me he had seen four of them; he identified the Indian who killed the U. S. agent of the Sacs and Foxes, Mr. St. Vrain.

It becomes my duty to demand of you, the chiefs, that these men be delivered to me; their escape from justice is no acquittal of them. Is it right, is it just, that men who professed to be our friends, and when the Government of the U. S. was in a state of peace with their nation, that a part of them should unite with the Sac and Fox Indians, to kill our weak and defenceless citizens on this frontier and charge the crimes on the Sacs? The men who participated in killing the U. S. Indian agent, and his murderer, whom, as Mr. Gratiot, your agent, states, Mr. St. Vrain had fed and extended to him all the rights of hospitality and friendship at his house at Rock Island but two weeks before he was killed!—the Indian who barbarously cut off his hands and feet before his death!—have been permitted by you to go at large, covered with the blood of an innocent man, without any attempt since the escape of these murderers on your part to bring him and the rest of the murderers to that justice their crimes merit. This state of things is in direct violation of every principle of justice; and contrary to all usage among friendly nations, for one party to harbor and conceal murderers and culprits claimed by the other party,

I now distinctly give you to understand that if you fail to adopt measures for the apprehension of the fugitives from justice, it will lead to a stoppage of your annuities by the Government and that your chiefs are liable to be arrested and detained until the delivery of the murderers.

Your great father, the President of the United States, deals justly with all nations, whether a strong or a weak people; he asks nothing of them that is not right; and he will submit to nothing that is wrong. He will do justice to all the Red Skins. Had our frontier people killed any of the

Winnebagoes in a time of peace, they would have been punished according to the laws of the country where the crime was committed. If your people kill ours, they must be punished in the same manner that our citizens are punished. The laws are made for the protection of all, as well as for the punishment of all who violate them.

If you deliver the murderers to us, to be dealt with according to law, you will give us a proof of your friendly disposition, and that you are disposed to observe and conform to those friendly relations that should exist among different nations of people; then the bright chain of friendship will remain entire and unbroken between us.

Should you fail to deliver these murderers, your road will be filled with thorns, and the sun will be covered with a dark cloud, which will rest over your nation until the blood of the innocent is avenged.

Judge Doty, the former U. S. District Judge, now practicing as an attorney, had been at the Portage after my conference with Mr. Kinzie. He had been employed last fall by the murderers to defend them. He advised the friends of the culprits to deliver themselves up to Mr. Kinzie, who was the only acting magistrate at the Portage, before my arrival. As Mr. Kinzie lived in Brown county, the murderers would be committed to the gaol of that county, and they would not be taken to Prairie du Chien and confined, and would not have to be tried in Iowa county, where the alleged murders were committed, and where public opinion was decidedly against them. Mr. Kinzie directed the accused murderers to be placed in the guard house in the fort, under the ninth article of the treaty made at Rock Island. The names of the murderers were given, and three of them were given up as the murderers of Mr. St. Vrain, killed near Kellogg's Grove, in the State of Illinois, who must be tried in that State; and consequently a demand must be made by the Governor of the State of Illinois on the Governor of this Territory for the delivery of the murderers of St. Vrain. I mention this subject in order that the proper steps may be taken in relation to the trial of these murderers.

The Indians charged with killing Aubrey, Green, and Force, near the Blue Mounds, must be tried in the county where the murder was committed, unless the Judge orders the change of the venue. The Indians were marching to the fort on my arrival; seven of them have been committed; there is a hostage for the eighth, that is expected will be delivered.

There is a large collection of the Winnebagoes at the Portage; Mr. Kinzie says about four thousand souls. They will be paid their annuity money on the first of July. Man Eater and the Indians of the Upper Rock river were all at the Portage. They are now camped on the Menominee lands, and say they have a right to remain. I think to remove the Rangers immediately from the frontier, many of the Winnebagoes will cross the Wisconsin below the Portage and return toward the Rock river.

I would have remained at the Portage with the Rangers until the annuity money was paid, and would have seen the Winnebagoes move across the Wisconsin, but the scarcity of supplies at Fort Winnebago obliged me to march the Rangers to Helena, where our supplies had arrived about the 18th inst.

I am strengthened in my belief that the Indians will return to the Rock river from the statements of Mr. Marsh, an agent of the American Fur Company. He called to see me, and stated to me that the fur trade of the Upper Rock river was worth twenty thousand dollars annually, that he had been

engaged in that trade about ten years; he appeared to regret much that the Winnebagoes should be deprived of the privilege of hunting on the ceded country, because the Pottawattamies would cross over their boundary and hunt and trap on the ceded country. I stated to him I understood commissioners had been appointed to treat with the Pottawattamies in September for their country bordering on the State of Illinois. He said the Pottawattamies would sell their country and were willing to move west of the Mississippi, but that their crop of corn would be ripe in September, and that they could not remove their corn with them, and that they would necessarily remain until spring, which would give them the advantage of hunting in the Winnebago country during the winter. Mr. Marsh has a wife and children among the Winnebagoes. Several of the Winnebago chiefs have applied to me for permission to return to hunt on the ceded lands, which I have positively denied them.

I met Mr. Rolette near the Portage on my return, who informed me of the order Col. Taylor had received as to the marching of the Rangers to the Sioux and Chippeway country, and appeared much interested in the contemplated movement up the Mississippi. The American Fur Company to which he is attached is no doubt greatly interested that peace should be preserved between the respective Indian nations with whom they have intercourse. This trader has been deeply interested in the Rock river trade.

I think the proper course would be to range the country bordering on the Wisconsin from Helena to the Portage until the term for which the Rangers are enlisted expires. I have made an arrangement with Col. Cutler, commanding officer at Fort Winnebago to send me an express immediately should the Winnebagoes not cross the Wisconsin. He thinks it would be improper for them to remain on the lands of the Menomonees. Under my orders I should consider I was bound to remove them across the Wisconsin. To permit them to remain on the lands of the Menomonees would facilitate their immediate return to the Rock river country.

Capt. Beekes enlisted the greater part of his company on the 7th of July. Their time would expire on the march to the Sioux and Chippeway country. The time of enlistment of Capt. Browne's company would expire about three weeks after that time. From the disposition already evinced by the Rangers of Beekes's company, Col. Taylor would find it difficult to do anything with them. Capt. Browne's company appear satisfied, and I think there would be no difficulty with them.

DODGEVILLE, July 14th, 1833.

General H. Atkinson:

I ordered the Rangers to range the country carefully, and to take all straggling Indians they might find within the limits of the ceded country, and retain them in safe keeping until further orders. From a conversation I had with Daugherty and Mack, two Indian traders on Rock river, I suspected them for secretly advising a part of the Winnebagoes to return to Rock river. The Indian wife of Daugherty is the relation of Whirling Thunder, the principal chief of the Rock River Indians.

Whirling Thunder, his family, with several men (the party of Winnebagoes

was composed of about twenty, including children) were found on Sugar creek, where they had camped. Daugherty had furnished his wagon to transport the baggage of Whirling Thunder and his party. A white man by the name of Davie was drawing the wagon with two Frenchmen; Emmell and another (his name I do not know) were in company. They were taken with Whirling Thunder and his party by Lieut. Wheelock of the U. S. Rangers, under the orders of Capt. Beekes, and conducted to the camp of the Rangers near the Four Lakes. I was immediately notified by express, and repaired without delay to the Four Lakes where I found the Indians and the three white men under guard. I released the whites, and sent Lieut. Fry, of the U. S. Rangers, with fifty men as an escort to guard Whirling Thunder and his party to the Portage, and cross them over the Wisconsin river.

In my conference with the Winnebagoes at the Portage, I discovered a desire on the part of the Winnebagoes to hunt on the lands of the Menomonees on Fox river. I suspected them for occupying that country only for the moment and then passing to the Upper Rock river. The Winnebagoes and Menomonees appear very friendly at present, and I have thought it probable there might be a secret understanding between them to that effect. Pauquette, the interpreter at the Portage, with whom you are acquainted, appears to think, unless the Winnebagoes are permitted to hunt on the lands of the Menomonees there will be difficulty between them, unless the latter nation is prevented from hunting on the lands of the Winnebagoes.

The Rangers commanded by Capt. Beekes, whose term of service expired, as they state, on the 7th of July, presented themselves forty-two in number, and demanded of the captain their discharge, stating they could only be compelled to serve the U. S. twelve months from the date of their enlistment, not from the time they were mustered by the inspecting officer into service. These men commenced stacking their public arms immediately before the tent of the captain, mounted their horses and started for Indiana. A part of the balance have left the service in the same manner since, leaving not more than twenty men in Capt. Beekes' company, with two First Lieutenants, one Second Lieutenant, and two Brevet Lieutenants. Capt. Beekes applied to me for a furlough to return to Indiana; he has had a severe attack of the rheumatic pains, and is at present unfit for service. I granted him a furlough of sixty days.

The term of time for which Capt. Browne's men have been enlisted, upon the principle contended by the Rangers of Capt. Beekes' company, will expire in a few days, and should they discharge themselves in the same manner that Capt. Beekes' men left the service, this will leave the frontier without mounted men. Capt. Browne has two First Lieutenants, one Second Lieutenant, one Third Lieutenant, and one Brevet Lieutenant attached to his company; there will be eleven officers in both companies.

Under the General Order of the 11th of March the Mounted Rangers were held in readiness for active service until relieved by the Regular Cavalry. Under that Order I felt myself bound not to discharge the Rangers until I received orders to that effect. Had the country been in a state of war with the Indians, I should have taken stronger grounds. I think, however, a mounted force should be kept on this frontier, and that something should be done with

the Indian traders who urge the Indians to violate their treaties with the U. S. If we have trouble on this frontier, it will be more the fault of the traders than the Indians; the large amount now to be paid the Winnebagoes makes their trade valuable; these traders are generally married to Indian women, and they always exercise an improper influence over the minds of the Indians.

Will you have the goodness to direct the disposition I shall make of the officers under my command on this frontier, should the Rangers discharge themselves.

July 15th, 1833.

General Atkinson:

I regret to inform you that the cholera has made its appearance in the camp of the Rangers near the Wisconsin. Yesterday two privates of Capt. Browne's company died in a few hours after their attack, and the Captain informs me there are several men who have the premonitory symptoms of this disease. I have sent an express for Dr. Phileo, and, if it is not in his power to come to our assistance, to send Dr. Crane. Dr. McLaren is a good young man, and no doubt a good physician, but has had no experience in this terrible disease.

I wrote you by the mail yesterday fully; this letter is sent by the express who is the bearer of my letter to Dr. Phileo.

Early in August Col. Dodge closed the work of the U. S. Rangers upon the Northwestern frontier, leaving a small detachment of thirty-five men upon the ground, whose term of service had not expired, under the following order:

NORTHWESTERN FRONTIER, August 7th, 1833.

Second Lieutenant James Clyman,

Commanding a Detachment of U. S. Rangers:

You will remain in the neighborhood of Dodgeville with the detachment under your command; your supplies of rations will be issued by Third Lieutenant John G. McDonald, until the first of October, at which time you will discharge the men of your detachment, unless sooner discharged by the order of Brigadier General Atkinson. You will once in two weeks range the country from your camp near Dodgeville to the Four Lakes, where you will be able to get information as to the movements of the Winnebagoes. Should you find any of them you will treat them friendly, and take no step that could possibly involve the frontier inhabitants in difficulty with the Indians; but should you ascertain that the Winnebagoes are returning to the lands they have ceded the United States, you will without delay report the facts to General Atkinson at Jefferson Barracks, or myself, should I be stationed at that place.

While occupied with the organization of the regiment of Dragoons at St. Louis, his brother, Dr. Linn, was called to St. Genevieve by the earnest entreaties of his old friends in that place, where there was a virulent outbreak of cholera.

In ministering to them Dr. Linn was himself seized with the epidemic, and anticipating a fatal result, he despatched a messenger for his wife, who was at St. Louis, to come to him. She immediately hurried on her way, driving down on the Illinois side of the river, and crossing the river again at St. Genevieve, in imminent peril in the darkness of the night, when she found her husband still living, and that hopes were entertained of his recovery. Soon after she had left St. Louis, Col. Dodge was advised of it, and he hastened to overtake her, but she was too swift in her journey. On reaching St. Genevieve the next morning, he told Mrs. Linn that he had frequently overtaken Indians running from him with all the fleetness for which they are remarkable, but he should never again try to overtake a wife flying to seek a sick husband. He had left St. Louis half an hour after her, and although mounted on a fine horse had tried in vain to overtake her.¹

WILLIAM SALTER.

Burlington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEN DAYS IN THE REBEL ARMY.*

. BY MAJOR S. H. M. BYERS, OSKALOOSA, IOWA.



MY term of service with Hood's army, in the battles about Atlanta, was a short one; but it was a dreadfully earnest one. I doubt if many Southerners experienced as much in years as I did in the ten days and ten nights I was under the stars and bars.

The way of it was this: I had been a resident of the South nearly a year. Seven months of this time I had spent at the capital of Virginia, where the Confederate Congress was sitting. I was not in Congress, however, but in Libby Prison.

Once Kilpatrick's cavalry came very close to Richmond. The rebels became frightened, and removed us all, about six or seven hundred officers whom they had had cooped up in

¹ Life and Public Services of Dr. Lewis F. Linn, by Mrs. E. A. Linn and Nathan Sargent, pp. 72-77.

*Reprinted from the Atlantic Monthly.

Libby for months, to Macon, in Georgia. Here we were put in a big stockade, or pen, and left in the broiling sun, and it was here that I determined to become a volunteer in the rebel army.

The stockade in which we were kept was twelve feet high, with a platform near the top, on which the guards paced constantly. Ten feet inside the stockade was the dead-line, indicated only by a little stake here and there. To cross this, to approach it even, was sufficient to insure being instantly shot. There was but one gate, or door, and it was kept constantly closed and guarded by a sentinel, who stood, gun in hand, immediately above it, while a corporal stood watch below. Once a day a few guards and officers entered this door, closed it behind them, and formed us into lines for counting. I had studied a small map of the country for days, and by dint of trading tobacco, etc., with an occasional guard who was dying for the weed, I acquired, piece by piece, a pretty decent rebel uniform, which I had kept buried in the sand where I slept. July 15th, 1864, came round. My term of enlistment expired that day. I had been in the Union army three years; was it not a good time to give the rebels a trial? There were a few old sheds not far from the gate, and in one of these I waited with a friend one morning, about nine o'clock, and saw the sergeants and the guards come in to count the prisoners. I had resurrected my rebel uniform and had quietly slipped it on. It fitted amazingly. My friend was lingering there simply to see what would become of me. 'He has often declared since then that he expected me to be shot the moment I should approach the dead-line. The prisoners were some way off, in rows, being counted, as I stepped from under cover and quickly walked up to and over the dead-line by the gate. The guard above brought his gun from his shoulder, halted, and looked at me. I paid no attention, but knocked, when the door opened, and the corporal stepped in the opening and asked what I wanted. "The lieutenant misses a roll list, and I must run out and bring it from headquarters," I answered, pushing by him hurriedly. There was no time for questions, and the corporal, before getting over his surprise, had passed me out as a rebel sergeant. I quickly turned the corner, passed a number of Johnnies sitting on the grass drinking coffee, and went straight up to the commandant's tent, near the edge of the wood, but did not go in. I had not looked behind once, but expected every moment to

hear a bullet whizzing after me. I passed behind the tent, walked slowly into the wood, and then ran my best for an hour.

I was outside of prison. How free, how green, how beautiful everything seemed! I had the joy of years in a few minutes. Of course I was missed at the roll call directly, and the bloodhounds were soon upon my track. I avoided them, however, by different manoeuvres. I changed my course shortly, repassed the prison pen on the opposite side, and went back and up into the city of Macon. After wandering through its streets for an hour I again took to the woods. That night I slept in a swamp of the Ocomulgee river. What bedfellows I had!—frogs, lizards, bats and alligators. But it was better than inside the walls of a Southern prison. All the next day I lay in a blackberry patch, fearing to move, but feasting on the luscious, ripe berries. What a contrast it was to my previous starving! Never in this world shall I enjoy food so again.

Near to me was a watering-station for the railway to Atlanta. As I lay in the bushes I heard trains halting all the day. With night came a glorious moon. Such a flood of heaven's own light I had never seen before. By ten at night a long, empty train halted, and in two minutes I had sprung from the bushes and was inside of an empty freight car. In ten minutes more I stood in the door of the car watching the fair farms and the hamlets of Georgia sleeping under the glorious moonlight, while I was being hurled along heaven knows where.

That was the strangest ride of my life. The conductor came along when we were near Atlanta, swinging his lantern into the cars, and found a strange passenger. He threatened all sorts of things if my fare was not paid (of course I had no money); but I put myself on my dignity, told him I was a convalescent soldier coming back from furlough, and dared him or any other civilian to put me off the train. That ended the colloquy, and just before daylight the whistle screamed for Atlanta, and I was inside the lines of Hood's army.

I left the train, and in a few moments was tucked away in the haymow of a barn near the station. So far, good; but daylight brought a squad of rebel cavalry into the barn, who, to my dismay, soon commenced climbing up to the mow for hay for their horses. My presence of mind was about leaving me utterly, when I happened to notice an empty sugar hogs-

head in the corner of the mow. Before the rebels were up I was in it, and there I sat and perspired for six mortal hours. Those hours were days, every one of them. All of this time Sherman's army, then besieging Atlanta, was throwing shells into our neighborhood. At last, *at last*, the rebels saddled their horses and rode out of the barnyard.

I was not long in changing my headquarters. For three days I walked up and down Atlanta, among the troops, to the troops, from the troops; always moving, always *just going* to my regiment, the Ninth Alabama, to which I had attached myself as ordnance sergeant. I was very careful, however, to keep far from that particular regiment. I knew its position, its chief officers,—knew, in fact, the position of every brigade in Hood's army. It was to my interest, under the circumstances, to know them well; for I was continually halted with such exclamations as "Hallo! which way? Where's your regiment? and what you doing away over here?" A hundred times I was on the point of being arrested and carried to my alleged command. For every man I met I had a different tale to suit the circumstance. At night I slept where I could,—under a tree, behind a dry goods box, anywhere; it made little difference, as my lying down on the ground, hungry, pillowless, and blanketless, and fearing every moment to be arrested, could not be called sleeping. The life was growing monotonous at last; more so as, aside from an occasional apple, I had nothing at all to eat.

About the fifth day, I overheard an old Irishman, hoeing among his potatoes, bitterly reviling the war to his wife. I made his acquaintance, and discovered our sentiments as to the rebellion to be very nearly identical. Under the most tremendous of oaths as to secrecy, I told him who I was and that I was absolutely starving. If he would help me I knew how to save his property when Sherman's army should enter. That it *would* enter, and that Atlanta would be razed to the ground and every human being's throat cut, he had not a doubt. Still, if detected in secreting or feeding me, he would be hung from his own door-post. There was no doubting that, either.

However, that night I slept in his cellar, and was fed with more than the crumbs from his table. It was arranged that I should wander about the army daytimes, and come to his cellar—unknown to him, of course—about ten every night, when his family were likely to be in bed. The outside door was to

be left unlocked for me. Prisoners do not carry time-pieces in the South. Mine disappeared with my pistols on the battlefield of Chattanooga, and, as an unfortunate result, I went to my den in the cellar an hour too early one evening. None of my protector's family seemed to be aware of the guest in the cellar. I was sitting quietly in the corner of the dark, damp place, when the trap-door opened above and a young lady, bearing a lamp, descended, and seemed to be searching for something. It was a romantic situation — destined to be more so. Groping about the cellar, the young lady approached me. I moved along the wall to avoid her. She unluckily followed. I moved farther again. She followed, cornered me, and screamed at the top of her voice, dropped the lamp and fainted. In half a minute three soldiers, who had happened to be lunching up-stairs, the old lady, and my friend, her husband, rushed down the steps, armed and with lights. The old gentleman recognized me, and was in despair. I think I too was in despair, but, rightfully or wrongfully, I took to my heels and escaped through the door at which I had entered, leaving the fainting girl, the despairing father, and the astonished soldiers to arrange matters as they might. The girl recovered, I learned years afterward, and her father's house was one of the few that escaped the flames when Sherman started to the sea.

From that night on I slept again at the roadsides, and as for rations, I might say I did not have any. The weather was terribly hot, but I spent my days wandering from regiment to regiment and from fort to fort, inspecting the positions under the works. I knew that if I did get through, all this would be equal to an army corps for Sherman. Once I crept into a little, deserted frame house, and happening to find an old palmetto hat there I changed it for my own, on account of the heat. I then laid my rebel jacket and cap under the boards, and, fastening my pantaloons up with a piece of broad, red calico that happened to be with the hat, sallied out seeing what I could see. I very soon saw more than I had calculated on. I had wandered well off to the right of the army, and was quietly looking about, when a squad of cavalry dashed in, shouting, "The Yankees are on us!" There was a regiment of infantry close by which sprang to its feet, and every man in sight was ordered to seize a gun and hurry to the front. I, too, was picked up, and before I had time to explain that I was just going over to my division a gun was

in my hands and I was pushed into the line. The whole force ran for a quarter of an hour into the woods, firing as they ran, and shouting. Suddenly, as a few shots were fired into us, we stopped and formed line of battle. The rebels near me were much excited, but not so much so as to leave the new recruit unnoticed. I knew I was watched, but was determined not to be suspected.

"Fire!" the captain shouted; and how we all fired! I was used to the gun in my hands. My own regiment had been armed with this same kind of rifle. How I loaded and banged! I was a picturesque sight, too, among the trim, uniformed company,—gray breeches, shirt sleeves unbuttoned and flowing to the elbows, red calico waistband and a white palmetto hat! John Burns at Gettysburg was nothing compared to me in appearance. I was a prominent target. What a wonder some Yankee did not pick me off!

"Go it, Alabama! Give 'em h——! Bully for you!" met my ears, as I rammed down the cartridges and blazed away. I aimed high, however, and unless Sherman's army was roosting in the tree-tops my hands are free from Northern blood.

The skirmish was soon over. Some cavalry had flanked the Yanks and brought them in, and while their pockets were being gone through with by my fellow-soldiers I slipped to the rear and was glad to get back into my own cap and jacket.

I lay in the little empty house that night. Sherman's army had been banging at the city fearfully, and setting houses on fire, all the night. It was a little revenge, I presume, for the losses in the skirmish, in which I had taken so picturesque a part. These shelled houses had emptied their occupants into the street, and a little after daylight I noticed a family, with its worldly baggage piled on a one-mule wagon, stop in front of my residence. "Here's a house out of range of bullets. Why not move in?" I heard a manly voice call to the women and children following with the traps. "Move in," I thought to myself. "Well, they can stand it if I can." The house consisted of but one room, unceiled and reaching to the rafters, with the exception of a small compartment, finished off and ceiled, in one corner. On top of this little compartment were my headquarters.

In they moved, bag and baggage, and the woman folks soon commenced preparing a meal outside, and under the shadow of the front door. This half finished room had been used as a butcher shop in the past, it seemed, and the meat hooks in the

corner had served me as a ladder to mount to my perch on the ceiling. "Now, Johnny," chirped the wife, "do you run up town and buy some red and white muslin. We will make 'a Union flag, and when Sherman gets in, as he's bound to, we're jest as good Union folks as he is. You know I'm dyin' for real coffee. I'm tired of chicory and injun bread, and I don't keer if Sherman's folks is in 'o-morrow. We'll draw government rations, and be Union."

These good people were probably "poor trash" of the South, not *keering* much which way the war went, provided they could get rations. Their general talk, however, was of the real rebel character, and it was an unsafe place for me to stop in. In an hour the banquet before the front door was prepared, and all hands went out to partake. Soon they were joined by a rebel soldier, who seemed to be on a half hour's furlough to visit the young lady of the party, whom I took to be his sweetheart. Sherman's army, I was sorry to learn from the soldier, was being simply "mowed out of existence." "All the woods above Atlanta was a *reeking corpse*." "Sherman himself was in flight northwards."

By looking more closely through a chink in the weatherboarding of my villa, I discovered that he was reading all this dreadful information from a copperhead newspaper, and then I felt easier. Again, there was the talk about money purses made of Yankees' scalps, and finger rings from Yankee bones; and during the dinner, I was no little astonished to see this valiant Southerner exhibit to his eager listeners a veritable ring, rough and yellow, made, as he said, from the bones of one of Sherman's cavalrymen. This was not the only time, however, that I heard such talk from Southern soldiers. My ears became accustomed to it during the wanderings in disguise about the army there. I recall having heard, one day, the most diabolical and dastardly statement ever made by a civilized man. I was standing at the roadside, watching some Federal prisoners march by who had just been captured.

"Where will they take them to?" I innocently inquired of a well dressed man standing near me, who, like myself, was watching the unfortunate men pass.

"I suppose to Andersonville," was the answer.

After some little conversation on the subject of prisoners in general, I added, "It is all stuff, of course, what the Northerners say about the Yankees dying off so at Andersonville."

"Stuff! No," he interrupted; "they do die like rats, and

it's a good thing. If the North won't exchange them, why not kill them?" Seeing that I was interested, he went on: "I tell you how it is. I was down there the other day. The commander is a relative of mine, and I was visiting him. The whole thing is easily done. The trenches, etc., of the guards are usually above the stockade, and the filth and corruption that flow down the dirty brook, from which the Yankees drink, would kill all the abolitionists in the world. And then there are other ways. If the Yankees don't want their slum, we certainly can't afford, and it is the intention *not* to afford, to feed them. If they starve, let them starve,—the more the better. Andersonville is the best general we've got, and does more good than any army of the front." This was the deliberate utterance of a well-dressed, intelligent Atlanta merchant. To the everlasting credit of the rebels in arms, he wore no uniform; but it was to what he supposed to be a Confederate soldier that these dastardly sentiments were uttered. Of course, when Sherman's army entered he probably drew rations as a good Unionist.

But I am getting away from my story. The banquet of cucumbers, chicory, and *injun* bread was about terminating. My soldier with the ring had used up his furlough, and was gone. The house was still empty, and it was now or never if I proposed getting down from my perch without an alarm. My plan was silently to climb down the meat hooks which I had ascended, and slip out at the still open back door of the house. On peeping over the edge of the ceiling, however, what was my amusement to see a bull-dog of immense proportions tied to one of my hooks!

Here was a "situation!" He was sound asleep, but had an amiable countenance. I dropped a bit of plaster on his nose. He looked up amazed, and smiled. Then I smiled, and then he smiled again; and then I carefully crept down, patted him on his head, said good-by in a whisper, and in a twinkling was out of the back door. My gratitude to this dog is boundless.

I had found it unsafe now to be about houses, and again I took my lodgings in the field. Again I was busy, just going to my division, but never getting there. My pocket was full of passes, prepared before leaving prison, taking me anywhere, almost, on all kinds of business connected with supplying Loring's division with ordnance. Once, near the sacred quarters of a brigadier, the guard arrested me. I protested,

and our loud talk brought the brigadier to the rescue. I explained how I was just going to my regiment, and how my pass had been lost, and the necessity of going on at once. The brigadier took in the situation at a glance, and with a pencil wrote me a pass, good for that day. Fighting was going on about Atlanta constantly, but with so many apparent reverses to our arms that I feared I should never get away.

The memorable 22d of July came, and with it the most terrific fighting on Hood's right, and in fact, all round the semicircle about the city. Loring's division, with my Alabama regiment entered the battle.

My Alabama regiment entered the battle on Hood's right wing, and I followed at a safe distance, as an ordnance sergeant. Everybody was too busy and excited to ask me questions, and in the hope that Hood would be defeated, and an opportunity for getting through be at last presented, I was feeling well. Hundreds, thousands, possibly, of wounded men fell back by me, but all shouting, "The Yankees are beaten and McPherson is killed!"

It was too true! McPherson had fallen, and if reports were correct. Sherman's army had met with an awful disaster. For me, there was nothing left but to get back to the rear, and try another direction. I knew that Sherman's advance was at the ford, at Sandtown, on the Chattahoochee river, at our left. Could I only get there, I might still be saved. I had now been seen among the rebel forts and troops so much that there was the greatest danger of my being recaptured, and shot as a spy. On the night of the 22d I lay under a hedge, near to a field hospital.

No food and no sleep for days was killing me.

Still, there was no rest; for all night long I heard the groans of the poor fellows whose arms and legs were being chopped off by the surgeons. The whole night was simply horrible. I might have died there myself,—I wonder that I did not. The hope of escape only was keeping me alive. I had not eaten a pound of food in days.

Daylight of the 23d came. It was my birthday. Auspicious day, I thought, and again my hopes gave me strength and courage to work my way past lines of infantry and cavalry.

All day, till nearly sunset, I had crept around in the woods, avoiding sentinels, and now I was almost in sight of the

longed-for goal. It was not a mile to the ford. When dark set in, I should swim the river, and be a free man. More, I had news that would help Sherman's army to capture Atlanta. A thousand pictures of home, of freedom, peace, were painting themselves in my mind. One hour more and all would be well. Hark! a shot, and then a call to halt and hold up my arms. I was surrounded in a moment by fifty cavalymen who had been secreted in the bushes,—how or where I know not. We were in sight of the river, and the Union flag was just beyond. It was no use here to talk about being a Confederate. I was arrested as a spy, and the great danger was of being shot then and there, without a hearing. I was partly stripped, searched thoroughly, and then marched between two cavalymen to General Ross, of Texas, who, with his staff, was also at a hidden point in the woods. General Ross treated me kindly, and gave me lunch and a blanket to rest on. It was his duty, however, to send me to the division headquarters, to be tried. I was again marched till nine at night, when I was turned over to General Hume. He was sitting by a fire, in the wood, roasting potatoes and reviling the Yankees. As I was arrested as a spy, and to be tried, I deemed it best to say nothing. "Try to escape from me to-night," shouted General Hume, as if he were commanding an army corps, "and I'll put you where there's no more escaping!" Through the whole night a soldier sat at my head, with a cocked pistol; but, for the first time in days, I slept soundly. Why not? The worst had happened. By daylight a guard marched me up to the city, where Hood had headquarters in the yard of a private residence.

On the way there my guard was communicative, and I persuaded him to show me the paper that was being sent around with me, from one headquarters to another. I read it. Sure enough, I was considered a spy, and was being forwarded for trial. The paper gave the hour and place of my capture, with the statement that one of those capturing me had seen me inspecting a fort on the previous Sunday.

When we reached Hood's tents, I was turned over to a new guard, and the document brought with me was carelessly thrown into an open pigeon-hole by a clerk who seemed too much disturbed about other matters to ask where the guard came from, or what I was accused of. I, at least, noticed where that paper was put. There was the most tremendous excitement at headquarters. Orderlies and officers were dash-

ing everywhere at once. Fighting was constantly going on, and an immediate retreat seemed to be determined on. I was left that night with a few other prisoners, against whom there were no charges, in a tent almost joining the one where the clerk had deposited my paper. Our guard was very accommodating, or very negligent, for he allowed different persons to go in and out from our tent at all hours during the night. Daylight brought the provost-marshal general to the tent, to dispose of the prisoners. The name of each was called, and all but myself were taken out, heard, and sent off.

"And who are you?" he said pleasantly enough to me. I stepped forward; the clerk was asked for the paper, but it was gone. "It certainly had been misplaced," said the clerk, in embarrassment. He had put it in that particular pigeon-hole. I testified to that, myself, and added that "it was of little consequence, as it was from an officer, I didn't know whom, who had simply picked me up as an escaped prisoner." The provost-marshal took me aside, and asked me if I had been about the works or the troops any. I told him my name, that I was really an escaped prisoner, and that I had just walked up from Macon, and had hoped to get away. "You have had a very hard time of it," he said, "and I almost wish you had got away. I hope you will soon be free," he added, "and that the cruel war is almost over."

It was his duty though to return me to prison, and I was sent to Charleston, and with many others was placed under range of our own guns, as a weak effort to stop the Federal fire on that doomed city. Months afterward I did get away, and when Sherman's army entered the city of Columbia I was one of the escaped prisoners who welcomed it.

The kind provost will smile if he ever reads this narrative, and will forgive me, I know, for the stories I told him. I hope, too, that that young clerk was not punished for the loss of that paper. I know that he was not to blame.

TO IOWA'S EARLY LAWMAKERS.*

BY A. R. FULTON.

Ye founders of a proud young State,
Some muse inspired your deeds
might tell,

For you have planned a structure
great,—

Its ground-work fashioned strong
and well.

Not here you come to-day as Whigs,
Republicans, or Democrats,
Though some may wear judicial wigs,
Or don official robes and hats.

In years by-gone 'twas you who gave
This Commonwealth her statutes
just;

Her pioneers, so true and brave,
Assigned to you that sacred trust.

Proud Iowa will ne'er disown
The men who framed her early
laws;

Whose wisdom yielding palm to none,
Could find in codes all secret flaws.

If, in some hasty statute made,
Some lurking error found a place,
It surely could not long evade
Your searching skill defects to trace.

The best you gleaned from ev'ry code,
And winnowed well the chaff away;
You, on a grateful State bestowed
The grandest that she boasts to-day.

Mere party service not your aim—
'Twas for the right you firmly stood,
And heeded well the people's claim,
As servants for the public good.

Let Solons of this later age
Their annals now with your's com-
pare;

They cannot show one brighter page,
Nor prouder laurels shall they wear.

On your foundations, strong and deep,
Grand superstructures they may
rear,
If they in mind your virtues keep,
And faithful to your plans adhere.

Like Cincinnatus, famed of old,
Your State to serve you left the
plow,
And institutions helped to mould
Which you may proudly boast of
now.

A fertile land, with people rude,
May scarce deserve the name of
state;
Refinement must succeed the crude,
With laws that tend to elevate.

A state is not confined to soil
In given metes and bounds em-
braced;
But men with brain and hand must
toil
For homes, by all the virtues graced.

To form a state, all these combined,
With righteous laws for justice
framed,
By men of stalwart mould and mind,
Were needed, as you wisely claimed.

In decades past you saw the need
To train in wisdom's way the youth,
And nobly wrought, their feet to lead
Along the shining paths of truth.

'Twas you, to bless the coming years,
A temple planned on every hill—
The Common School, where all are
peers—
The noblest product of your skill.

As precious grains and fruits are
grown
From soils by patient work and care,
So seeds of knowledge must be sown
In youthful minds, good fruit to
bear.

*Read at the Second Quadrennial Reunion of the Iowa Pioneer Law-
makers' Association, at Des Moines, Iowa, February 27th, 1890.

All this you saw, with vision clear, —
 So for the future wisely planned;
 And when no longer you are here,
 Your temples still shall firmly stand

Far-seeing men, profound of thought,
 Who wear your honors with rare
 grace,
 These better times your wisdom
 brought
 To those who now assume your
 place.

Contrast the old and present day.
 • With all their comforts and their
 ills;
 You cheerfully then paid your way—
 Ten cents a mile, and walked up
 hills.

Men trudge not now the laws to make,
 By *Frink and Walker's weary line;
 But gorgeous palace cars they take,
 Where they may rest, or sleep, or
 dine.

'Neath golden dome, in marble halls,
 Adorned by rarest skill and art,
 Where statues pose on frescoed walls,
 Lawmakers now enact their part.

Sometimes, aroused from dream or
 trance,
 Men's task unfinished, they renew;
 Your work, to retrospective glance
 Complete, you fondly now review.

You call to mind how some engaged
 In conflicts fierce upon the floor,
 Where mighty wars of words were
 waged—
 But— words they were — and noth-
 ing more.

Where is the "rural member" now,
 Whose manners quaint provoked
 your smiles,
 Until one day — you scarce knew
 how—

He turned the scales by artful
 wiles?

He now is here—your hero brave—
 For honors since have strewn his
 way;

A Nestor, silver-haired, and grave,
 He walks among you here to-day.

All still are friends, for none were
 foes,
 Though oft, opponents foes were
 styled;

Now dearly prized, your rolls repose
 With mem'ry's treasures, safely
 filed.

Restrain not now a pensive tear
 For vacant seats in those old halls;
 Some colleagues gone, to mem'ry
 dear,
 Respond no more at your roll-calls.

How surely do your meetings wane,
 And weary waiting, one by one,
 Each, leave of absence shall obtain,
 When life's full calendar is done.

The closing session soon you'll hold,
 And may you then with pleasure
 find
 That all your bills have been enrolled,
 And ev'ry act approved and signed.

The architect with pride may view
 The edifice his brain hath willed;
 A grander temple honors you—
 The Commonwealth you helped to
 build.

*Frink & Walker were proprietors of extensive lines of stage coaches in Iowa before the day of railroads.

RECENT DEATHS.

DR. THOMAS RIGG, who came to Iowa at an early day, but removed to the Pacific Coast thirty years later, died at his home in Pasadena, California, February 21st, 1890, in his seventy-fifth year. Dr. Rigg was a native of England, but while yet a young man came to the United States, making his first American home in Philadelphia. Removing to the vicinity of Iowa City in 1852, he engaged in the practice of medicine, in which he was soon recognized as a skillful practitioner. He subsequently established himself in Iowa City, where he was equally in favor as a medical adviser and sympathetic friend. Besides a widow, he leaves by his first marriage three sons and two daughters, the elder of the latter being the widow of Capt. Joseph E. Griffith, whose very gallant exploit in the deadly charge of the 22d of May at Vicksburg has become historical.

NOTES.

"TEN DAYS IN THE REBEL ARMY," published in this number, is the actual and awful experience, true in every particular and detail, of Major S. H. M. Byers, the Adjutant of the 5th Iowa Infantry, who was captured by the confederates at the battle of Chattanooga, and who remained a captive in rebel prison pens for fourteen months, to be but scantily rewarded with a consulship in Switzerland for fourteen years—a year of office for every month of captivity. Byers, the poet, historian, soldier and diplomatist, is a versatile hero of whom Iowa, and indeed the whole country, may well be proud.

FOR want of space, we are obliged to defer till the next issue the publication of an interesting article by the Hon. Hawkins Taylor on, the First Territorial Legislature, as well as many other valuable papers.



Wm Thompson
Brig. Genl, Vols.

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 3.

GENERAL WILLIAM THOMPSON.



REVET BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM THOMPSON was born in Manallin township, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, November 10th, 1813.

His father was of Scotch-Irish Quaker origin, and born in Loudon county, Virginia. His mother was of French extraction, born in Stafford county, Virginia, where her father, Harris White Cotton, was born and reared before her. He had the reputation of having been a man of varied and great literary attainments, fine business qualifications and habits, and a very distinguished Free Mason. After moving to western Pennsylvania, he was employed as general manager of "Hueston's Forge" for several years, and after his death, which occurred about the time the General was yet an infant, was buried at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, with distinguished Masonic honors. The Cottons, both male and female, were fine specimens of physical development; were vivacious, sprightly, and, above all things, predisposed to literary attainments; while the Thompsons were equally well favored physically, but were more than ordinarily endowed with what the world is pleased to call "common sense." They relied mainly on attainments of actual observation, and cared but

little for literary acquisitions of any kind, found outside the Bible, or in the arithmetic through the simple rules. They had acquired, traditionally, a fair amount of Highlandic "folk lore" and, hereditarily, much of the Scotch persistency, religious bigotry, mixed with all the peculiarities of Quakerism and unswerving honesty.

James Thompson, the General's father, was in some respects a very remarkable man; he was a natural mathematician; could solve in his mind, with the aid of a crayon or lump of chalk, and apparently without any rules or formulas whatever, the most difficult problems of algebra, and had a mania for pitting himself against the finest scholars in the solution of such difficult problems. Finding himself possessed of such superior qualities without the aid of an education, he very naturally concluded everybody else could do the same thing, and was, therefore, opposed to all education beyond reading, writing and the simple rules of arithmetic.

This conclusion on the part of young Thompson's father operated in reducing his children's education to the lowest minimum.

In the early spring of 1817, young Thompson's father moved his family to Mount Vernon, Ohio, where he lived until the summer of 1820, and until after his son William had attended a three months' summer school, taught by a good old Irish school-master, when they moved eleven miles into the wilderness, and commenced to build a house and make a farm on government land, without a stick amiss in the densest and wildest forest imaginable.

This wilderness abounded in all kinds of game indigenous to such primitive, unsettled forests; deer, wild hogs, ground hogs, raccoons, porcupines, rabbits, all kinds of squirrels, wild turkeys, quails and pheasants were in astonishing abundance, while bears, panthers, large timber wolves, catamounts and wild cats were scarcely less abundant and much more dreaded.

Here young Thompson, the eldest of three children, a boy

and a girl besides himself, along with his father's family and two hired carpenters, experienced six weeks of camp life, while a dwelling house of hewed logs was being built. The house was so far completed that fall as to enable the family to occupy it during the winter, and was subsequently made a comfortable residence in which the family lived for the next fourteen years, when our subject was of age.

His father was a blacksmith, and had established a shop on the farm near the house, immediately after moving into it. Here the family was increased, from time to time, until there were three boys and five girls living, and an additional boy who died in infancy. And here the family, parents and children, were subjected alike to all kinds of useful and remunerative labor, necessary, for the girls, in successful house-keeping, and, for the boys, in clearing up and in the successful cultivation of the farm. William, being the eldest and best adapted to it, had his labors divided between the shop and the farm, working in the former at nights and early mornings and on rainy days, and on the farm at other times. These, with incidental concomitants, constituted his environment.

A curious and weird phenomenon takes place among the large trees in a heavy forest, at the breaking up of winter. During the cold weather the sap or moisture in the large trees freezes very solid; and when the winter breaks and the ice in the trees begins to melt or thaw out, the forces placed in active operation produce powerful intonations, or sonorous cracks, resembling the report of a rifle, probably in splitting the solid bodies of the trees, so that a stranger to the phenomenon would easily mistake it for the firing of musketry.

Soon after the back-bone of winter was broken, as indicated by the timber fusilade just spoken of, and during the last of February, 1821, there was a thunder storm and a drenching rain, carrying off all the snow and flooding all the streams.

This was regarded as the end of winter and the inauguration of the sugar-making season, which would last until the buds of the trees were swelling, preparatory to bursting out into

leaves. After the swelling of these buds, the condition of the sap became so changed, chemically, as to prevent it from being reduced into granulated sugar. Still, even after that, the sap could be reduced into poor syrup.

There were one hundred and fifty large sugar trees within a hundred and fifty yards of their house, and his father conceived the idea of making his own sugar for the coming season. So he hired one of the Kiles to make an equal number of sugar-troughs, holding about a pailfull apiece. These troughs were easily made and inexpensive; they were only about two feet long, were light and easily handled. The trees were tapped by boring two or more three-quarter inch holes in the tree, about two feet above the ground; these holes were directed slightly upward as they entered the tree, then a spile was fitted into each hole to conduct the sap far enough from the tree to fall into the trough. These spiles were constructed of pithy alder, with the pith forced out, leaving it hollow, and then having the end trimmed down to the size of the hole, into which it had to be driven just far enough to catch and convey the sap to the trough.

Every pleasant, warm day succeeding a severely frosty night was regarded as a fine sugar day; that is, if the trees were properly tapped, the sap, or sugar-water, would run abundantly. The troughs had to be emptied as often as filled, and on each evening, whether filled or not, this sap was gathered and stored away in hogsheads, or large troughs capable of holding twenty or thirty barrels apiece, and then, as soon as possible, was boiled down into a rich syrup, when it was allowed to cool and settle. It was then poured off, free from the sediment, clarified by mixing with it, when cool, either blood, the whites of eggs, or isinglass, to raise all other filth to the top as scum, and then skimmed off, leaving the syrup perfectly clean and pure. When the fire was increased in intensity, the syrup rapidly boiled and evaporated until sufficiently dry, when it was taken from the fire and allowed to cool by being constantly stirred until it granulated; or, if it

was desired to make it into cakes, it was poured, while hot, into pans of the required size and allowed to cool without stirring. In no case was the sap allowed to ferment, as fermentation destroys the saccharine and the sugar. To make fine sugar, much depends upon the clarifying process.

Although his father had purchased an additional large iron kettle, and had brought into requisition all the pots and kettles of their culinary establishment, still his sugar-making was but an experiment, when compared with the sugar-making of many of his neighbors.

The sugar-boiling process was kept up all night when required, and was regarded as a kind of social holiday season, when visits from one camp to another were frequently made and returned. During this season, his father took him to several neighboring camps, especially on days when the stirring-off process was to take place. It was always delightful to be present on such occasions, as it afforded an opportunity to eat all the "tough balls" one desired. These "tough balls" were a delightful kind of maple sugar candy, which everyone could make for himself by dipping the stirring paddle into the hot sugar and then allowing the adhering hot sugar to drop into a vessel, usually a tin cup of cold water, when, upon partially cooling, it became the finest candy in the world.

Notwithstanding the meagreness of their facilities, they succeeded in making enough sugar for their own use. And during after years, when their facilities had been greatly increased, he still continued to work at the business every spring, until he finally became an expert in the business; and for several years before he quit the farm, he supervised the sugar-making himself.

Although he was forced by what are usually regarded as untoward circumstances into an apparently unfortunate environment, at a tender age, still he was led to, and virtually had forced upon him, the valuable knowledge of a thousand and one things which the rich and "better born" never have an opportunity to learn. And in addition to the aggregation

of raw material it afforded him the opportunity of obtaining, it also afforded him the finest school the world has provided for the cultivation of the human senses, particularly those of seeing and hearing, without the ample cultivation of which the growth of the ego must be necessarily dwarfed and stunted.

In such a forest life as the one in which he was reared, there were aggregated a greater number and variety of favorable conditions conducive to the growth and development of sound, healthy, vigorous and reliable eyes, or entire organs of vision, than could have been found elsewhere in the world. Its location was in the very heart of the Temperate Zone, where the extremes of heat and cold, of sunshine and shadow, and all other abnormal climatic conditions unfavorable to the most normally favorable development of all natural production were never suspected or experienced. The brown, gray and drab of the leafless forests, in the winter time, variegated and modified the intensely garish whiteness of the snow, while in the summer the intense brightness of the sunshine was normally and beautifully modified by the intermingled sunshine and shadow permeating the forests and garnished all over and throughout with Nature's own vision stimulator, the variegated green foliage throughout the entire forest. Then the keen and attentive perception constantly required in the perceptions of the discriminating differences between one kind of tree and another kind, and all the tiny marks and shades distinguishing the various kinds of wood, bark, leaves, flowers, fruits and shapes of limbs; the different kinds of herbs, mosses and lichens; the various kinds of insects; the distinguishing characteristics of the tracks of all kinds of wild animals, and how to distinguish them from the tracks of tame animals and from the tracks of each other; then the watching of honey bees and tracing their flight to the trees in which they have their hives, and in observing them flying about their holes among the tops of the trees in order to capture the honey; and above and beyond everything else, the requirement of

keen vision, in seeking for the various kinds of wild game, especially squirrels and pheasants, and the nicety of visual perception required in shooting them invariably in the head with a rifle. These are but a few of the most palpable specimens of the modes of exercising and cultivating the visual organs, in such an environment; and by which most curious and attentive men attain great excellence and superiority.

His home was situated in the midst of a practically boundless forest; it was within the easy reach of many of the large forest trees any one of which falling on the house, would crush it and destroy the inmates; while the whole surrounding, known or unknown, was beset with dangers, known or imaginary; therefore, he, as a sentinel, constrained by his inherited watchfulness, was ever on the watch-tower, with his ears wide open, listening for any possible approaching danger. In dread of the effects of cyclones, or hurricanes, he could hear the slightest rumbling of distant thunder; and could tell, by unerring comparison between the different rumblings, whether the storm was advancing or receding. He could distinguish their own cow-bell from all others in the vicinity; and he could name the owner of any cow, or sheep bell as far as he could hear it.

The report of his father's rifle was as familiar and distinguishable from that of all others as his father's voice. And in most cases, he could identify the reports of most of their neighbors' respective guns, and themselves as well by their voices in the dark, as by sight in broad daylight.

This peculiarity still clings to him in his 77th year. In fine, it would be very difficult to estimate the wonderful amount of valuable benefit he has derived from this early cultivation of his sense-photographing organization. In all his inductions, it has enabled him to supply the defects and unreliability of any one sense, or cluster of senses, by the aid of all other senses; and in important examinations, to habitually examine a thing in its broadest amplification, or expansion. To "make haste slowly," and to "be sure he was right, then go ahead."

He has no recollection of ever having been taught to kindle a fire in the fire-place and to supply it with fuel, in order to keep it going, after it was lighted, or kindled. It now seems as if he had always possessed this art; still he must have learned to do so, for at that time it was attended with some difficulty and occasionally with much skill. There were no matches in those days, and the usual substitute was a flint, a piece of hard steel and punk, or tinder, by which fire could be struck out, caught in the punk, or tinder, and then used for kindling some very combustible material.

Sometimes unloaded guns were used for creating fire to kindle with. In those days, all small fire arms were discharged by means of a flint lock, by which a flash of a small quantity of powder could be produced by an unloaded gun. This flash could be made to ignite dry tow, cotton rags, or shavings, from which fire could be kindled.

But the usual method was to preserve the fire already kindled, by covering a burning brand, or piece of burning wood, in the ashes in the fire-place, which covering would preserve the brand as livid coals until morning, or longer if desired. And with these livid coals a fire could be easily started. Still, if by any mischance or accident this method failed, one of the other methods had to be resorted to.

Among the early useful occupations he was taught was that of riding on horse-back and the manipulation of the bridle-reins in managing the horse. Horses were not driven and directed in Ohio in those days with double lines; such a thing had never been seen. Horses were driven with a single line or not at all. If the team had not been educated to work by a single line the only remedy was to place a boy upon the near horse, who would direct the team as desired. If the farmer had girls, but no boys, he would employ a girl for this labor. Thompson rode and manipulated his father's team, after which his boyish labor and observation were kept on the alert, until during the third winter of his residence in the new homestead when the ubiquitous Irish schoolmaster made his appear-

ance in the neighborhood, obtained an old cabin to be used as a school house, a mile and a quarter from Thompson's house, sought and obtained a subscription school for three months during the winter, and to this school young Thompson was sent as a scholar. The school house had been previously occupied by a private family and was comfortably warm; it only lacked light and suitable furniture. In order to obtain light, an entire log had been removed from two sides of the cabin leaving a horizontal opening the width of the log, the whole length of the room; small strips of wood were placed at suitable distances, upright like sash, across these open spaces, and then greased or oiled paper was pasted over the whole aperture, instead of glass. Indeed, most of the schools he ever had the good fortune of attending were lighted only in this manner. The seats were heavy, hewed puncheons, with two inch augur holes bored in their under side, and large wooden pins of suitable length driven into them for legs; and the very few desks consisted of flat smooth boards, propped up at a suitable height.

The teacher's name was Thomas McQuirk; and although he was a better looking man than Downey, his previous teacher in Mount Vernon, nor yet so much of a sottish blockhead, still his proficiency in the use of the birch rod, the ferrule, the dunce seat and the fool's cap, far exceeded any skill he possessed in teaching "the young idea how to shoot." However, young Thompson had no personal reason to complain of his severity, only as he was forced to witness the sufferings of others, for his home discipline served to enable him to avoid giving offense. He was never punished at school.

Upon commencing at this school, although he was conscious of having previously learned his letters and their sounds in the a-b's, yet he found, to his great mortification, that he had forgotten most of all that he had previously learned, and that he had to commence again at the beginning; still he found it an easy matter to regain what he had lost, and to make such additional headway as was surprising alike, to himself, to the teacher, and to the whole school.

McQuirk's success as a teacher was so marked as to induce him to teach a similar school in the same house the following winter.

To this the Thompsons subscribed two scholars, and William was a constant attendant, while his younger brother, Harris, manifested but slight interest in it and only went in good weather, or when he could find no sufficient apology for staying at home.

William's whole soul was intent upon learning everything possible; so he never missed a day, and during the short term, he completely mastered Webster's old spelling book and passed, understandingly, through the simple rules of Walsh's arithmetic. He stood at the head of the first class in spelling, was a stammering reader, but had a clear and comprehensive idea of what he did read, and had learned most of the poetry and many of the fables in that old spelling book by heart. He had obtained a complete mastery over the arithmetical tables. During this term young Thompson devoted half an hour, each day, in learning to write. The paper then used in school was a coarse article of unruled foolscap; the pens were made of goose quills, so that his outfit for this purpose consisted of a quire of such paper, an ink-stand, a ruler, a pen-knife, a lead pencil and a bunch of quills. Having inherited from his mother great natural adaptation to this attainment, he passed rapidly through the whole old fashioned routine of attaining this necessary art. He learned to use the ruler, in making parallel lines, equi-distant from each other; to make the most approved pens, and how to hold them in writing; to make straight marks, curves and angles, light marks in ascending and heavy ones in descending; how to form all the letters of the alphabet, both capital and small, and finally how to connect them in words and sentences. His success in all this kept pace with his other attainments until he was regarded as a kind of prodigy.

At the close of this school, young Thompson was presented, by his teacher, with a most elaborate and flattering

testimonial, written on a half sheet of foolscap paper, surrounded by wreaths of violets, pansies, rosebuds and other beautiful flowers and green leaves, all designed and painted, in water colors, by the teacher's son, who was a professional artist recently from Dublin.

This successful beginning in the rudiments of scholastic attainment had aroused within Thompson a pleasant consciousness of additional capabilities, a longing for legitimate gratification in the acquisition of practically infinite knowledge and infinite wisdom, really attainable only by approximation, and that, in his case could only take place through the agency of his father's help. This conviction induced him to strain every nerve in conciliating his father. He increased his activity and assiduity in the performance of all needed labors in the shop and on the farm, at all times when not at school; for he was well aware of his father's opinion: That a very little additional education would be enough for his son William. He sought to modify this opinion of his father, and really did so, far enough to be permitted to attend three additional three-month terms in following winters.

During the following summer a new school house was constructed in another part of the district, in the midst of a primitive forest and about a mile farther away from Thompson's. It was built after the pattern of the previous one, lighted in a similar manner, but was some larger and was more suitably supplied with furniture.

The first teacher in this new house was a young man of German extraction by the name of John W. Cramer. He was very handsome, tall and graceful in his deportment, was dudish in his dress, very polite in his general attentions, and to young Thompson, his politeness degenerated into obsequiousness. He was quite a good reader and had been taught arithmetic through proportions, or to the double rule of three, as it was then called.

Young Thompson soon reached his teacher's arithmetical attainment and from that on he was obliged to plod along

without his teacher's help; and really did make creditable progress. This taught young Thompson a most valuable lesson, viz: that teaching professors and college surroundings were not absolutely indispensable conditions in the acquisition of a comprehensive education.

He did not dare to tell his father the real condition of things at school—that the teacher could no longer instruct him in arithmetic—for he was well aware his father knowing this would have taken him away from school. He preferred such benefits as he could utilize without an adequate teacher to being entirely prevented from time or opportunity to learn at all. So he kept silent and continued to learn. On Christmas, the teacher gave him a fine copy of "The Columbian Reader," as a testimonial of his exalted appreciation. This was highly appreciated, and its contents thoroughly absorbed and appropriated. Indeed, taking this term of schooling altogether, young Thompson derived, doubtless, greater benefit from it than from any other he ever attended. He learned from the teacher the benefit of uniform kindness and good nature; the benefit of popular good manners and unconstrained, easy and elegant deportment, and, in fine, the worth of cultivated gentility. These qualities rendered our teacher very popular with his employers as well as his pupils; although he was unable to successfully extract the cube root.

Some untoward circumstances prevented any school from being taught in that district during the next winter, but young Thompson's uncle, John W. Cotton, an able teacher, taught in an adjoining district and young Thompson walked three miles, morning and night, to attend his school. Here he perfected himself in the three essential branches of reading, writing and arithmetic. He was now in his thirteenth year, and was doomed to forego any further advantages of common schooling. Henceforth, although doomed to manual labor as a primary object he found much time, nights, mornings, rainy days and Sundays, to still pursue his studies. He obtained an old copy of "Lindley Murray's English Grammar," and had

learned by heart most of its rules and notes. About this time Kirkham's grammar made its appearance, and when he was in his seventeenth year he was permitted to attend his uncle's High School three months, to perfect himself in English grammar. This ended his scholastic advantages.

In the meantime our young hero had read "Lewis & Clark's Travels to the Pacific," "Alonzo and Melissa," "Sorrows of Werter," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Scottish Chiefs," and "Children of the Abbey."

Up to this time his ideas of geography and astronomy were as crude and defective as those of the community in which he was reared, but the reading of these books evolved the idea that a definite knowledge of the relative location of the places referred to in these books would aid him materially in a satisfactory comprehension of their contents; so he had purchased Mitchell's Geography and Atlas, and had devoured their contents with an avidity as delightful as it was astonishing. About the time he was completing his Kirkham, a young cousin of his, with whom he was very intimate, was a pupil at Kenyon college, and of this pupil he borrowed many text books used at the college; especially natural philosophy, chemistry and Whately's work on logic and rhetoric, all of which he diligently endeavored to master. Of course, his biblical reading was as obligatory and necessary, under the circumstances, as the food he ate or the air he breathed. But there was in the house, an old quarto volume of Socrates Scolastus, and Eusebius, written in black letter, or German text, which had been a part of his grandfather Cotton's library, which young Thompson had read over and over again with intense delight. After this manner he still worked on and studied until, in the fall of 1834, shortly previous to the celebration of his twenty-first birthday, when his father had become a "well to do farmer," and in pursuance of his son's persistent importunities, had concluded to assist his son in obtaining a collegiate education. In pursuance of this, his son had been to Gambier during the last of October, made arrangements at the college, and had selected

his room with every preparation for commencing with the fall term of 1834.

But severe exposure in sitting out a very long but learned revival sermon, in a cold and badly ventilated church, resulted in a violent attack of pleuro-bilious pneumonia which, culminating on the day of his majority, came very near calling him hence. Nothing but an unusually strong constitution and two gallons of hot brandy washed on him, most of a whole night, could have saved him.

He was a long time recovering, and his college life was abandoned.

Thompson's life had been snatched, not only from the most threatening and imminent jaws of death, but he was left for a long time, so thin, emaciated and broken-down, as to require many months of tedious and uncertain convalescence, before he could leave his bed; and after that he was under the care of his physician, being dosed with strong tonics for nearly a whole year. To aid in his entire recovery he, in company with William Conway, rode in a buggy to old Virginia, where he spent the entire fall in visiting his relatives and in availing himself of the benefits and delights of "Lee's Springs."

After returning, quite recuperated, by the advice and urgency of his father, he arranged and commenced to study law with Columbus Delano, then a promising young attorney, for whom his father entertained a high regard.

Thompson's father had then been a justice of the peace, in his township, for more than ten years, and during that time, Delano had frequently appeared before him in the trial of cases, and from a knowledge thus acquired of each other, a mutual friendship had sprung up between them. Besides, young Thompson, being an expert with a pen, had kept and made up his father's docket for a long time, and had been the neighborhood conveyancer, thus enabling him to be of use to Mr. Delano from the beginning.

Thompson's consciousness of his defective education and his blundering manner of reading aloud, or speaking, had

created grave doubts in his mind of his ever becoming a successful advocate. But he was assured that it would furnish him an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of books and the attainment of an efficient education.

His first official reading was Robertson's Charles the Fifth, to obtain a thorough knowledge of the feudal system. While engaged in this he attended a course of lectures given by Professor C. P. Bronson, on elocution, music and ventriloquism. This was of inestimable benefit, as it overcame his difficulties in reading and in speaking. He then read Blackstone, with Hume's History of England at resting intervals. Blackstone he read a second time.

Columbus Delano was a leading oracular whig; Thompson was a pronounced democrat; therefore it was stipulated that no politics should be indulged in in the office. The office was in the lower story of an elegant new brick building, and Mr. Delano's family resided above the office. As there was no other student in the office at the time, it was stipulated that Thompson should take care of the office, keep it open on week days and arrange the books; and for the use of it and the legal tuition he was to pay fifty dollars a year.

It was further agreed that at the end of six weeks, Mr. Delano was to decide whether he could probably make a respectable lawyer of such material as Thompson presented. So our student engaged his boarding for six weeks at his uncle E. W. Cotton's and commenced in his new career.

His habits of industry, his punctuality, his ready penmanship, his knowledge of conveyancing, his skill and aptitude in drawing up agreements and other writings, and especially his persistence in his studies, had made him a great favorite of his preceptor previous to the limit of his probation. He was formally apprised of this by Mr. Delano himself, who also mentioned that it might be more convenient for him to board with Mrs. Delano, in the same house, than to walk so far as he then had to for his meals and lodging. Delano himself would make no such arrangement, but he was very sure his

wife would. So the student called upon his wife and arranged for his board and lodging at two dollars a week during the term of his studentship. Mrs. Delano was a noble woman and a pattern specimen of an exalted wife. She had been a Miss Fairchild and her mother had been a Sherman, a relative of the noted Sherman family.

The Delanos belonged to the Episcopal church and ranked as the leaders of the incipient aristocracy, then becoming full fledged in Mount Vernon. Their student had regained his physical vigor and manly appearance, and had studiously pandered to the requirements of the surrounding society in its fashionable requirements. By this new arrangement he had become a member of a most fashionable family, and in time it was destined to operate as a wonderful factor, both in his social enjoyment and in his obtaining the acquaintance and association with such able and distinguished men as might be of benefit in his future career. He spared no assiduity tending to make him worthy of these advantages. He had long venerated the traditional literary superiority and masonic distinction of his grandfather White Cotton, and to follow in his footsteps, even partially, he applied for, and became the recipient of, the first three degrees in Mount Zion Lodge number 9, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, early in the summer of 1837. He was delighted with this acquisition, regarding it as the most valuable key and incentive to a literary and scientific, as well as moral, education that he had yet obtained, and he took great pains to make himself completely master of it.

Soon after this he attended a meeting of the Grand Lodge at Lancaster, Ohio, on St. John's Day, when General Reese was elected Grand Master, and when the celebrated and disastrous stampede from the church in which the oration was delivered took place.

Afterwards, in the same year, he was married to Mrs. Amanda Conway, an estimable lady, with whom he had been in love for many years, but she was in the last stages of con-

sumption and died in less than ten months, leaving him an infant boy who is still alive and over half a century old.

During the last two years of Thompson's reading with Mr. Delano the latter had turned over to him all his business before justices of the peace and helped him in divers other ways to make a little money on the halves; so, that at the end of three years and a half, when Thompson was finally admitted to practice, after paying for his office rent and Mrs. Delano for his board, he had six hundred dollars left.

At the fall term of the Supreme Court in Bank, sitting at Columbus, Ohio, in 1838, a committee of examination was appointed consisting of Henry Stranberry, a Mr. Hunter and another distinguished jurist, to examine John F. Kinney, Augustus Hall and William Thompson.

The applicants were called in the order above named and the examination of the last one was particularly searching. Hunter devoted more than an hour to his examination on the subject of chancery alone, and then concluded by asking him with a very complimentary smile how long he had been practicing. The report was, of course, favorable and each one of them was sworn in and received his certificate.

Previous to this time Thompson had, in addition to his acquisition of a most thorough knowledge of the then usual and leading elementary treatises of law and equity, obtained a very general and very thorough knowledge of both ancient and modern history; of natural and moral and mental philosophy; of logic, rhetoric and belles-lettres; and of geometry, algebra and practical surveying. So that with the exception of the Greek and Latin languages, and their classics, he could have passed an examination as creditable as most of the graduates from Gambier. His constant intercourse with his fellow law students who had been thus prepared for their law course, had induced him to feel a consciousness of this fact, and from it he derived great satisfaction. His success thus far had been more complete than anticipated. But his present condition evolved the important question:

What shall I do next? What shall be the sequel of all this?

These questions he propounded to himself with profound interest and intense feeling. He desired to make himself a success in the future struggle for existence, and he felt a consciousness of being able to do so under ordinary conditions; but he was poor and could illy compete with old and well established lawyers of wealth and standing. However, his morbid home-feeling might counsel him to remain in the midst of his long cherished surroundings. He applied to his father for such aid as would enable him to compete with others in his profession; but, although his father was abundantly able to have done so, out of abundant caution he refused to do it on the ground, as he claimed, the balance of the children might think hard of it. This chagrined and nettled him, and he at once resolved to go west, where he could start in life's race on an equality. So on the first day of September, 1839, he started for the west. On the 18th of the same month he landed in the city of Burlington, Iowa.

The voyage from central Ohio to Iowa at that time was a long and tedious one. There were no railroads in Ohio or west of it. The route was through Columbus to Cincinnati by stage coach, and thence by water via Louisville, Cairo and St. Louis to Burlington. That year the water in the river was unusually low, and the passage was obstructed by all kinds of difficulties and delays. He left home with only sixty dollars in his pocket. At Cincinnati he paid fifteen dollars of this for law books, and at St. Louis he was obliged to pawn his gold watch for twenty dollars to pay his way up to Burlington, and in going he had to change boats at Warsaw, and Quincy, and Keokuk—at each of which places he was detained for some days—and then was obliged to take a stage coach from Montrose to Burlington, where he arrived with seventy-five cents in his pocket. Besides he had in his trunk about one hundred dollars worth of mostly elementary law books, a set of surveying implements and an extra suit of wearing apparel.

And in his pocket he had an inoffensive pocket pistol.

After arriving in Iowa, the first man he met to converse with was Alfred Rich, a bright young lawyer, who gave him

much desired information. The next man of note he met was Hugh T. Reid at Fort Madison, where he dined and the driver changed horses. The latter had referred him, on arriving at Burlington, to Judge David Rorer and Milton H. Browning, as gentlemen worthy of consultation.

When he arrived at Burlington he was driven to the Wisconsin House, the largest hotel in the city. It was then kept by an old widowed lady, Mrs. Parrott, who had several most beautiful daughters, one of which had been married to a Mr. Robert Chalfant, then acting as clerk and manager of the hotel. They were all West Virginians, from the flats of Graves Creek, and Chalfant was a tall, good, sickly-looking man, with kindness and benevolence beaming alike from himself and his demeanor. So Thompson, before registering his name, told Chalfant truly and exactly how he was situated in regard to money matters, what he had come for, what he intended to do, and that he was honest and would ultimately pay any bill he might incur, if he were permitted to remain at the hotel. He registered.

The truthfulness and simplicity of Thompson's representations of himself, upon his first presentation and prior to placing his name on the register, resulted in, not only the kindest assurances that the matter of immediate money was of no preventing consequence whatever—provided he would pay sometime, for which his appearance was ample guaranty—but it resulted in an immediate effort to extend his acquaintance and a long continued mutually beneficial friendship. That evening he was introduced to Drs. Lowe and Hickok, the latter of whom boarded at the "Wisconsin," while the former was there visiting the sick.

Upon reaching Iowa, while riding from Montrose to Burlington, the most striking thing he observed was the fact that not a living stock, spear or leaf of vegetation, remained green or had apparent life. A preceding heavy frost had killed all vegetable life, and all green things were parched and dried up.

When he arrived at Burlington he was more surprised to find that much more than half the people were sick. The hotel was but little better than a hospital, while half the people on the streets looked lantern-jawed, thin, and cadaverous enough to frighten the most courageous, untinctured with superstition. He could not help thinking grave-yard lots, at east, would be held at a premium.

The next morning he called on Judge Rorer, introduced himself, and had quite a long conversation with him. The judge was anxious to have him go to Wapello, where Francis Springer, a young lawyer, monopolized the whole legal business. The judge gave him a letter to Springer, and he, not relishing the atmosphere at Burlington, concluded to start at noon for Wapello. The stage, about to start, was bound for Muscatine. It did not pass through Wapello, but crossed the Iowa river at Florence, six miles below, so he would have to walk these six miles, which he could easily do.

He watched for the driver, and gave him fifty cents to take him to Florence. On the road he learned from the driver that the stage would be back at Florence at noon the next day. The sun was nearly setting when he alighted from the vehicle in which the mail was carried and started for Wapello, then in plain sight. The road was perfectly level, dry and dusty, but otherwise very good. Although walking rapidly, he was surprised to find how soon it became dark, and how little he appeared to have gained in his approach to Wapello. Some time after the gloom had hidden the village from his sight and he had begun to tire and feel lonely, he was overtaken by four men on horseback, who proved to be Doctors Lowe and Hickok, Milton H. Browning and Henry W. Starr. They recognized him, gave him a drink of brandy and told him it was about two miles to his journey's end. The young man trudged on, and soon arrived at the hotel where these men were stopping. It was a temperance house, but he was invited to the room of Henry W. Starr, who, to his delight and satisfaction, urged him to imbibe. As he was on business, his first object was to obtain a boarding place, and from the landlord he learned the improbability of being able to do so. He learned that one hotel had just been closed on account of the landlord's death, and that his wife had died but about a week before; that this landlord's own wife and kitchen girl had the ague, but had their chills on alternate days, so that one could do the work on one day and the other on the next; but they could not take boarders.

In the early morning young Thompson ate a hearty breakfast and started out to make further investigations. He had learned that Springer's office was several blocks from the hotel, down the river, and, wishing to reach it, he was obliged to pass by the other hotel, where he had learned that Bevans, the sick landlord, whom the doctors had been called to visit,

was said to be in a dying condition; to gratify his curiosity, he called in, and, to his astonishment, found Bevans just dead and several others of the family lying, apparently, at the point of death. This began to frighten him, and he hurried to Springer's office, and found him sick in bed, with his roommate, a physician, taking care of him. He learned from them that sickness was very general indeed, and that it was an unfortunate time to think of locating in Wapello.

It was now about ten o'clock, and there were a few good-looking houses a little further down, where he resolved to make another effort to obtain board, although he was greatly discouraged. Passing thoughtfully and somewhat sadly down the street, he was attracted by the sign of a saloon, whereupon he concluded to drown his sadness by taking a drink. Upon walking into the saloon, to his astonishment he found a man on a bunk, apparently in the last stages of fatal disease. Then he *was* frightened! He suddenly abandoned the idea of settling there. He would break for Florence to meet the noon stage; but it was now past ten, and it was more than half a mile back to the hotel, where he had left his silk umbrella and his unpaid bill. If he went back on account of these, he would fail to meet the stage; so he concluded to leave his umbrella for his bill, thereby saving a mile's walk to Florence.

It was an unusually warm September day, and his peculiar state of mind, with his more than usual exertion, made him very thirsty. Seeing a good-looking double-cabined ranch, with five or six large feather beds and a great amount of bed clothing spread out on the fence in front of the house, being purified by the sunshine—all of which denoted thrift and good living—he called at the door to obtain a drink of water. The door was standing open. He approached it and looked in. An old, care-worn, wrinkled woman, who was sitting and did not rise, greeted him and asked him to walk in. In another part of the room, a large one, a squalid, emaciated, sickly looking man was sitting with a sick child in his arms. There were two beds in the room, and each of these beds was occupied by a very sick woman, all of whom the old lady said were her children and grand-children. Her husband, she said, had been buried but the day before, and she feared the rest would soon follow; and then she and the man commenced to cry. Thompson left the house of desolation with all the speed the horror of the appalling spectacle could inspire him with, forgetting all about thirst or need of water.

He reached Florence soon after the stage had arrived, and found that dinner would be served at one o'clock. The hotel and stage station was kept by a man named Harrison, whose acquaintance he had made the evening before. Harrison was a very intelligent, good-natured man, to whom Thompson related his experience in Wapello and the fact of his leaving his umbrella instead of paying his bill, with the request that Harrison should explain the whole matter to the landlord at Wapello. He was invited by the landlord to dine, for which nothing was to pay. Of course he ate.

The driver of the stage was sick, had just had a severe chill, and was unable to drive. Thompson could drive, and did so; he worked out his passage to Burlington, delighted to return there alive. Although he had conceived a most unfavorable opinion of the healthfulness of this city, upon his first impressions of it obtained from the large proportion of sick boarders at the hotel and the lean and haggard convalescents observed upon the streets, yet as compared with what had been burned into his consciousness at Wapello, Burlington was, or seemed to be, a veritable paradise.

In the city he made many acquaintances, and was treated and entertained with great cordiality; but the novelty of the prairies, the great Father of Waters, the magnificent bluffs, and the immense and striking dissimilarity between this and the country he had left, constituted the most absorbing attractions. He walked up and down the yet primeval margins of the river, over the steep and gigantic bluffs, through the skirts of surrounding timber, and frequently crossed over the river into Illinois. The enjoyment derived from these new and striking observations had much to do in diverting his mind from, and in exorcising, the horrid images of the ever obtrusive unhealthfulness of the country.

On the second day after his return to Burlington, after dinner he took a stroll across the river, through the timber on the other side and across the wide bottom in a northeasterly direction, to the far-off bluffs, where he stopped at a farm house to take a rest. Here he found a "well-to-do" family from northern Ohio, with the members of which he soon struck up an acquaintance. Among these there was a beautiful, bright and interesting school instructress, who told him that she had a school at New Boston, up the river, and that she was then paying her old acquaintances and friends a visit.

She and her married lady friend whom she was visiting

vied with each other in their efforts to please and entertain him, while he fully explained his mission west, and the peculiar incidents which had accidentally led to his very fortunate acquaintance with them. They spoke of Monmouth, Illinois, as a favorable place of location, and urged him to go and see it; as he was then within sixteen miles of the place, he could easily walk there the next day by stopping with them over night—an arrangement with which they would be delighted. After taking a stroll over the bluff with the school mistress and considering the advisability of walking to Monmouth, he concluded to comply with their very urgent request. It was a tiresome walk, but he stopped at a farm house, got a free dinner, and rested some three hours. He sold his pocket pistol at the farm house to a laboring man for three dollars, so that he then had three dollars and twenty-five cents. He arrived at Monmouth an hour before sunset, and looked about the village a little before eating his supper. After supper he went to the court house and heard Cassius M. Clay deliver a lecture on the colonization of the negroes.

His feet were terribly blistered, and his groins were very lame, so he went to the hotel and went to bed, but he had a severe chill and slept but little. He felt that he was doomed to undergo an acclimating course of sickness. As soon as it was light in the morning, he arose, sought the stage-driver and made arrangements to be taken back to Burlington, where he arrived before night and went to bed a very sick man. Doctors Lowe and Hickok attended him, said he had the bilious fever, prescribed for him and assured him of as speedy recovery as possible. He had the very best of care and attention from Chalfant and others about the house for three weeks when he had so far recovered as to get up and leave his room.

Previous to Thompson's leaving Burlington for Monmouth, Mount Pleasant had been spoken of as a good location, but it was thought there were enough lawyers there already. These consisted of the territorial district attorney, VanAllen, an able young lawyer from New York, the two Teases and William H. Wallace, the three last of whom did not amount to much; but VanAllen was a formidable rival.

During Thompson's sickness it was announced that Van Allen was lying at the point of death at Muscatine, where he had been attending court, and immediately after Thompson's recovery VanAllen's death was announced. This cleared the

way for Thompson, and, as soon as he was able to ride, he posted to Mount Pleasant, where he settled and stuck out his shingle as a practicing attorney.

When he left Burlington, his bill at the hotel was only thirty-five dollars, and he borrowed of Chalfant five more in money to take him to Mount Pleasant. Then he gave his note for forty dollars and left. Before the winter had passed, the money was paid with hearty thanks.

Thompson found his new location more pleasant and advantageous than his most sanguine anticipation could have painted it. There had been no sickness there during the entire summer. The place was delightfully situated, and without the slightest difficulty he found himself enjoying the most delightful quarters, and soon engaged in a lucrative legal business.

During the fall of 1839 (November), not long after becoming established in business at Mount Pleasant, he read a notice in the *Iowa Territorial Gazette*, published at Burlington, that the Master Masons of good standing, residing in the Territory, would be expected to meet at Esquire Bennett's office in Burlington on a certain day therein named but now forgotten, for the purpose of taking measures to organize a lodge. Pursuant to this notice, when the time came, he went to Burlington and aided in organizing the first lodge in Iowa. Indeed, he wrote the petition to the Grand Lodge of Missouri for the dispensation under which the first lodge was organized, in which the names of Hiram C. Bennett as Master, William Thompson as Senior Warden, and Evan Evans as Junior Warden were respectively mentioned as the first officers.

The first members were Governor Robert Lucas, Messrs. Thomas H. Kurtz, McCord, Hummer, Esquire Bennett, Evan Evans, Hon. Theodore S. Parvin and Wm. Thompson, the two latter of whom were the brightest and best posted Masons. From that on until Lodge Number Eight at Mount Pleasant was organized, he gave sedulous attention to the regular meetings of Lodge Number One, when he ordinarily spent a week in Burlington, chiefly engaged in Masonic instruction. He was a charter member of Lodge Number Eight, at Mount Pleasant, his home. He has never changed his membership, and still belongs to this Lodge, where he is free from all dues, excepting Grand Lodge dues.

In the early part of 1845, Thompson had the Chapter and Council degrees conferred upon him in the Royal Arch Chapter, at Iowa City, by James R. Hartsock, High Priest, who

had been the first Entered Apprentice initiated at Burlington, in Lodge Number One. Afterwards he was a charter member of the Chapter at Mount Pleasant, aiding in its organization and first work. He then became a charter member of the Chapter at Fairfield, helping it to organize and do its first work. Still afterwards he was a charter member of the Chapter at Sigourney, where he did similar work, and then was transferred back to Fairfield, from which he was demitted January 30th, 1861, just preceding the War of the Rebellion, in which he was an active participant. He still holds his demit.

In the winter of 1839-40 he was commissioned a lieutenant of Iowa militia, and was appointed adjutant of General Samuel Brazzleton's brigade in the Boundary Line War between Iowa and Missouri. In the spring of 1840 he was appointed deputy marshal, and as such took the census of that year for Henry county.

In the meantime Judge Jonathan C. Hall, an older and more experienced lawyer, pursuant to previous arrangement, had followed Thompson from Mount Vernon, Ohio, to Mount Pleasant, where they had formed themselves into a law firm which continued for many years afterward. At their first term of court, in the spring of 1840, they started with twenty-seven cases in which they were employed.

Thompson was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1843, and from that on until the State was admitted he was chief clerk of the Territorial House of Representatives. He was also secretary of the convention that formed the constitution under which the State was admitted in 1846.

He had been prosecuting attorney for Judge Mason's entire judicial district when the first courts were held in Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Albia and Bloomfield, and continued to remain so until the state was admitted. He was the first mayor ever elected in Mount Pleasant.

Thompson was the nominee of the Democratic members of both houses in the State Legislature for a first Supreme Judgeship, and upon a failure to elect anyone was appointed to that office by the governor. But, being soon after nominated by his party as a candidate for Congress, he resigned his appointment in favor of Judge J. F. Kinney, who qualified and served.

He was elected to the Thirtieth Congress from the southern district, served out his term, and was re-elected to the

Thirty-first Congress and served most of the long term, when at the instance of Hon. Daniel F. Miller, his contestant, he was unseated on purely party grounds, without substituting Miller in his stead. At a special election for the short term, Miller, by a combination with the Mormons at Kaneshville (now Council Bluffs), defeated him. His successor for the Thirty-second Congress had already been elected, and he withdrew from all further efforts at political preferment.

Some time after, he purchased the *Iowa State Gazette*, the oldest Democratic daily newspaper in the state, and unsuccessfully fought Republicanism and maintained Democracy, until finally, in 1857, the monetary crash broke him up, not entirely and ostensibly, but prevented him from collecting about \$27,000 of outstanding accounts, which greatly crippled his business, forced him to suspend the publication of the *Gazette*, and left him land poor.

Still hopeful, energetic and persistent, Thompson formed a law partnership with Leroy G. Palmer, and afterwards George B. Corkhill was taken into the firm, with whom he was struggling along when the war of 1861 broke out. He still owned his homestead, his library and enough valuable land to pay all his debts, with prudent management. He had a wife and two young boys, but they were provided with a comfortable home.

In the spring of 1861 an extra session of the Legislature was convened, to place the state on a war footing; and, notwithstanding the fact that the House was overwhelmingly Republican, to conciliate the Democrats William Thompson, a leading and representative Democrat, was made chief clerk of the House of Representatives. He performed his duties as clerk, superintended the printing and distribution of the journals, and then went home.

During his absence at Des Moines, the First Iowa Volunteer Regiment of Cavalry had been organized at Ottumwa by electing Fitz Henry Warren its colonel. One of the companies of which it was composed had been recruited and organized at Mount Pleasant, with Captain Swan and Lieutenants William McClure and Thomas A. Bereman its commissioned officers. This company had been filled to overflowing; more than a hundred men on horseback had been parading and drilling for weeks, when the announcement came from the War Department to hold themselves in readiness to be mustered into the United States service at short

notice. This induced the fancy soldiers to realize that their membership really meant business, and suddenly the officers found themselves commanding a company of only twenty odd men. This was frightful; they did not know what to do, and came to Thompson for advice.

He counselled them to get up flaunting posters calling meetings at New London, at Trenton and at Salem, as soon as practicable, and to engage the band; he would go mounted with the company and make recruiting speeches, and by this means he had no doubt the company could soon be refilled. This program was adopted and followed. At New London, after making his recruiting speech, Thompson was asked by some of his old acquaintances, before he had left the wagon from which he had made his speech, whether he was going as a member of the company himself,—to which, although he was then over forty-seven years of age, he responded, in the hearing of all present, "Most certainly!" They then assured him that their sons should enlist. At that meeting they obtained nearly thirty recruits. At Trenton they obtained nearly as many, and at Salem they filled the company to a hundred men, all owning their own horses. They still kept up their daily drill, mostly under the tutelage of Captain McMahan, an old English officer, until the first days of July, when Captain Swan resigned because of bad health. An election was called for the sixth, when Thompson was unanimously elected captain of the company, and from that day took charge of and drilled it.

After having moved with the regiment to Keokuk, he was ordered by Colonel Warren to St. Louis, to Washington City, to New York, to Hartford, Connecticut, and to Chicopee, Massachusetts, on business for the regiment, which kept him away from his command for some six weeks; and upon his return he joined his regiment at Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, Missouri. Here most of the regiment spent the winter, and here Captain Thompson was appointed by Colonel Warren as regimental drillmaster, to teach the officers the drill.

Early in March, 1862, in command of two companies of cavalry, he was ordered to Sedalia, Missouri, to relieve Colonel Steele of the Eighth Infantry, and having done this he awaited there the arrival of Colonel Warren and the remainder of the regiment.

In a few days after the Colonel's arrival, Thompson was placed in command of an expedition composed of four com-

panies of cavalry, two companies of Missouri state militia, mounted, and a section of artillery with two Parrot guns, and ordered to move on Clinton, the county seat of Henry county, Missouri, where Jackson, the noted guerilla, was reported to be holding the place with fifteen hundred armed rebel sympathizers, and to give them battle, kill them, take them prisoners or drive them out, and at all events to obtain possession of the place. On his march, some ten miles out, Major Chamberlain appeared and assumed command of the expedition with no other authority than his superior rank, whereupon Thompson placed him under arrest and notified the Colonel by telegraph, upon which the Colonel ordered the Major sent back to camp in arrest. This being done, the command proceeded and took the town with little hard fighting, with quite a large number of prisoners. He established a military post at Clinton, appointed Captain H. H. Heath provost marshal, and took possession of the court house as a military prison. He established his outlying pickets, and took all needful measures for the protection of his command, put his men in camp and awaited the advent of the remainder of the regiment, which was to follow in a few days. When the Colonel did come, he took most of the regiment and the artillery and made a grand detour by the way of Monegraw Springs and Osceola and back, taking several days, leaving Thompson in command of the post with one company of cavalry and the Missouri militia.

After Colonel Warren's return, he sent the Missouri militia back to Sedalia; and leaving Leffingwell's company in charge of a post recently established at Osceola, and another company at Clinton, he moved the regiment to Butler, in Bates county, where Captain Thompson and company "E" accompanied him and remained most of the summer, engaged in scouting.

After that Thompson was sent to St. Louis, on business to headquarters, and detailed to defend Rev. Corkhill, Superintendent of the Freedmen's camp at Benton Barracks. Later he joined the regiment near Springfield, Missouri, and participated in most of its expeditions in southern Missouri and in northwestern Arkansas; was camped at Cross Hollows and at Pea Ridge; was on the expedition against, and at the taking of Yellville; was in the forced night march against Hinman's army, and next morning at the battle of McGuire's Ford, nine miles east of Fayetteville; was at the battle of Prairie Grove, and afterwards commanded an expedition over the eastern

route through the Boston Mountains to the Arkansas river, four miles below Van Buren, and back again to prepare the way for a more extended movement against Hinman's army, at Van Buren, and for the destruction of the rebel steamers at that place.

He was afterwards detailed on a general court-martial convened in the field, which had its own outfit for transportation, and a hospital tent to sit in; it moved with the army, and held its sessions wherever the army went into camp for a day only. Major Plumb, of Kansas, now in the United States Senate, was a member of this court-martial, and on this detail Captain Thompson and Major Plumb became very intimate and lasting friends. This court-martial lasted for a long time, and was finally dissolved in southern Missouri, after the command had left northeastern Arkansas.

Finally, after having been overlooked for a long time, until he had about despaired of obtaining any promotion, on the 18th of May, 1863, he was promoted to a majority.

Soon after, the regiment, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Caldwell and Major Thompson, made a long march by way of the Iron Mountain to relieve General McNeil, who was about being attacked by Marmaduke's cavalry at or near Bloomfield. But upon arriving at Pilot Knob, it was found that McNeil had fled with his forces to Cape Girardeau, and that Marmaduke was following him up, whereupon the regiment directed its course toward Cape Girardeau. On stopping to feed at noon, the firing of the heavy guns from the gunboats at that battle was plainly heard twenty-five miles away. Knowing the battle was in progress, the regiment was hurried on at the greatest speed possible, until just at dark, when within three miles of Jackson, and hidden from observation by extended forests all around, the advanced guard discovered Marmaduke's command returning from the battle and going into camp in a forest just beyond the place in which the command had stopped.

At Pilot Knob they were joined by another regiment, under the command of an officer who ranked Colonel Caldwell, probably Colonel Vandever. A council of officers was held, and it was decided that the First Iowa Cavalry should charge their camp in two columns as soon as possible. It was a clear night, and the moon was in its first quarter; the Rebels had their fires started and were getting supper, when Caldwell, at the head of one column, and Thompson, at the head

of the other, commenced the charge simultaneously. It was a complete surprise. Some escaped, others were taken prisoners, and most of their horses and accoutrements were captured. There were many other camps in the neighborhood, but they lost no time in getting up and leaving. At the end of a week, during which Caldwell and Thompson with their regiment were fighting every day, Marmaduke, Carter and Jeff. Thompson, with their commands, were driven out of the state of Missouri.

The First Iowa Cavalry then returned by easy marches to Lake Springs, whence they had started, when in a very short time the regiment was ordered to report to General John W. Davidson, at Arcadia, near Pilot Knob. Colonel Gower was then in command, and the regiment reported as soon as practicable in June, 1863. Here Davidson's celebrated Cavalry Division of the Missouri, consisting of twelve regiments of cavalry, a full battery of artillery and a company of pontoons, miners and sappers, was organized and completely outfitted.

At the first grand review of the division by the general himself, Major Thompson, having manipulated his regiment in the review, was thereupon selected as Inspector General for the division, of which his colonel was notified, while he was ordered to report to the division headquarters. He remained on the general's staff through all the campaigns of the division and its battles, in moving on and capturing Little Rock, and during the time the general acted in the capacity of military governor of that captured city. Through his agency, mainly, his regiment was the first of the Seventh Army Corps to veteranize, and his exertions and speech-making had much influence in the veteranizing of the remainder of the corps.

When General Eugene A. Carr relieved General Davidson, early in 1864, Major Thompson was still retained on his staff as Inspector General, with the addition of being made also his chief of staff.

On the day following General Price's crossing the Arkansas river in going north in his raid on Pilot Knob and Jefferson City, General Carr sent Major Thompson post haste to St. Louis to apprise General Rosecrans of the fact of his crossing and the probability of his being on his way back to Pilot Knob, and to obtain horses for General Carr's command. General Davidson was now chief of cavalry in the West.

There were no horses to send, and Major Thompson was detailed as a supervising inspector of cavalry for the state of Iowa, with headquarters at Keokuk. They were afterwards changed to Davenport, where he was when he received his commission on the 8th of June, 1864, as colonel of the First Iowa Cavalry. Upon obtaining leave, he proceeded to Little Rock, and was mustered as colonel on the 20th of the same month.

After that he served in and about Little Rock, until the last notable service he performed in Arkansas was to command all the cavalry in an expedition composed of infantry and artillery as well, commanded by General William Vandever, in the direction of Camden, for the purpose of driving out the remaining rebel forces still lingering in that region. This duty performed, the cavalry moved back to Pine Bluffs, where the First Iowa Cavalry remained waiting for transportation to carry it to Memphis, whither it had been ordered.

During the last of January or the first of February, the regiment reported to General Osborne, at Memphis. Its service here was very tiresome and disagreeable, while the result of it was productive of no greater ostensible good results than a series of dress parades. It is true the regiment was strangely and incongruously brigaded with General Osborne's own favorite regiment, a colored one; and as he ranked Colonel Thompson by virtue of his brevet, he placed his regiment on the right of the brigade and Thompson's on the left, observing with great gusto that after his own the First Iowa was the finest every way he had seen in the service. This soured the appreciation of the entire regiment. Then, with Osborne in command, the brigade was marched around through the cold, rainy, muddy and marshy underbrush of western Tennessee, under the pretext of looking for General Forrest.

The First Iowa had some fine experience in making comfortable and elaborate camps, one at Collierville and another at Memphis, neither of which was of much use to the regiment.

Prior to the first of April additional regiments of cavalry had arrived, and Colonel Thompson had been brevetted a brigadier-general; a new brigading of the regiments took place. Thompson was given a white brigade, which made the condition appear more tolerable. Pretty soon the welcome news of Lee's surrender came, after which there were three days of parading, through the literally pouring

rain, not a dry thread on anybody; then a week's work in camp, when the astounding and distressing news of President Lincoln's assassination came, and additional sad ceremonial parading in the rain was indulged in for three days more.

After that, officers and men were jubilant in anticipation of a speedy close of the war. General Thompson was detailed on a general court-martial for the trial of a Wisconsin colonel, his regiment was engaged in digging up huge stumps in the camp-ground, in making flower gardens, and in making the orange women of Memphis entirely miserable by confiscating their whisky, brought to camp to sell the soldiers, when a frightful order came for the First Iowa to hold itself ready for embarkation for Alexandria, in Louisiana.

General Thompson arrived at Alexandria in June, 1865, and reported to General Custer, himself and the First Iowa Cavalry, as fine and worthy a regiment as could be found in the service; a regiment which had been selected and sent to him for the special purpose contemplated, on account of its acknowledged superiority and its unblemished reputation. Both he and his regiment were treated with marked consideration. The brigading of the regiments proceeded satisfactorily, and Thompson was placed in command of the brigade in which the First Iowa was situated. The object of the organization, its final destination, and the probable length of time it would remain in service, were entirely unknown outside of headquarters. Of course the camp was full of conjectures, rumors and intense anxieties. Kirby Smith had not formally surrendered; rumor said he had fled to Mexico, where most of his army had followed him. Were we destined for a campaign in Mexico? This was an intensifying question, and along with other uncomfortable surroundings and conditions, created a carelessness, if not a recklessness, among many of the soldiers in the performance of duty.

The officers at division headquarters were proud of the reputation they had previously obtained in the Shenandoah Valley, and believing that a maintenance of strict discipline was as valuable a part of the remaining service as they were called upon to perform, inaugurated a system of super-punctilious rules of military conduct and discipline, thought to be as unnecessary as their operation proved to be tyrannical. This led to antagonism very difficult, under the circumstances, to control. Yet the adroitness and vigilance of General Thompson, with his peace-making disposition, managed to get

his command through to Austin very creditably, in his own opinion, and without any just cause for complaint of himself from any source. All through the march from Alexandria by the way of Houston and Hempstead, where the command stopped six weeks, to Austin, although many very disagreeable and annoying incidents had occurred on the way, yet General Thompson, beyond all possible question, continued to retain General Custer's confidence and esteem. This was manifested and shown conclusively by the marked favoritism he still continued to extend to Thompson and his family. He sent them on an exploring expedition, in a four-mule ambulance, with driver, servant and escort, by the way of Gonzalez, Victoria, Goliad and San Antonio, and back to Austin, and afterwards sent him to relieve General Stanley at San Antonio and to take command of all the cavalry at that place, some six or seven regiments.

Still later, upon the organization of the Seventh United States Cavalry, Thompson was appointed Senior Captain on the sole, unsolicited recommendation of General Custer, who assured General Grant that Thompson had been one of his most deserving officers. These and the universal subsequent acts of kindness extended by General Custer to Captain Thompson, while in the regular army, are in direct contradiction and refutation of anything Custer in the heat of passion, and to save himself from impending danger, may have reported to the War Department.

During the last of February, 1866, General Thompson left San Antonio by the way of Austin, where he joined his regiment, thence by Houston, Galveston and New Orleans for Davenport, where he was mustered out with his regiment on the 15th day of March, 1866.

His service had been long, tedious and tiresome (he never had a leave of absence), but altogether it had been creditable, beneficial and in many respects enjoyable. His expedition into Texas was the most difficult and trying, and the only pleasure and benefit he derived from it was in the consciousness of having done his duty and in the vast amount of new and valuable experience it literally burned into his mind. Yet all the sufferings, anxieties and horrors of his service were more than atoned for and compensated by the realization of "Peace again" and the consciousness of breathing once more the air of freedom.

He went to Mt. Pleasant, his old home, where he found himself "a cat in a strange garret;" even "Schneider" didn't know him. His property had all been squandered in his absence, and he was equally out of business and out of means. He sold his homestead to Alvin Saunders, to whom it was mortgaged, for a few dollars more than paid the debt, stayed there over night, and proceeded by the way of St. Louis and Cincinnati to Washington, D. C., where he soon obtained a twelve hundred dollar clerkship in the auditor's office, which was soon raised to sixteen hundred dollars. Thompson was also appointed a land officer in Arkansas, but he resigned when Congress had rendered it worthless.

Everybody from Iowa was his warm and active friend. General Fitz Henry Warren, minister to Guatemala, then at Washington on a visit, obtained a promise of a consulship at San Juan del Sur for him, and while he was preparing himself for that, General Custer, at his own suggestion and by his own influence, obtained his appointment to a captaincy in the regular army. This he accepted as the best he could do. In this position he served with Custer, with great credit to himself, through all the Indian campaigns and fights, until he was retired on the 15th of December, 1875, just in time to avoid the fatality of Custer's last battle. Peace be to his ashes! For whatever may have been his faults, and however he may be deprecated, even justly, by those who suffered the stings of his apparent tyranny, yet he was a brave, daring, capable, naturally generous soldier.

Colonel William Thompson, as he is called and popularly known at Bismarck, his home, first arrived at Bismarck, (North) Dakota, on the 12th day of June, 1873. He was pleased with the country, its geographical position and with what he believed must ultimately become its destiny, and he at once resolved to make it his ultimate home. In pursuance of this determination, he selected a quarter-section of land not far from the village, made the first filing ever made in the land office after its establishment at that place, and settled his family upon it. At the end of a year's residence he proved up on it, and still owns and cultivates his homestead.

In February, 1876, his house caught fire and burned up, and he moved into the village (now a city), where he has resided ever since. Another inducement that operated on him in his selection of Bismarck as a home was its proximity to Fort Abraham Lincoln, a fort which had been built expressly

for the Seventh United States Cavalry, the regiment to which he had belonged when he was retired. He was fond of the society of military people, and this would enable him to enjoy it.

From the time of his first settlement he had been an active and constant patron of husbandry and forestry, and has done more, perhaps, to write up the peculiarities of the country, its climate, its meteorology, its soil and its geology, and its adaptation to grazing, than any other one man in all the Dakotas.

Colonel Thompson's comparatively humble origin and primitive backwoods experiences, his very necessities and misfortunes and the efforts he made to overcome them, his frequent and diversified changes of location, both in the volunteer and regular army service, as well as his more fortunate opportunities since his retirement, have all contributed to his subjective absorption of a wonderfully varied and expanded environment. The imagery acquired by his searching and retentive mind has contributed greatly to his latter philosophical investigations, as well as most exquisitely to his enjoyments.

He reads French and Spanish with ease and full comprehension, and makes modern science almost a specialty.

From the time of his acquisition of the Blue Lodge degrees Colonel Thompson has always believed Free Masonry one of the very greatest factors in the evolution of our existing civilization, intensified by the most exalted enlightenment attained in modern times. He regards the impetus he obtained from Masonry as a chief factor in his own mental evolution. It furnishes the true philosophical methods of acquiring an education, and supplies the most natural and impressive lessons of transition of the outer or objective world to the inner or subjective world of thought, feeling, emotion, judgment, imagination and design. It changes and incorporates all its accessible environment, inanimate as well as animate, into living, egoistic, conscious contributions of rational enjoyment. And finally, it teaches a morality as broad, as comprehensive, and as perfect as the necessities of humanity require, while it contains within itself the elements or the plain, unmistakable suggestions of what shall ultimately result in a religion as broad, as deep, as ecstatic, as soul-satisfying and as enduring as the most gifted and appreciative soul of even future development shall find itself capable of enjoying. He is an enthusiastic devotee of Free Masonry.

Colonel Thompson is now in his seventy-seventh year, and is remarkably well preserved, mentally and physically. He spends much of his time, in good weather, in outdoor exercises, mostly in forest culture and in ornamental gardening. Yet he finds abundant time to keep himself well posted in the current news, in the advancing scientific and literary progress, and finds enjoyment in all rational amusements; in fine, there is no man of his age who has greater reason to feel that "Life is worth living," than he.

THE FIRST TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE OF IOWA.

BY HAWKINS TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE first legislature met in the old Zion Methodist Church in Burlington, on the 12th of October, 1838, just fifty-two years ago. In 1838 there was but a strip of land averaging fifty miles wide adjoining the Mississippi river that had been purchased from the Indians that was open to settlement. Not one foot of land had been sold by the government or was owned by the settler. The government surveys had just been made, playing sad havoc with the settlers' claims, the government lines often leaving the cabin on one tract and the most of the farm on another quarter-section, and sometimes dividing the settler's cabin by township lines.

But that was before land sharks had an occupation in the territory. The settlers were a law unto themselves at that time; there were neither homestead nor redemption laws for the protection of the settler. Following the great panic of 1837, both the government and the business of the country were verging on general bankruptcy, causing the government to offer at public sale the public land, to raise money to pay the expenses of the government, and forcing the settlers to pay for their lands that fall or be liable to have their homes bought by speculators.

The settlers organized in each township and appointed a committee to adjust all difficulties, a map of the township was prepared, and a bidder to act for the settlers at the sale of

the lands was appointed. This bidder entered each tract of land as claimed by the settler, and if there was any dispute about the boundary of the claim, the question was referred to the township committee, who investigated the case, and their decision was final. When there were two or more that were interested in the same quarter-section, the boundaries were marked on the map, and each party paid at the sale his share of the purchase money.

The whole male portion of the settlers in the Burlington land district went to the land sale. The hills about Burlington were full of settlers camping out; the weather was pleasant for the season. There was but one single case of an attempt by an outsider to bid on a settler's claim, and that was on that of Squire Judy, of West Point township. I was bidder for the township, and the land officers were kind enough to let me sit inside while bidding. Judy had failed to get money, and told me not to bid off his tract, situated in section 33. No objection was made to any outsider bidding on land that had no settler on it, and when I did not bid on the Judy tract, no attention was paid to the man who bid it off. As soon as I could get out, I told the crowd that Judy's home had been bid off by an outsider. If the bidder had been in reach at that time, it would have been his last bid. He was a Virginian, stopping at the same house with Colonel William Patterson. The Colonel rushed off to hunt him up, found him in his room in the hotel, and advised him to escape at once. The Virginian was very defiant, declaring that he had a right to bid at a public sale, and that he would defend his rights; but in the middle of his expounding the rights of a Virginian, the Colonel looked out of the window and saw two thousand or more mad settlers, with John Kennedy, of Fort Madison, as leader, coming down the street and near the hotel. The Colonel called the attention of the Virginian to the crowd, and again advised him to escape by the back way. He went, authorizing the Colonel to cancel the bid, and the Colonel promised to send his baggage across the river to him. He went out the back door just as Kennedy was entering the front door. Hiring a skiff, he crossed the river. The Colonel quieted the settlers by assuring them the bid should be cancelled. That was only fifty-two years ago.

There was not then a railroad in the whole Northwest, and few if any ever expected to see a railroad in Iowa. Now there are over eight thousand miles of railroads in the state.

Judge Viele, then of Fort Madison, who was from New York, where he had seen railroads, sent a petition asking the legislature to memorialize congress to build a railroad from Fort Madison up the divide between the Skunk and Des Moines rivers to the Indian trading post at Jordan's, on the Des Moines river, below Ottumwa. No one then expected that railroads would ever carry freight in the shape of produce. It was thought they would carry the mails and passengers, probably. Now Iowa, from the Mississippi to the Missouri river, is covered all over with railroads, and they not only carry passengers and the mails, but every variety of freight.

In 1838 the Des Moines and Iowa rivers were held to be great arteries of commerce, to be slack-watered, and full of small steamers and flat-boats, to carry the freight to and from the Mississippi river. Congress was memorialized by the first legislature to make liberal appropriations for the improvement of the Des Moines, Skunk, Iowa and Cedar rivers; and not satisfied with the rivers, a petition was sent to congress for the improvement of Muscatine slough. One of the amusing incidents of the session occurred when this memorial was presented. Robert G. Roberts, a member from Cedar county, jumped up. His seat was a single one, and directly in front of and near the speaker. In most earnest manner and voice he cried out, "Mr. Speaker, is Cedar in that air thing? If Cedar is not in that air thing, I will not support it!" Wallace, the speaker, who had a commanding voice, without a smile or a moment's hesitation, said, "I will inform the gentleman from Cedar that Cedar is not in that air thing."

Since that, congress has by act made the Des Moines river a mill stream; within the fifty-two years the Indians have been bought off, and Iowa to-day has a greater population than any one of eleven of the thirteen old states that gained American independence. There is less illiteracy and less crime than in any other one of the states, in proportion to population; and in education and public institutions for the benefit of society she is abreast of any of the states. And all this has been paid for without oppressing the tax-payer. The history of Iowa is a proud one, from its first settlement up to the present time, and this noble, grand success is largely due to the noble men of all classes who made up the community that inhabited the territory at its first organization, July 4th, 1838. I have seen much of legislation since, but I have never seen finer presiding officers, in legislatures or congress, than Gen-

eral Brown, the president of the council, and William C. Wallace, the speaker of the house, of the first territorial legislature, and there has been no legislature in Iowa since that has had more brains in proportion to the number of members than that one had; nor have I ever seen the same industry in any other legislative body since. There were then no laws. A new code of laws had to be formed, and there were few amusements and no dining out to divert members; there were few citizens of Burlington then that entertained outsiders. The latch-string was always out to all callers, but none of the present fashionable fads were thought of in Burlington at that time.

The council was composed of thirteen members. Jesse B. Brown, from Lee county, was made president of the council. He was six feet seven inches in his stocking feet, and as straight as an arrow, and all in all the most remarkable man that I ever knew.

The General was elected to the council from Lee county, on what was known as the "possum" ticket, to the first legislature of the state. The county was democratic, but the citizens on what was known as the "half-breed tract" had fallen out with General Dodge, then delegate in congress, and the favorite of the Iowa democracy. The settlers, who were squatters on the land, were fighting the decree of the court dividing the land and setting it apart to the owners. The squatters thought Dodge had failed in serving them in congress, and they were determined to prevent his election to the senate, if possible. The whigs took advantage of this defection and united with the squatters on a union ticket, giving the squatters Jacob Hume, a democrat, for the senate, Reuben Condee and Josiah Clifton, democrats, for the house, with William Sproot, a whig, for the senate, and General J. B. Brown, William Steel and William J. Cochran, whigs, for the house. The ticket was elected, and the Lee county delegation gave the whigs a majority in the legislature; and in the senatorial caucus the democratic "possums" demanded both senators, naming General McCarty, who was at one time in congress from Indiana and came within one vote of an election as senator in that state. McCarty had moved to Keokuk a short time before the meeting of the legislature, and made himself the leader of the squatters, with Jacob Hume, who had been a post trader in the army. The whigs in caucus,

strange as it may seem, endorsed them as their candidates for the senate.

No one was more active than I was for the combine. General Brown was made speaker of the house, and I was sergeant-at-arms. When the legislature met in joint convention, Dr. Fullenwider, senator from Des Moines county, refused to support McCarty, voting for Browning, also senator from Des Moines county. McCarty lacked one vote of an election, and the senate, in which the democrats had a majority, left the joint convention without care for the order of their going, refusing to meet the house again in joint convention. The democrats in caucus had nominated A. C. Dodge and Thomas Wilson for senators. The nomination of Wilson over George W. Jones was a surprise at the time; and if the caucus could have met any time afterwards, Jones would have been nominated. The democrats from the southern part of the state were devoted to Dodge, and a scheme was started for the election of Dodge and Brown; there were enough democrats in it to mean success if Brown would consent, but when approached on the subject he would not agree to the arrangement. One of the party to the scheme went all the way to Galena to get Judge Tom Brown, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, the General's brother, to urge him to accept.

General Brown was very poor at the time; his wife was dead, and he had three daughters, one nearly grown, while the youngest was an invalid. The Judge his brother, stated all this in a letter to the General, and urged him not to refuse to join in the scheme. The General read the letter to me, with the tears running down his cheeks, and when he had finished, he said, "Tom should never have written me such a letter. I go into a caucus and solemnly pledge my vote to another man, and then betray that pledge to secure the position for myself. Never, never; if I were to do such a thing, I could never look an honest man in the face again. It is hard to live in poverty, but to forfeit my honor I could not live." But McCarty, the very next year, stumped the district for the democratic candidate for congress against Brown. Two traits of Brown's character made the people his friends: He was always faithful to all trusts given him, and he never gave excuses for his faults, but acknowledged them and asked to be forgiven. He died in 1864, in Covington, Kentucky, and did not live to see the success of the measures so dear to his heart.

Jesse D. Payne and L. B. Hughes were elected to the council from Henry county. Payne was a Methodist preacher, tall and rather uncouth in personal appearance, nervous and active, with fair ability, an energetic and useful member. I have not heard from him for many years. Hughes was a Virginian, smart and clownish in his manners, inclined to be lazy and full of fun, without sharp corners, a favorite with his brother councilmen. Both Payne and Hughes were democrats. The father of Hughes was a man of enterprise. He lived in the good old days when they imprisoned a man for debt in Virginia. For less than one hundred dollars he was confined to the county, for from one to two hundred dollars he was confined to the bounds of the county town, and for a larger sum than two hundred dollars he was confined to the jail. Hughes owed three hundred dollars, and was confined to the jail; having no opportunity to swap horses, he wrote a book. His solitary meditations turned him to prophecy, and in his book he foretold the destruction of the world on a given day a few months ahead. He quoted scripture to suit his scheme, making a plausible case. The destruction was to be by a tornado that was to destroy all living things. The morning of the day of destruction was to be clear and beautiful, but at ten o'clock black clouds would arise, ending in the tornado of destruction.

He sold his pamphlets at fifty cents each, and soon realized enough money to pay his debts, with a small capital to commence in the horse trading business again, without reference to the ending of the world. His pamphlet created great excitement through several counties. The morning of the great day was bright and beautiful, and about ten o'clock a terrific storm came on, lasting several hours but doing little damage; but there was an immense amount of praying done during that storm.

In 1838 Jefferson county was unorganized; nearly one-half of the present county belonged to the Indians. The settled part was attached to Henry county for election and judicial purposes. Lockridge was then a village, and hoped to be the county seat when the county was organized. The citizens made a grand barbecue and invited all the candidates to the feast; they all went. There was a fiddle and a stag dance. Wallace, Porter and Billy Coop, who lived in that part of the district, were at home in a stag dance. The settlers resolved that they would vote for no man that did not join in the dance,

but finally they excused Payne on account of his being a preacher. Hughes had made a poor speech and said he could not dance. His case seemed to be hopeless; he was snubbed and discarded by the voters; but after the dance had gone on a while, Hughes said if there was any one present that could pat Juba, he would try to dance a Virginia jig. A man was found to pat Juba, and as Hughes was in his element in a jig dance, he at once took the crowd. He was called out again and again, and got every vote in that precinct.

From Des Moines county were Arthur Ingram, Robert Ralston and George Hepner. Colonel Ingraham was a dignified Virginia gentleman. He had been many years in the Virginia legislature, and had been a member of the council of the Wisconsin territorial legislature. He was a man of fair ability, and a most useful legislator. Ralston was a quiet, dignified man, and Hepner was an amiable gentleman.

James M. Clark represented Muscatine and Louisa. Clark was a man of education and ability, an active and useful member of the council, and very popular. He went to Wisconsin soon after his term expired.

Jonathan W. Parker represented Scott and Clinton most worthily. Stephen Hempstead and Warner Lewis represented Jackson and Dubuque. Hempstead was the ablest member of the council and a most active legislator. Warner Lewis was a dignified Virginian, a quiet, useful legislator. There was probably no man in the council who had more influence than he.

VanBuren county was represented by E. A. M. Swazey and ——— Keith. The latter was an old man, a farmer, and an honest man. Swazey was a lawyer and a man of ability—a little pompous, and rather proud of being a man of education and from Boston, qualities that were not so popular in Iowa then as they are now, probably.

Charles Whittlesey represented Cedar county. He was a Connecticut man, keen and active, and a useful legislator, but less influential than if he had been from the Hoosier or the Sucker state.

THE FIRST UNITED STATES DRAGOONS.



IN the spring of 1834, at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, the First United States Dragoons was organized as a regiment, and its field and staff officers were as follows: Henry Dodge, Colonel; Stephen W. Kearney, Lieutenant Colonel; Richard B. Mason, Major; Jefferson Davis, Adjutant, and Dr. Finley, Surgeon.

The regiment, in the spring and summer of 1834, made what was known as the great Pawnee campaign, across the western plains to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where was located the Pawnee village, in which Colonel Dodge held a treaty with several tribes of Indians, viz., the Pawnees, Kiowas, Tawashes and Camanches. Here a white boy prisoner was rescued and returned to his family in Arkansas. The boy was a son of Judge Martin, of Arkansas. The boy's name was Matthew Wright Martin, and he was at that time about eight years old. The Judge, with his son and two negro men, had been on a hunting expedition on the waters of the false Wichita river, where, early one morning in the fall of 1833, the Indians made an attack on their camp, and killed the Judge and one negro, and took the boy prisoner. When the attack was made, the other negro was hunting their horses, and for that reason escaped with his life. He soon returned to camp, and found his master and comrade murdered and the boy gone. Taking the body of his master to the river, he peeled the bark from a sapling, made it fast to a stone, and sunk the body in the river for safety. He then proceeded to a little fort being built by United States troops, and gave the alarm, but it was too late to overtake the murderers.

The officers at the fort had the remains of Judge Martin removed from the river, and gave it Christian burial at Fort Wichita, which they were then building.

The regiment returned from the plains in August, 1834, when it was put in detachments and quartered at Fort Gibson and Fort Leavenworth; the detachment to which I belonged was sent to Camp Des Moines, at the head of the Des Moines rapids of the Mississippi river, on the ground now occupied by the town of Montrose. The companies of this detachment were "B," "H" and "I," commanded respectively by Captains E. V. Sumner, Nathaniel Boone and Jesse

B. Browne, and the commanding officer of the detachment, Lieutenant Colonel Stephen W. Kearney. The troops arrived at Camp Des Moines September 27th, 1834.

Quartermaster Lieutenant Crossman, of Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, was building quarters for the officers and men, but they were not finished until about the first of November. In the meantime we were camped in tents on the bank of the river. When we got into our quarters, we were all comfortable for the winter, a portion of which was very cold.

In the spring of 1835, preparations were made for a campaign to the Northwest, and when the grass was sufficient to sustain our horses, the command started under the leadership of Lieutenant Colonel Kearney. Before starting, Lieutenant A. M. Lea reported for duty in Company "I." At the time of starting, Captain Browne was unwell and not able to move with his command, and Lieutenant Lea took command of the company; he was also the topographical engineer of the command. The first day's march was but ten or fifteen miles, and we camped on the ground known afterwards as Howard's Southwest; at this camp many of our horses got loose during the night and returned to Camp Des Moines, and a detachment of men was sent for them. We remained in the camp one day and two nights, and after the first night had no further trouble with our horses.

As there never had been any survey of the lands, my description will be by water courses. In the course of a short time we crossed the Iowa river, and proceeded northwest in the direction of Lake Pepin, on the Mississippi river, which place we reached on the fourth day of July, 1835, and remained one day, when it was ascertained that we had struck the river too high up. The campaign was made for the purpose of holding a treaty with the Sioux Indians and settling a difficulty existing between that tribe and the Sac and Fox tribe, and the Sioux village was at what was called Wabasha Prairie, named for their head chief, Wabasha, on which ground is now located the city of Wabasha. The treaty with the Sioux was satisfactory, and the difficulty between that tribe and the Sac and Fox nation was amicably settled. The pipe of peace was smoked by parties of the different tribes, and an elegant pipe was sent by Chief Wabasha to Chief Keokuk, of the Sac and Fox nation.

Lieutenant A. M. Lea kept the field notes of the campaign,

and named three lakes, now in Minnesota—Fox Lake, Swan Lake and Chapeau Lake, and the names originated from peculiar incidents. In moving along the borders of a lake, a large red fox jumped out of the brush and ran across the prairie, and Lea named that lake Fox Lake. A few days afterward we struck a small herd of buffalo, and the Colonel ordered a small detail of men to make chase and obtain some fresh meat; one of the party got in the brush bordering on the lake and caught a young swan, and Lea named that Swan Lake. Chapeau Lake was named from its peculiar shape, being similar in shape to the French military hat, which is called a chapeau. The name of this lake, I think, is now Lea Lake.

The command left Wabasha about the 20th of July, 1835, and marched west to the head-waters of the Des Moines river, thence down the banks of that river to the Racoon fork of the same, where the troops remained in camp four or five days, cutting and digging out a large cottonwood canoe, all with axes, for they had no other tools. This canoe was put in charge of Lieutenant Lea, who with one soldier and two Sac Indians, descended the Des Moines river from the forks to its mouth, landing at the Point, as it was then called, which is now Keokuk, Iowa, early in September, 1835. Lieutenant Lea had been ordered by the War Department to make a location for a new fort, and that caused the expedition down the Des Moines river. Lea suggested two points for the fort, the mouth of Coon river and the mouth of Lizard creek, lower down the river, but decided on the mouth of the Coon, and Fort Des Moines was there built.

The troops made easy marches from their camp down the banks of the Des Moines river, and arrived at Camp Des Moines about the 20th of September, 1835, where they remained during the fall and winter of 1835-36.

The campaign of 1836 was made through Illinois and Wisconsin, touching Chicago, Milwaukee and Green Bay; thence up the Fox river to Fort Winnebago on the portage, down the Wisconsin river to near its mouth. A small detachment crossed the Wisconsin river to Prairie du Chein for army supplies. Colonel Taylor was then in command of the fort. Then we moved homeward, through Galena, Illinois, and Rock Island, crossed the Mississippi at Fort Madison, and went down to Camp Des Moines. My term of service expired on the tenth day of February, 1837, at which time I was discharged, after having served three years.

And now, in this day of grace, 1890, but few are left who belonged to the First United States Dragoons at its organization in the spring of 1834.

J. C. PARROTT,
Late First Sergt., Co. I, First U. S. Dragoons.

RECENT DEATHS.

PHILIP BURR BRADLEY died at his home in Andrew, Iowa, March 27th, 1890, at the age of eighty-one years. Judge Bradley was one of the earliest and one of the most prominent of the early pioneers of Iowa, coming here in 1839. His grandfather, Philip Bradley, was an officer in the Revolutionary army, and afterwards an active member of the Society of the Cincinnati, the membership descending to the deceased pioneer, who was the oldest of six grandsons. He was a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, New York, of the class of 1829, and afterwards studied law in Danbury, Connecticut. In 1835 he came west, settling in Galena, Illinois, where he was married to Miss Lucinda Carpenter. In 1839 he removed to Clinton county, Iowa, and was elected the first probate judge of that county. In 1842 he removed to Andrew, Jackson county, which continued to be his home till his death, and was elected in 1845 to the last territorial council, representing, with Stephen Hempstead, the counties of Jackson, Dubuque, Delaware and Clayton. In 1846 he was elected to the senate of the first state legislature, and afterwards repeatedly served as secretary of the state senate. In 1857 he was elected to the lower house of the legislature. In 1861 he was chosen county judge, and in 1877 again sent to the house of representatives, which was the last public position he occupied. During the administration of Ansel Briggs as Governor, he was the Governor's private secretary and confidential adviser, and the Governor was accustomed to defer much to his counsel and judgment.

ANECDOTES OF CAMP LIFE.

CAPTAIN N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

CAPTAIN SCOTT, of Kentucky, used to relate many amusing anecdotes of camp life during the Mexican war, in which he served. I now recall to mind the following: A sutler in one of the American camps occupied one-half of a double tent, while some soldiers held forth in the other half; the division wall was of the same material as the canvas tent. The sutler had an eye to business, and catered to the wants of the soldiers in every respect that brought him gain. Among his investments he secured a barrel of cider, which he placed in his store with the end against the canvas wall that separated him from his neighbors, and began retailing it out to his customers at ten cents a glass. He did a prosperous business for a while, when all at once the tide of fortune began to turn, and a reaction seemed to be setting in. Just at this juncture a soldier came in and called for a glass of cider. When he inquired the price and was told it was ten cents, he objected, and said he could buy it for five cents. "You cannot, for I have the only cider in camp," replied the sutler. "Not so," said the soldier; "you are mistaken, and I'll bet you two dollars that I can buy it in camp for five cents a glass." The bet was at once taken and the money put up. "Now come with me," said the soldier, "and I'll make my statement good." The soldier, leading the way, with the sutler at his heels, entered the adjoining apartment, where the sutler found the other end of his cider barrel tapped through the partition, and a soldier retailing the contents at five cents a glass. The sutler at once closed up this new enterprise with the loss of a portion of his apple juice and the wager.

SOLDIERS in the Mexican war were no exception to men of their profession in the way of *fowl* proclivities, which naturally lead them at times to perpetrate *foul* raids on *fowl*. One morning soon after some of the boys had returned from

an expedition in which they had captured turkeys, in open violation of an order issued against such interesting amusements, their trophy was about to be discovered by an officer making his rounds of duty, which caused some hurried rustling to secrete the prize. The drummer was equal to the emergency, and could beat an officer as well as time. He removed the head of his drum and dumped the turkey into musical surroundings, and covered it with the basis of the tattoo. Upon the heels of this came the order for company drill. Like all military orders, it was imperative; it must be obeyed. Again the drummer was equal to the occasion. He shouldered his drum, which was now a dead beat, and took his position in the company. Soon the order came for music, but no respoase, when the captain, observing that his order had not been obeyed, roared out again in good military style, "Music!" but no music came; as he was about to investigate the cause, the drummer, through a comrade, whispered in the ear of the captain that he had a big fat turkey in his drum for him. The captain at once took in the situation, as *fowl* as it appeared, and sternly remarked, "Well, if the drummer is sick, why did he not say so? Let him go to his quarters." It was not necessary to repeat the order. It was promptly obeyed, and the dispenser of martial music was soon seen wending his way under dead beat for his quarters. Soon after he issued an invitation to the captain to a turkey dinner, at which the illness of the drummer was freely discussed.

NOTES.

HON. T. S. PARVIN is collecting a list of Iowa authors and their works. It is his purpose also to collect all such works for the Iowa Masonic Library, which he founded and has built up to be rated as one of the large and prominent libraries of the country.



S. C. Smobielge

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COL. S. C. TROWBRIDGE.



AMUEL CUSHING TROWBRIDGE, the fourth of eleven children, was born May 1st, 1813, at Kingwood, Preston County, Virginia, now West Virginia, where he lived till attaining his manhood, having his home latterly with his father's brother. Through this uncle's liberality he obtained most of his early education, which was only such as the country schools of that time afforded.

His father had been a prosperous miller and planter and the owner of some slaves, till one of the disastrous floods, natural to a mountainous country, such as we have lately beheld utterly destroying the city of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in a single night, swept away his mill, the most valuable of his possessions. Seeing his fortune wrecked, with resources few and incumbrances many, he gave to his slaves the choice of liberty and their own maintenance, or servitude and a home with him. One chose the latter condition.

Soon after reaching his majority, young Trowbridge, animated by a spirit of enterprise, broke the ties of home and kindred and set out upon a career of migratory adventure.

His first expedition was into the young State of Indiana, then part of the eastern rim of the "far west." In due time

his wanderings brought him, in 1835, to Goshen, Elkhart County, Indiana, near the shore of Lake Michigan. In this county he found Elkhart prairie, fertile and expansive, the home of many prosperous farmers, among whom were one named James Fryer and another called Myers. Trowbridge was soon installed as a hand on the farm of Fryer, where he was associated with a young Irishman named Philip Clark, who had preceded him at the Fryer farm about a year. These two formed a friendship with Eli, one of the sons of their neighbor Myers.

In 1838, when twenty-five years old, Trowbridge made his way to the west side of the Mississippi river, into the Black Hawk Purchase, then the rallying ground of western emigration, the resultant issue of the Black Hawk war of 1832, in which fought a leader and a subordinate destined to figure prominently in our national history, the first, Winfield Scott, as the subjugator of Mexico and a presidential aspirant, the other, Abraham Lincoln, as President and liberator.

Muscatine, then called Bloomington, was in the favored region of the Black Hawk Purchase. Here Trowbridge tarried for a short while. But, as if the restless fever of emigration had full possession of him and he must seek the utmost western limits of the West, he removed to Johnson county, then the Ultima Thule of western civilization, about to undergo the process of organization.

Cedar county having been already organized, the inchoate county of Johnson was attached to it for judicial purposes. The seat of justice of Johnson county, though disporting itself in one of the greatest of names, Napoleon, was in fact so diminutive as to be little more than an imaginary location, one and a half miles below the southern line of the present corporate limits of Iowa City, on the same side of the river, and at present forms part of the farm of Mr. James McCollister, the old log "court house," long since razed, having stood across the road opposite the site of Mr. McCollister's present residence.

To Napoleon Trowbridge came from Bloomington, where he found his old friends of Elkhart Prairie, Philip Clark and Eli Myers, who had gone there the year before, the town site of Napoleon being on part of Clark's farm, which had first been squatted on by John Morford, but who had exchanged it for the one Clark had pre-empted a little further down the river.

Soon after he came to Napoleon, James W. Tallman, the sheriff of Cedar county, appointed Trowbridge his assistant in taking the census, which had been provided for by an act of the legislative assembly, and assigned him to the counties of Johnson and Keokuk as far as they were south and west of the Cedar river. The male residents of Johnson county subject to taxation, as shown by this census, so far as taken by Col. Trowbridge, were Newton Chase, Philip Clark, Wm. C. Masey, Wm. Devall, Benjamin Miller, Nathaniel Fellows, Thomas Bolster, Yale Hamilton, Jacob Witter, Wm. Ward, James W. Masey, Pleasant Harris, Jacob Earhart, Joel Doell, James S. Wilkinson, Elias Cecord, Elijah Parsons, Salem Taylor, Robert Walker, Isaac N. Lesh, John Morford, Joseph Weaver, Joseph Stover, Samuel Walker, James Walker, John Smith, John A. Cain, Wm. Sturgis, Wm. Kelso, David Sweat, Wm. Howe, Richard Kitter, Benjamin Kitter, John M. Lucas, John A. Street, Green Hill, Henry Felkner, Eli Myers, John Gilbert—thirty-nine. The census also showed that there were in the county twenty-two horses and one hundred and six working cattle over three years old, but only four hogs and no sheep. There were seven watches and nine clocks. Three settlers only had any cash on hand, the aggregate amount being one hundred and ninety dollars. The aggregate tax was forty-six dollars and seventy-four cents on an assessed valuation of nine thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars and fifty cents. Eli Myers was the richest man in the county, the assessed valuation of his property being four hundred and ninety dollars.

When Johnson county was organized, Governor Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin Territory, of which Iowa was then a

portion, appointed Trowbridge sheriff of the new county by and with the advice and consent of the legislative council. His commission was dated at Burlington, June 22d, 1838. This appointment was renewed by Gov. Lucas, January 18th, 1839.

While acting as sheriff at Napoleon he made his first arrest, which was for horse-stealing. There being no place of confinement, he was in the habit of taking the culprit to the field with him and chaining him to a tree while he was at work. The prisoner was afterward transferred for safe-keeping to the jail at Muscatine, from which he escaped before trial.

November 14th, 1839, the post office, which had been established at Napoleon, March 2d, of the same year, with John Gilbert as postmaster, who was succeeded the 18th of the following April by Samuel H. McCrory, was discontinued and the post office at Iowa City established, with Chauncey Swan as postmaster, who was succeeded September 2d, 1841, by James M. Hawkins, who served till the 30th of August, 1842, when Trowbridge was appointed postmaster, in which office he served until the 27th of April, 1849, nearly six years, longer than any one else has held the office continuously.

He was commissioned by Gov. Lucas, July 26, 1839, Second Lieutenant of the 7th Company, 2d Regiment, 1st Brigade 2d Division, and on the 12th of March, 1841, promoted Colonel of the 3d Regiment, 1st Brigade, 2d Division of Militia of Iowa Territory.

When the first sale of lots took place in Iowa City, May 24th, 1841, Trowbridge having been appointed for the purpose, acted as auctioneer to cry them off to the highest bidder.

During the first summer he spent at Napoleon, before the Musquaka Indians, a band of the Fox tribe, had given up possession of the country, he obtained from their chief permission to prospect through the country, the only condition imposed being that he should go with no arms more warlike than a hatchet, and he explored the goodly lands to the northwest of

the present Iowa City, as far as the locality of the "State Quarries," some outcropping specimens of which he broke with his hatchet to obtain samples of the rock which he brought back. Thus was probably first discovered that magnificent deposit of magnesian limestone, whose exhaustless supplies have furnished all the rock used in our first permanent capitol, now the central building of the State University, which after an exposure of over half a century presents as fresh an appearance as when first built, and thirty years later yielded the immense white blocks, the "dimension stone," which in great part form the walls of the magnificent capitol at Des Moines.

A good part of Trowbridge's life at Iowa City was spent in commercial business, as a druggist, or as a dealer in general merchandise. At an early day he selected a parcel of government land three miles east of the city, which, though residing in town, he retained and tilled until the day of his death. He was often selected, on account of his methodical ways and immovable integrity, by the people to represent them in one way or another in their local government, and in early pioneer days was President of the Johnson County Claim Association, founded for the protection of the squatters.

In 1857, when the Constitutional Convention, which framed the present constitution of Iowa, met at Iowa City, he served as its sergeant-at-arms. When the State Historical Society was formed he became one of its charter members, and served almost continuously from its foundation till his death in its government as a member of the Board of Curators, acting also as its librarian for many years. It afforded him a semi-weekly pleasure on the occasions when the library was open to point out the most interesting relics in the cabinet.

He was a worthy member of the benevolent order of Masons, which he joined early in life, and was one of the first on whom the royal arch degree was conferred in Iowa City.

During the war Col. Trowbridge, debarred by the infirmities of age from taking an active part in the field, was an ardent advocate of every means calculated to strengthen those

at the front fighting for the Union, and during this period he acted as the agent of the county in dispensing its bounty to the families of those in the ranks of death.

April 28th, 1844, Col. Trowbridge married in Iowa City, Sarah (Shaw) Willis, the widow of Ansly J. Willis, with a son, (Victor I. Willis, of Antioch, California) and a daughter, (Mrs. Jane Sanders, the widowed mother of Frank W. Sanders of Iowa City and Mrs. Kate Rowe, of Oakland, California). His wife survives him. He died childless, but the affectionate return made by his step-children for the paternal care he gave them in their youth was all that it could have been if they had been his own offspring.

He took an active interest in every public matter, especially of a political complexion, and was a ready off-hand rostrum speaker, with a sonorous voice, good presence and earnest manner; he often resorted to sarcasm, and had a large reserve of force in a most accurate memory, which served him as the armory of his weapons in debate, and in the society of his neighbors gave him the authority of a cyclopedia. As a local political manager in his prime days he had few equals within the radius of his action, but it was nearly always for others and seldom for himself that his skill and judgment were exercised. He was in demand wherever cool finesse was requisite. An instance in point may be cited: when John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, was threatened with capture at Iowa City, it was Trowbridge who piloted him away in the night.

Among his friends Col. Trowbridge was cheery and cordial. He was benevolent and charitable. If his animosities were enduring his friendship was eternal. He had foibles, but few faults. His religious creed was not formulated, but it was proclaimed often in charitable actions and kind deeds and was with him, in him, a part of him, every day in the week.

Col. Trowbridge's death occurred suddenly, without a pang, foreboding or complaint, October 26th, 1888, when he had almost entered the second half of his seventy-sixth year.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS IN IOWA.

CORSICANA, TEXAS, July 7th, 1890.

H. W. LATHROP, *Librarian, State Historical Society of Iowa,
Iowa City, Iowa.*

When the memory reverts to scenes during early manhood in the then far off frontier region now known as Iowa, my pen runs wild, and is likely to scribble more than you will wish to print in your journal. Well, here goes!

The 1st regiment of U. S. Dragoons was authorized by Congress early in 1833, with provision that half the officers should be taken from those of the mounted battalion raised for the Black Hawk War and the other half from the line of the regular army. The official organization was promptly filled, and recruiting was done with a rush.

Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, a gallant man, a noted miner, who was "out" in the fiasco of 1832, a half-brother of Senator Lynn of Missouri, was made Colonel. Stephen W. Kearney, of New Jersey, long in the old army, a keen and active man, was promoted to be the Lieutenant Colonel, and Mason of Virginia, a fine gentleman and soldier, to be Major.

Headquarters were established at Jefferson Barracks twelve miles below St. Louis and recruits came in rapidly, many of them fine young men attracted by the fancy of careering over the plain after buffalo and Indians and selecting choice spots for future homes. A sample of these deluded men you may find in the person of J. C. Parrot, late Mayor of Keokuk, a prosperous merchant of Wheeling when he enlisted as a private, a man of unusual intelligence, a fine accountant, a true gentleman, and my personal friend, when he served as Orderly Sergeant of Capt. Jesse Browne's Company, to which I was attached the next year.

The regiment wintered at Jefferson Barracks and the next summer, 1834, made a march by Fort Gibson to the Pawnee and Kiowa towns on Red river. This march was widely known among the wild tribes from the Rio Grande to the

Missouri, attracted bodies of them from all directions towards the Pawnee towns, and caused an immense gathering of the buffaloes, then on their annual migration, to the extent of verifying a supposed extravagance of Capt. Riley, who led the escort to the Santa Fe traders some years before. When Major, he was recruiting at Rochester, N. Y., and some jovial souls used to crowd around him at dinner to hear his stories of the Great Plains, then little known. He was telling one day of the great multitudes of buffaloes he had seen about the Arkansas and Red rivers on his march to Santa Fe, when one asked him how many he had ever seen in one herd or aggregation. He dropped his knife and fork for a minute, thought gravely, and answered quietly, "Ten millions." The astounding answer was received in silence, with due incredulity, until the one who had asked the question said: "Well, Major, as you say so I'm bound to believe it, but damned if I would had I seen it myself." The next winter, in a crowd of officers, an account was given of a stampede of many horses of the regiment picketed for the night, by a stream of buffalo going north. Capt. Nathan Boone, an old frontiersman, a quiet unimpulsive, truthful man, like his father, Daniel, whom he is said to have much resembled, studied the matter carefully, and gave us these data for an estimate of the number: "They were excited, and traveled at the rate of four miles per hour continuously, the stream was a half-mile wide, and it flowed steadily for twenty-four hours. Allowing a square rod to each animal, more than ample, you can make your own calculation as to the number. I make it over ten millions (10,000,000) and I believe there were many more."

The regiment marched to Fort Leavenworth as headquarters, where I reported for duty in October, having been transferred against my wish, after the summer campaign had begun. Meantime I had loitered in Washington and Baltimore until August, through failure of the Senate to act on my nomination, and then I was hurried away to take recruits from Newport, Ky., to Fort Armstrong (Rock Island). It was my first com-

mand of enlisted men, and the cholera took away some and scared away others, and what were left, about sixty, were delivered at the Fort, Lieutenant-Colonel Davenport commanding.

On return to St. Louis I assented to be ordered to New Orleans, deemed so dangerous a service that, as it was out of the line of duty, Gen. Atkinson commanding, declined to order any officer on it without his voluntary consent. The application came from Quartermaster J. B. Brant, nephew-in-law to Senator Benton, who was just then trying to get up some favor for the administration by making a show of specie payment by the government.

Brant, as quartermaster, had a draft on New Orleans for \$96,000 to pay *Indian* annuities; for, Secretary Cass, finding that he could not trust his agents to disburse cash, had adopted the policy of detailing army officers on that service, and thus Brant was made disbursing agent at St. Louis. He dared not entrust such a large sum of money at one time to an unbonded citizen, and there were no expresses then; so, his only recourse was, in imitation of the secretary of war, to get an army officer to do the service, his life commission being deemed sufficient security. The general having refused to order any of his garrison officers on a service deemed so dangerous, through expectation of yellow fever, the service being out of the line of duty, I was caught *in transitu* and inveigled into acceptance of the trust by being promised mileage by the river instead of by post route, and was thus induced to forego a chance to visit my widowed mother, unseen for four years, and made the trip safely, despite Yellow Jack and thieves; got the silver, in \$5,000 kegs, brought up in the cabin of a steamboat at ordinary freight rates; and when it came to pay my transportation, more than the regular army rate was refused me, although this service was not military and might have been paid for out of the Indian contingent fund, to any equitable amount, and I had made no charge for the three days' labor of counting the money in stuffy bank

vaults, at New Orleans and St. Louis each. Thus I was cheated and beaten out of the visit to my mother, and of the pittance intended to be sent instead. And I may as well add here that the silver went to P. Choteau & Co., to pay claims against the Indians, who never saw a dollar of the coin, so ostentatiously brought from New Orleans for their benefit and so trumpeted through the land.

The regiment arrived at Fort Leavenworth in September, and I joined it there in October, going from St. Louis on the last boat of the season. We arrived at daylight, and my first greeting at my new position was an order placing me on duty as officer of the day, given by the adjutant before I had turned out of my bunk. Taking a hurried breakfast on the little boat, I went to guard mounting in the rain, which poured all day, whilst I plunged about in the slush visiting the sentinels and the prison, not knowing personally a single officer then present. I found the colonel to be a splendid man, soldierly, erect, with an eagle eye, but lacking in the amenities and grammar.

The next day I was ordered to pay out the annuities of the several tribes of Indians under the agency of Major John Dougherty, who accompanied me, and with an escort of a corporal and two men, I set out on my first campaign to meet thousands of wild Indians in a region as yet wholly possessed by them. We travelled in company with a party of trappers going to the mountains, and learned from them many new things about prairie and mountain life. As they were mostly French, my use of that language soon made us friends. We crossed the Big Platte (now called Nebraska) near the mouth in boats of elk skins, and swam our horses alongside. Six miles above we came to the agency, occupying a beautiful site on the west bank of the muddy Missouri, where we found a christian missionary and wife, and a Smith and wife, the only whites in hundreds of miles. This pretty site was prevented from becoming a city, as the country developed, by being a reservation; but is still Bellevue. Here we met a Mr.

Fontanelle, of New Orleans, a cultured gentleman, who had exchanged the luxury of city life for the wider and wilder enjoyments of trapping in the Rocky Mountains, where he had been three years, and had just come down to winter at this agency. He gave me my first knowledge of the great Salt Lake.

The Otoes, claiming the country, now western Iowa, dirty and lazy, were awaiting our coming. The Omahas, who claimed the west side of the river, were still out on their annual hunt on the plains; and the four bands of wild Pawnees of the Platte, delayed arrival two weeks. After a patient waiting, we got together some two or three thousand of them and had a grand day in "paying off the annuities," which consisted in handing over to the chief of each band the dry-goods and cutlery sent up from St. Louis, and they distributed the blankets, cloth, kettles, and knives to individuals; *but I saw no coin.*

In the evening of pay-day a scene was exhibited worthy of record. The Otoe and Omaha tribes had been allies for many years, and their chiefs, Ietun and Ompatonga, were warm personal friends. The great Sioux nation was hostile to both. The Otoes had declined until too weak to risk a hunt for buffalo on the great plains, and had to subsist on the small game and fish at home. The Omahas went in a body and made a successful hunt, returning loaded down with dried meat and skins, mostly dressed for lodges, including a grand conical tent with capacity for fifty persons reclining at a feast. The agent, the missionary, Fontanelle and myself were the only whites invited to a great feast in this grand tent, the complement being made up of chiefs and warriors, including a dashing young Sioux, courting the Princess Ompaminga, the widowed octogenarian Omaha chief's only daughter, who greatly resembled the celebrated Mary Randolph, a spirited belle, whom I had met three years before at West Point and Baltimore.

As we entered the lodge the dignified old chief, six feet two

inches in height, stood erect on the right of the entrance, dressed in a splendidly ornamented buffalo robe, with little else, worn as a Roman toga, and taking each by the hand gave us in charge of his daughter, who led us to couches of skins, on which we reclined in oriental style. Soon the deft maiden served to each a wooden bowl with succotash from an immense brass kettle hung in the middle, filled with divers ingredients, including a native tuber, much prized, that grows naturally in running water, in form and taste resembling the tuberous artichoke.

All being served, the grand old chief arose and said to Ietun, chief of the Otoes, a short, stubby man of fifty with a mutilated nose: "My friend, your people have been forced to spend the summer in hunting grounds having little game for the warrior's bow and spear, with no buffaloes from whose skins you might make new lodges. My friend, the Great Spirit has been very kind to my people on the plains, and sent us plenty of buffalo, from which we have obtained abundance of meat and a superfluity of skins. My friend, we desire to share our wealth with our less fortunate allies. My friend, my daughter has made this lodge for you and has prepared this feast for your friends. This is *your* feast; these are your guests; invite them to partake."

Ietun, taken wholly by surprise, rose in much confusion and made a bungling answer, when we all fell to our work and made a hearty meal of a savory dish, despite the fact that the meat had come hundreds of miles in skins not over clean, and often carried on naked warriors between their light summer robes and their own skins.

Returning November 1st, a bright pretty morn, we crossed the Platte at sunrise, ferrying our baggage again in elk hide boats, having in company only the agent and my escort of three men, none of whom could swim, and all declined to mount and lead our horses in swimming, when I said to them, "Well, men, I never order men to go where I fear to lead," stripped off all but my shirt, mounted, bare-backed, the strong

sorrel furnished me by the Quartermaster, and forcing him in led the cavalcade safely across, where some years after a fine young officer and his command were swallowed in quicksand.

On the way we had a storm of rain and wind, which melted all our salt and sugar, spoiled our flour, and left us only a little pork, eked out by a deer from a Delaware brave, who came to our camp after nightfall, dressed in abundant paint, and enjoyed a smoke of true Kinnikinnick with the agent and myself, preceding his smoking with a full puff blown slowly upward as an oblation,—“Wakunda, I offer you tobacco.”

Arrived at Leavenworth, I was ordered to join my company on the upper Mississippi, and, as the boats had laid up for the winter, I bought the horse, rigging and arms of Surgeon Wharton, just starting to visit his long unseen family in Philadelphia, and the agent and I had a very enjoyable ride of some three hundred and fifty miles, ending by a good supper and rest in his hospitable home four miles short of St. Louis, where I had to settle Indian accounts with Major Brant.

As small boats were still running on the Mississippi, I hastened to take probably the last for the season, just about to leave. The clerk, noticing my dress, told me that the wife of an officer was in the cabin with a dying child. Coincidentally she made herself known as the wife of Capt. Browne, whom she was trying to join. “Why, madam, he is my captain, and I am going to report to him.” At once I was in full charge of the lady, her very ill infant, and the wet nurse with her baby. We steamed and cordelled the wheezing little craft to the foot of the Lower Rapids, where stood a substantial stone building, used as a trading station by one Capt. White, agent of the American Fur Company, the only house on the west bank for many miles below and three hundred miles above. That was Keokuk.

Landing at the foot of a bluff on the Illinois shore, we scrambled to the plateau above and found one rickety, unfinished board shanty, which gave us shelter and food. The city of Warsaw now occupies that site.

We hunted out of the weeds a shattery carryall, which had brought the family to their new home, and had taken the weather ever since. Next morning we made an early start for the head of the Rapids, where we were to cross over to the fort, a distance, by any used road, of probably twenty-four miles. My long, lank parade horse drew the vehicle, while a gawky boy rode a sprightly pony bought in St. Louis. Some miles on the way, at a steep hill, my horse choked, fell and broke a shaft. Mounting the pony I galloped him three miles across a prairie to get a sapling to replace the shaft, fortunately having a small axe in my second holster instead of the usual pistol; and using my double bridle reins to wrap the spliced shaft, we again got under way, but were caught by dense darkness, in a new and stumpy road, eight miles from our destination, obliging me to lead the horse by the bridle so as to keep the road. About ten o'clock we reached Huneuh's shanty, the only house in many miles, where the city of Nauvoo afterward flourished. Late as it was we got a fair supper, most welcome after twelve or sixteen hours fast, work and anxiety. Early the next morning Capt. Browne came over, took charge of his patient wife and her nurse and the two babies, and I ferried over my horses, rode to the Adjutant's door and reported for duty.

Our post, Fort Des Moines, now Montrose, as it had been named by Quartermaster Crossman, who during the summer had built log quarters for three companies, was situated close to the river at the head of the rapids, three sides of a square of willow log huts, and the fourth partly closed by the snug house of the commanding officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Kearney, who brought over from Leavenworth Company B, Capt. E. V. Sumner (since major general), under Second Lieutenant H. S. Turner, since conspicuous, who lived in St. Louis; Company H, Capt. Nathan Boone, son of Daniel, transferred from the Rangers; Company I, Capt. Jesse Browne, of Carmi, Ills., transferred from the Rangers, with myself as the only subaltern present; Lieut. John Burgwin was adjutant. The

winter soon set in, and I chinked my cabin, put down a second hand carpet brought from St. Louis, daubed and banked my private stable, and prepared to be comfortable as well as useful, when I was ordered to go diagonally across the country to Fort Gibson, high up the Arkansas, for some men left behind sick the autumn before. Mounting my long parade horse and putting my raw German servant on the spirited little black, we set out 2d January, 1835, ferried the Des Moines, but were turned back by a flooded creek, and spent the next night as the last; but next day we ferried over at the fort and slept at Quincy, then a little village with one poor tavern. Recrossing the river a snow-storm struck us on the ferry-boat and forced a stop under trees till light enough to show the trail over the prairie towards the Missouri river at Booneville, where a crossing could be made. Two feet of snow fell on the level uplands, and at Old Franklin, opposite Booneville, we were stopped some days by floating ice, when we went up twelve miles to Arrow Rock where I got a splendid mulatto ferryman to take me and baggage and sent my servant back with the horses. Buying a native pony woolly enough to resist the piercing winds, I rode out ten miles to the hospitable and comfortable home of Gen. Thomas Smith, whose excellent wife was a sister of Hugh L. White, who got my appointment as cadet, and who was defeated by Van Buren for president in 1836. Dr. Sappington, the widely-known pill man, and his wife, were near neighbors and also guests; so we had a rubber of whist, helped on by a little hot toddy, whilst the storm raged without. The next morning, Friday, February 5th, 1835, well remembered as "the cold Friday," two and a half feet of snow covered the level prairie, the wind blew a gale with violent gusts, which carried the dry snow like summer's dust, and all advised me not to leave shelter; but the night before the general unthoughtedly was inveighing against the effeminacy of the young West Pointers, and, of course, I could not stay there and thus confirm his unjust criticism. So, off I set alone, so bundled up that I

could hardly get at my pocket compass, took a trail westward instead of southward, got into sand cracks, had several tumbles, and was finally brought to realize my error by my horse kneeling down in the snow to shield himself from the blasts right ahead; and more than once he squealed that awful squeal of a burning horse in his stall. Turning to the south at two p. m., I found a new log house with a good fire and a hearty invitation to stop; but I pressed on and at sunset was in the only grove visible from Smith's, ten miles only away, and in warm Kentucky quarters. How low mercury would have fallen there I can judge from feeling and from the fact that at Booneville, two or three hundred feet below the level of the prairie, it was thirty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The oxen and cows on Saturday morning had to be fed as they lay benumbed, and every chicken was frozen to death except a cock which refuged in the corn crib, and when I went to feed his bill was hanging by a bit of skin at one side. That Saturday I laid over, but made up the loss Sunday, and spent the night with a jolly old bachelor, the next night on the Osage with the son of our Baptist minister in East Tennessee, a one-armed soldier of 1812, who hugged me like a brother, and said he had some of the best old whiskey in the state; the next with Capt. Bunch, a family relative, living in much comfort; the next under a shed with a cow with a bell having a calf just dropped, which she licked all night, whilst the rain poured in torrents; the next, with a Yankee family, living as snugly and quietly in this rude region as at the old home; the next, having passed the corner-stone between Missouri and Arkansas, in the log hut of a Quapaw Indian; the next at Grande Saline, with Lewis Ross, brother of John Ross, chief of the Cherokees, sons of a Scotch trader by a half-breed Cherokee, an educated and accomplished gentleman, the one afterward my guest in Baltimore, to the other, as secretary of war I paid by warrant \$592,000 for removing his people to the west; the next, at Fort Gibson, with cordial brother officers. Here I remained two weeks, awaiting Col. Arbuckle's orders

to take my men; and then, without any warning, at reveille, whilst still abed, I got orders to move immediately, and in two hours, with sixty-eight men who had run loose for six months, including a deserter in irons, in a lubberly old keel boat, I set out on the Grande river, and in a mile came into the roaring Arkansas, swelled by the melting snows, without a man who had ever seen the river or ran a boat; but we got safely to the mouth, no doubt to the surprise of the grim old colonel.

The Mississippi was on a boom, the spring rise bringing down much drift, which forced all upbound steamers to hug the east shore, and ignore our signals; when, one day, Holliday, who had been a deserter, voluntarily returning, the finest specimen of the animal man and the best soldier I have known, in answer to a call for a volunteer for desperate service, stepped into a light canoe, breasted the raging river and the plunging drift, reached the other shore, and in less than an hour was back with a fine steamer, which took us to Cairo, where we took another for St. Louis and landed at Jefferson barracks, where I found orders to take arms and ammunition from the arsenal near St. Louis for my detachment, ordered on campaign in the far northwest. Capt. Bell, the officer in charge, refused to fill the requisition without orders from Washington, requiring three weeks, and as the need was pressing I proposed to take by force the supplies if he would not resist; applied to Gen. Atkinson, who declined to interfere; and thus I was obliged to take my unarmed men to join other half armed men, all without ammunition, to make a march among the wild Indians of the region between the Mississippi and the Missouri, to impress them with the show of power! Long live red tape!

Every man of the demoralized set was delivered to his proper officer, and of commendation for the arduous and dangerous service I got not a word. Horses were needed, and as that was the only part of the cavalry service of which my captain knew anything, he was ordered to Illinois, his home, to buy them, and the company was placed in my charge, to be

fitted for the campaign. I found the men undrilled, the horses in bad order, and the stables too small for the expected increase. As lumber was needed I set up a whip saw, and when a man neglected his horse he was set at that useful work; and soon the horses showed the value of the whip saw, and they were saved from being galloped after drinking by being gently led to and from the river, only a few rods from the stables. The Colonel was so pleased with my success that he gave Capt. Boone unasked leave to visit his home, and turned his company over to me. Capt. Boone was a good and honest man, a brave and skillful frontiersman and Indian fighter, but was inexperienced in the duties of a dragoon officer in garrison. The whip saw helped the poor abused horses, and their cheerful neighing showed it. New equipments, new clothing were issued, the quarters were cleaned and whitewashed within, the cooking was much improved, and on his return the captain could scarcely recognize his company.

Recruits of men and horses came in, the men mainly from New York, including raw Germans, and one Irish sailor, who had never mounted a horse. This gave plenty of work; but, on the 7th of June, 1835, our three companies began the march which you ask me to describe; but if I should do so with gossiping detail or the approach to it, a big book would result, and as I am weary in body and mind (being just eighty-two) I must abbreviate this narrative, already too long.

The command consisted of one field officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Kearney, one captain, two lieutenants, (Nathan Boone, Lieutenants Lea and Turner) and about one hundred and sixty rank and file, with five four-mule teams and a pack horse to take the commissary stores for three months. Burgwin was left in charge of the fort with the invalids, and we had one officer only to each company, and in addition I was made ordnance officer, and voluntarily assumed the duties of topographer and chronicler.

Our route was along the divide between the Mississippi and Des Moines rivers, the ground was still very soft from excessive rains, but the grass and streams were beautiful, and strawberries so abundant as to make the whole track red for miles together, and as our progress north, about fifteen miles per day, coincided with their ripening, we had this luxury for many weeks, increased by the incident of one of our beeves becoming a milker, and as the master of the herd was of my company I had the monopoly of the grateful food seldom enjoyed so far from civilization.

Some days' march north of the present city of Burlington we passed near the head of the Skunk river (given by me in the Sac tongue as Chicaqua, a modification of the Pottawattamie Chicago), when a gosling ran through our ranks, and was chased by a raw German on foot to a curious lake, apparently dammed artificially by a wall of boulders, and marked on my sketch as Swan Lake.

The grass was fine, and our horses and beeves gradually grew fat, but the Indians had burnt all the old grass, leaving short hazel stubs, which penetrated the horses' feet, softened by the wet earth, causing fistulas between the frog and the shell, to be cured only by the knife or caustic. My long parade horse was the first victim, becoming very lame, when I threw him, cut away all the fistula in reach, and ran a short stick of lunar caustic up over the frog, replaced the shoe with a boot leg and padding beneath (or above) it, and turned him out for the night. Although usually rude and unwilling to be handled, early next day he came to my tent door and extended his foot for treatment. As we had no veterinarian, many claimed my services for that and other afflictions that horse "flesh is heir to," and thus what I had learned as a boy from my father on a farm in the mountains of East Tennessee served the government and my friends well on the wild plains of the far west. All knowledge is worth treasuring.

Not far from the head of Skunk (Chicaqua) river, in the midst of an ocean of fine native grass, such as only Iowa pro-

duces, we encountered a small herd of buffalo, to which many of us gave chase. It was the first and only time I have seen the lordly beast in his home, and probably the last time he appeared in that region. Meat was plenty in camp that night, including a calf brought in alive; but my feast was found in the marrow, which Agent Dougherty had taught me to esteem. We camped one night near a flint and gravel covered conical peak, say sixty feet above the plain, near a stream, named on my sketch as "Boone river," but it must have been the Des Moines itself, as surveys have shown. It was near Boone. Can you locate it now? After my tent was pitched we killed four rattle snakes within it, and the next day I had a bath in a pool, occupied by mosquitos so large that I pressed one in my journal, and carried for years as a specimen of the luxuriant growth of the plains.

Turning thence more east, we crossed a stream forty yards wide and two feet deep, where limestone filled with petrifications was abundant, and hence named "Shell Rock." We soon passed a smooth table land, probably 570 feet above Lake Pepin, which divides the streams running south from those running north and east into the Mississippi. The upper stratum of this flat ridge or table, is hard, shelly limestone, based on a soft, light sandstone, easily abraded, and, on the north side, cut into deep ravines, gorges and fantastic figures, resembling the ruins of giants' castles. We followed one of these valleys, a mile wide, three hundred feet below the plain, with a clear stream winding through it, full of fish and fringed with fruits. It runs north into a stream running east into the great river below Lake Pepin, which I named, from a raft near the mouth, Embarras, now modified into Zumbro. A hundred and sixty of us feasted to gorging three days on the golden speckled trout from a small brook by which we rested. We then moved to the first high ground on the river below Lake Pepin, which was plainly in view, including Wabasha's Village near the lake, and a noted land mark known as "La Montague que trempe a l'eau." Here we awaited the arrival

of a steamboat with supplies, and it also brought my captain, but no relief for me.

From this very pleasant camp our march was westward; and we soon got into a region of lakes and open groves of oak, beautiful as English parks. Six years after, when Chief Clerk of the War Department, I was breakfasting one Sunday with Nicollet, in the room where his great map of the Upper Mississippi was under construction, glued on a large drawing table, when he led the talk to the map of that country made from notes and sketches of this campaign; and he was enthused by my sketch of a scene on a particular lake.

"Ah," said he, "zat ees fine, zat ees magnifique! What you call 'im?" "I named it from its shape, Lake Chapeau." "Zat ees not de name, it is Lake Albert Lea," and he ran to the big table and wrote the name on the map, already copied from mine, and the name is still attached to the lake, and a fair little city has grown up on its border, bearing the same, which I visited by special invitation eleven years ago, and addressed a large assemblage of pioneers and descendants in a grove traversed by our detachment forty-four years before, many marks of our trail being still recognizable. Possibly, some day, I may again ride over that trail; and I might well wish that my freed spirit could leave this green earth with the impression made just fifty-five years ago, as I gazed and sketched, when halted for our noon rest on the shaded and grassy shore of Lake Albert Lea.

Thence our march was still through rich prairies, interspersed with lakes and groves, across the Des Moines river, which we descended to the mouth of the Raccoon Fork, a grassy and spongy meadow with a bubbling spring in the midst, near which my tent was pitched, and the side of a fat young deer was spitted before the fire, and despatched with great gusto by the aid of two brother officers and a bottle of fine old French brandy, obtained from Choteau's stock, and carried the whole campaign in my wallet, untasted. The capital of Iowa now covers that site.

The next morning, a bright Sunday, I got orders to reconnoitre the Des Moines river, by descending it in a canoe, to ascertain the practicability of navigation with keel boats, with a view to the establishment of a military port. A goodly cottonwood was selected, my men set to work with a will, and at sunrise Tuesday I bade adieu to the camp, and aided by a soldier and an Indian, started on my toilsome task, sounding all shoals, taking courses with a pocket compass, estimating distances from bend to bend by the time and rate of motion, sketching every notable thing, occasionally landing to examine the geology of the rocks, and sleeping in the sand despite the gnats and mosquitoes. We made the trip without an accident, and leaving our canoe with Capt. White at the trading house, we footed it to the fort, where we arrived many days before the main body, who returned leisurely by land, and arrived in fine order, without the loss of a man, a horse, a tool, or a beef, which were fatter than at the starting, after a march of eleven hundred miles.

Without delay, I mapped the river, and wrote a report on its character and capabilities, which was forwarded to the Adjutant-General; and then it occurred to me that I could get an outline of the region between the Mississippi and Missouri, and by filling it in with my sketches, the whole route having been carefully meandered, as I did the river, I could make a map that would interest the public, gain me some reputation and perhaps a little money. By aid of Capt. Boone my success in getting data was beyond expectation. A well-filled map, 24x30 inches, was soon made, delayed only by a severe attack of bilious fever. Before finished, Col. Kearney sent for it, and when finished he took it from me, disallowing a copy, although all my work on the march and in quarters was wholly voluntary, not trenching upon duties, and the product was as much my private property as my hand. I named it "Map of the Iowa District of Wisconsin Territory." Just after the Black Hawk affair, in 1832, Gen. Winfield Scott came over from Chicago to Rock Island, installed Keokuk as

principal chief of the Sacs and Foxes, and made a treaty by which a strip along the Iowa river was opened to squatters, still known locally, I suppose, as "Scott's Purchase," and two years later, just when I happened to be at Rock Island with recruits, another treaty obtained a large cession, also laid down on my map, which was the first showing, with any tolerable approach to accuracy, of the region west of the Mississippi, temporarily attached to Wisconsin, itself only a territory, represented by Gen. Geo. W. Jones as delegate in congress, who obtained the authorization of the new territory, and removed from his beautiful home at Sinsinawa Mound, near Galena, to Dubuque, with a view to political preferment.

Weary of playing the role of head hostler, I resolved to resign my commission, and adopt the profession of civil engineer, then in much demand; but before leaving, I desired to make profit out of my special knowledge, by securing claim to lands; and especially to the angle of the river, where some thirty to thirty-five miles below Rock Island it turned from west to south, protruding a sharp elbow into the heart of the rich region within its proper range. During a very cold spell in February, 1836, I rode from the fort up the river, stopped at the raw village of Burlington one night, and next day I bought of one David, a young, shrewd Kentuckian, four lots fronting the court house, in expectancy, for \$100, and sold them to John Pemberton, a friend in Philadelphia, father of Gen. John C., of Vicksburg notoriety, for \$400, the next spring; these lots, I suppose, are now worth \$200,000; this is a sample of the opportunities then open to me. I reached the mouth of Iowa river at dark, and was refused shelter in the only house there, occupied by a drinking crowd of men and women, and was obliged to go up the narrow crooked river, on the ice, four inches thick, with snow three inches deep on it, axe in hand, to try the ice at every sharp bend for fear of thin places, in moonless darkness relieved only by the snow, intensified by the dense forest on both sides, four miles, to a snug cabin on the north side, where aroused at nine P. M. they

received me kindly, gave me supper and a sleep with the hired man, the other two beds being occupied by the squatter and wife and many children, grown daughters included, the cook stove being in the fourth corner, and yet we were all comfortable, and as gay at breakfast as if feasting at a wedding.

About noon that day the head of Muscatine slough was reached, where a squatter had a small cabin of unhewn poles and two stacks of prairie hay, which, with his "claim," good as a patent, he offered to sell to me for fifty dollars; but I had no idea that he held the very position I was seeking, declined his offer, and pushed on by starlight to old Ben Nye's at the mouth of Pine river, eighteen miles below Rock Island, which I was well assured was the coveted apex of the great bend. The next morning I bought all his claims on the north of Pine and rode on, in high spirits, to visit the officers at Fort Armstrong, where I met Capt. Wm. Gordon, a brother Tennessean, of Pocahontas descent, just returned from some years trapping in the Rocky Mountains, who had come across alone from Council Bluffs to view the country, to seek and to seize upon *the* spot which I had just secured. He took the great disappointment in good part, and we soon formed a partnership, by which he was to have a share and the care of my town site, whilst he was to take the upper half of the whole claim undivided, and we were to be equal partners in all other operations. So, after two nights and a day together in the hospitable garrison, we parted, he to take and *hold* possession and I to return joyfully to our post, and then to hasten to Baltimore, where a lovely woman had awaited my return nearly two years.

Whilst due preparations were being made for a certain solemn occasion, I went to Washington, with difficulty obtained a copy of my map, had it lithographed in Philadelphia, wrote "Notes on the Iowa District of Wisconsin Territory," which made a duodecimo little book of forty-five pages, prefaced with a letter commendatory from Gen. Jones, of which one thousand copies with the map were put up by my friend H. S.

Tanner, to whom I paid thirty-seven and a-half cents per copy, and put them on sale at one dollar. Being quite ignorant of the book trade, I assumed the sales myself, sent a few copies by mail, and five hundred in a trunk as freight to Arthur Bridgman, of Burlington, an accomplished merchant. The last I heard of them was on a little steamboat stranded on a sand bank in the Ohio. Other matters claimed my attention, the distribution was neglected, a few copies only reached the west, and I have heard of sales at five dollars a copy; but for all my labor and expense, I have not, to this day, received one dollar.

ALBERT MILLER LEA.

BUSHWHACKING IN MISSOURI.

BY CAPT. N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



IN the spring of 1865 I determined to emigrate from the polar regions of Iowa to a more genial clime; kind friends armed me with letters of introduction. Thus equipped, I boarded the steamer "Omaha" and booked for Independence, Mo., where I expected to find a more pleasant climate and less agreeable society. At that time there was no place in the United States where the elements of hostility and discord disturbed and pervaded every department of society as along the border of Missouri and Kansas. Added to the bitter feeling engendered by the rebellion, was a relic of former border troubles. The tail of the old serpent still lingered there, and it appears that the people regarded it a christian duty to hate all who were not of the same political faith or of like nativity. Bands of guerillas or land pirates, commonly known as "bushwhackers," roamed through the border counties of Missouri, and they were no respecters of persons; their chief object was plunder. Their homes were in the brush and among their friends scattered

over the country. They frequently congregated for a raid and swooped down upon the farm, village or town, scooping up what they could and exchanging their jaded horses for better ones, without asking or offering boot. They were regarded as the scum of "cussedness" boiled down.

I arrived at Independence on the 9th of April. My letters of introduction were to friends, who gave me a cordial reception and endeavored to give me a more hopeful view of the near future for that beautiful country, than the bleeding past and the then turbulent state of society. I spent a few days looking about the city, the surrounding country and Kansas City, when I concluded to advance farther into the country and took a stage for Holden. The stage was crowded with passengers inside and out, the team had a sorry appearance, and looked as if it had served during the war in Orpheus C. Kerr's "mackerel brigade," high of bones and low of flesh. The proprietors of the line informed the passengers that all good stage horses were corralled by bushwhackers, and only such horses as would not answer their purpose could be used, hence the driver was compelled to whack bones in place of flesh. We were promised an escort of soldiers, but for some cause it did not show up. This caused some dissatisfaction among some of the passengers, but when they were assured that we would have one in a few miles they quieted down and we rolled out.

When we arrived at the first station no escort had put in an appearance, nor had the coming stage showed up. The driver hesitated about going farther until the arrival of the other stage. After waiting some considerable time the passengers became impatient and urged the driver to start. After going a mile or two he stopped and declared that he would not go farther until the coming stage hove in view, as he was confident that it had been captured by bushwhackers. It was only by the most persistent urging on the part of a majority of the passengers that he again whipped up his bony team for a mile or more, when no stage yet appearing he stoutly

determined not to go farther until he had some tidings from the coming stage. To the relief of all it soon hove in sight. This inspired our driver with fresh courage and he whipped up as he had not done before. We had not proceeded but a few rods when the deck passengers raised the cry of bushwhackers. Our driver stopped and said "the other stage had been bushwhacked, for there are two bushwhackers around the corner of that hedge fence with the lead horses." This was the cause of much commotion among the passengers, who in the exciting crisis were secreting their money and other valuables as best they could. The coach suddenly assumed the appearance of an arsenal. I at once urged them to put up their fire arms until they saw it was actually necessary to use them. If we were bushwhacked the display of fire arms might cause unnecessary blood-shed. There were two ladies in the stage; they did not utter a shriek, but exhibited more coolness and composure than most of the men. I alighted from the coach and walked out where I could see the bushwhackers, who were a few rods from the road near a hedge fence. There were two men dressed in federal uniform, each holding a horse in harness. I called to them and said: "What is the matter?" "A runaway," was the reply, "the lead horses of the other stage ran away and we have just caught them." The men were not bushwhackers, but union soldiers, and belonged to the escort. This caused much easy breathing among our fellow passengers. The long-looked-for stage soon arrived with an escort under command of a lieutenant, who refused to return with us, as he was under orders to go directly to Kansas City with his men. This so alarmed our crowd that they all boarded the other stage, with the exception of one of the ladies and two men, including the writer, and returned to Independence.

Our fellow travelers bid us adieu, saying that if the escort would not go with them they would with it. Our driver applied the smarting lash to his bony team, but was not in a mood to sing "I am Happy on My Way." We arrived at

Pleasant Hill late in the afternoon and got a fresh skeleton team and driver and set out for Holden, the writer being the only passenger. This team possessed less flesh and more weakness than any previous team. We had not traveled far when one of the horses, out of pure weakness fell, breaking the tongue of the coach. It was now near sunset. I left the driver to care for his team, while I walked nearly a mile across fields to a farm house, where I procured tools and material to repair our dilapidated coach. Patched up we moved forward under the sable curtains of night. We were soon halted at a bridge by a guard, who was desirous to know from whence we came and whither we were going. The guard informed us that the day previous Kingville, a small village near Holden, had been sacked and burned, some of the citizens killed and several wounded, and that this had been done by a band of marauding bushwhackers, and that a Wisconsin regiment had arrived at Holden and were in pursuit of the bandits. We were soon at Kingville, and as the stage rolled slowly by, we noticed through the dark from the flickering lights of the smoldering remains what once constituted pleasant and happy homes. It was twelve or one o'clock when the stage arrived at Holden, which was filled with soldiers, which gave me a feeling of safety. Here I remained two or three days. The next day after my arrival I set out to see the surrounding country, accompanied by two soldiers, who by permission of their colonel proffered me their services. We set out on foot, the men taking with them their guns, the sight of which created some commotion among the farmers, who were at work in their fields with their weapons slung upon their backs. I was forcibly reminded of our forefathers in the Indian wars. Not having weapons, I usually advanced and made ourselves known and removed all apprehensions of alarm, when we were very cordially received and urged to remain and partake of their hospitality much longer than we had the time. On our return in the evening my comrades were walking on either side of me, when, as we approached

camp, the cry was raised, "The boys have another bush-whacker," which we enjoyed as a whacking joke. Five or six of Price's men, who had straggled from their command and seemed to be wandering aimlessly through the country, surrendered to a farmer that day and had just been brought into camp. We went at once to see them and found them replenishing the inner man in a most ravenous manner. They were dirty, ragged and starved. If they were a fair sample of Price's command it must have been a sorry affair. I next visited the Kingville wounded and found only two there, the others having been removed by friends; two had been killed. After spending a short time here I returned to Independence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGE W. McCRARY.*



WHEN it became known that Mr. McCrary was seriously ill, his wife began to receive by every mail inquiries as to his condition from their many fast friends in all parts of the country. The two-in-one, husband and wife, have touched in a vital way so many of the activities of our American life, that these fast friends were found in the most widely sundered places and stations. The affection of these friends for him whose life was in danger had been called forth by his sympathy, his strength, his thoughtful kindness, his devotion to their interests and happiness. When the telegraph brought to these friends the news that his spirit had taken flight, that in the flesh they should see him no more, they felt that a great loss and sorrow had come not only to his immediate family, but to all who for many years had looked to him for counsel and work in the great human and divine struggle for freedom, education, progress, and religion to come to every soul.

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Mr. McCrary's boyhood was spent in Van Buren county, Iowa, in the usual round of duties that come to the farmer's boy in a new country. It is sometimes thought that farm life in a new country is hard, unlovely, sterile of opportunities for growth of mind. But how large is the proportion of America's great men who have been schooled in this pioneer farm life! Leaders in business, education, science, reform, statesmanship, and religion, have often received their training in the humble homes, the inferior schools, and the crude social conditions inseparable from the development of a new country. From the training of the frontier farm the young McCrary sought further training in Keokuk, then a frontier town seething with the excitement of real estate booms and the great expectation of being a leading city of the west.

The young man and his young wife had an exhaustless capital of industry, energy, mental power and moral purpose, for which the frontier town gave fit field of activity. He studied law in the office of Samuel F. Miller, since for many years a justice on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. After admission at the bar, Mr. McCrary soon took rank as an able and successful lawyer. His head was clear,—he saw the points of a case. His moral perceptions were keen, giving to his statement of the right an intense glow. His knowledge of the law was comprehensive and at ready command. He was earnest, conciliatory, persuasive, strong. Important cases came to him, and were handled to the satisfaction of his clients.

The great ferment of thought on the slavery question was in progress. Southern Iowa, bordering on a slave state, was the scene of an intense-pro-slavery feeling. In Keokuk this spirit was especially bitter, for many families of culture, wealth and influence, had settled here from the south, and had brought with them their southern predilections. And many had immigrated from the northern states, and were imbued with strong anti-slavery sentiments. Among these latter the young lawyer, recently from the long years of lonely work

and lofty thinking on the isolated farm, cast his lot, and was immediately an acknowledged leader. He was elected a member of the lower house of the Iowa Legislature in 1857, when he was only twenty-two years old. Here he served so ably that in 1861 he was chosen to the State Senate, where he served for two terms, being the chairman of the committee on military affairs during the war. These years of service in the State Legislature fitted him for the larger work of congress, to which he was chosen in 1868 as representative from the first district of Iowa, and to which he was several times re-elected. He was chosen by President Hayes as Secretary of War in 1877. Two years later he resigned this cabinet port-folio to accept a judgeship on the bench of the United States District Court. In 1884 he resigned his place on the bench to accept the position of general counsel of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, at the same time removing his home from Keokuk to Kansas City. This position he held at the time of his death.

As a statesman and a judge, Mr. McCrary was the outspoken friend of liberty and right and justice. When young and unknown this friendship led him to unite his fortunes with a political party, that so far as human eye could see, could give him neither place nor influence for many years to come. But it did give a magnificent chance to work for human rights! This it was that attracted the tens of thousands of young men, in every northern state, who entered into the great contest with an intense moral fervor. This it was that attracted him. In Iowa the new party came at once to power, and gave the young leader from Keokuk a seat in the state legislature. Very soon it came to power in the nation and gave to him, in congress and in cabinet, a wider field for statesmanship.

In the state legislature, in the national congress, in the cabinet of the chief executive, Judge McCrary could be relied on for wise counsel, and for conservative and yet aggressive work. Devoted to human rights, desiring that every human

being should have freedom and justice, he was yet cautious and practical in speech and in action. He had that invaluable combination of qualities, so necessary to the statesman and the judge,—radical thought and conservative method. His clear and fearless thought went directly through all shams and errors. But in correcting the shams and errors he had the cautious methods that belong always to the judicial mind. He knew the influence of environment, and that to change men the environment must be changed. He was an evolutionist before the philosophy of evolution had been formulated. The evolutionist is able to distinguish between the ideally perfect and that lower degree of perfection that present conditions render possible. He then devotes work to the accomplishment of the present possible, and standing on this gain works toward the larger future good. Thus radical in thought and conservative in method Judge McCrary was sought as an adviser by many people and on many subjects, and his advice was usually taken rather than that of the hot-headed men who fume and fail.

Eminent as he was as lawyer and statesman his whole manner and thought were most simple and unaffected. He was of large mental and spiritual mold, and took large things easily and naturally. They were as his native air. Thrown into close companionship with the leading men of the nation, he continued to have friendly sympathy with the most obscure men whom he had known as boys in the country neighborhood where he grew up. He appreciated genuine worth, whether found in president or plowman. Dealing in congress with questions of national importance he never forgot the trivial duties and amenities due to the humblest of his fellow-citizens. Naturally of a somewhat shy temperament it was only after acquaintance had ripened into friendship that his most genial and attractive side appeared. He was then hearty and sympathetic. In friendship he was cordial, constant, self-sacrificing, always willing to work and to give for the advancement of his friends. In all the relations of the

home he was most thoughtful for the comfort and happiness of the home circle. Alas, what sorrow has fallen on that circle in his untimely death! In religion he was a reverent disciple of Christ, whose message he interpreted as one of trust in God, of eternal hope for man, of divine realities in the spiritual life here and forevermore. In his mind Death was an introduction to larger work, to wider companionship, to higher thinking, to more perfect communion with the Over Soul. Death came sooner than he looked for it. He would gladly have carried forward his work to still larger results, would have enjoyed for many unbroken years the society of wife and children, and the grandchildren that had begun to climb upon his knee. But to the imperative command he gave willing obedience.

To the Unitarian church in Keokuk which he had helped to build, and where for many years he and his family worshipped, to the old friends with whom he had lived and worked during the period of his struggles and successes, his body was brought for burial. Those old friends and neighbors crowded the beautiful building, and large numbers could not get admittance. Once more were read the grand promises of life immortal that came to illumined souls of old, once more the noble organ rolled out rich volumes of sound — mournful, indeed, but full of trust and hope. The Rev. Robert Hassall, who was for several years Judge McCrary's pastor in the Keokuk church, and who for many more years has been the intimate and trusted friend of the family, spoke from a full heart words of appreciation and love for him who had gone away, and of consolation and trust to the sorrowing family and friends. Justice Samuel F. Miller, the preceptor, partner, friend of the statesman whose body was in the casket, was unable to control the tides of emotion as he spoke of his character, his ability, his work, his warm human sympathy. The Hon. S. M. Clark, editor of the *Gate City*, who was a law student in Judge McCrary's office, gave a noble tribute to his noble friend. Among other words of equal power and truth

he said: "The lawyer McCrary and the judge McCrary and the politician McCrary and the law-giver McCrary never had a secret of his own that he could not look the man McCrary in the face and tell with clear, honest eyes. He made righteousness the law of his life. . . . But to this audience of gray-headed men and women who have known Judge McCrary and Mrs. McCrary since they came here in their youth, his distinction in statesmanship will be not so much in your thought as that he was your neighbor. No monument that can be erected over his grave will match the purity, nobility and greatness of his character." The Rev. J. E. Roberts, recently Judge McCrary's pastor in the Unitarian church in Kansas City, in winged words of prayer led the mourning congregation into nearer communion with the Lord of Life. Choir and people joined in the hymn of trust and triumph, now so familiar throughout the Christian world, "Nearer my God to Thee," then in long line the great assembly followed the body of their risen friend to the beautiful cemetery where it was laid to rest. He, in the larger activities of the spiritual life, is at home with God.

O. CLUTE.

Agricultural College, Mich., July 15, 1890.

A TRICK THAT WAS NOT SUCCESSFULLY PLAYED—A GILPIN RIDE.



THE first session of the Iowa Territorial Legislature, which met in Burlington in November, 1838, and was continued into January, 1839, an act was passed, appointing commissioners to locate the permanent capital of Iowa in Johnson county, and to be called Iowa City. The act named Chauncey Swan, of Dubuque county, Robert Ralston, of Des Moines county, and John Ronalds, of Louisa county, as such commissioners, and it required them to meet at the town of Napoleon in said county,

on the fourth day of May, 1839, and then and there take the oath of office as such commissioners, and then proceed with the location.

Napoleon was then but a paper town, its buildings consisting only of an Indian trading house and a settler's cabin.

This being a day on which a public act of considerable importance to all in the immediate neighborhood was to be performed, every white man within a radius of thirty miles was present to see it done, and the whole attendance did not amount to a hundred.

Robert Walker, a justice of the peace, was present to administer the oath of office.

Mr. Swan was on hand at an early hour of the day to perform his duty. Mr. Ralston lived in Burlington, seventy-five miles distant, and Mr. Ronalds in Louisa county, thirty-five miles away.

After a long and weary waiting till the middle of the afternoon, without the two last named commissioners appearing, it looked as though through some mistep, miscalculation, or sinister design, a majority of the commission would not be present on the day fixed by law, and that the act providing for the removal of the capital from Burlington to Iowa City would become a nullity, and no removal would be effected. After much tedious waiting and watching, the idea suggested itself to Mr. Swan that it was then not too late to secure the attendance of Mr. Ronalds, provided some one could be found to go for him, and calling for a volunteer for that purpose, Mr. Philip Clark presented himself and offered to go. Bestriding the best horse obtainable, he put him under whip and spur for the first twenty-five miles to the forks of the Iowa and Cedar rivers, when he got a fresh horse from Mr. William Sturgis, rode ten miles further to Mr. Ronalds' where he found that gentleman with a horse just saddled to go to Burlington. Mr. Clark informed him that he was wanted as a capital commissioner at the town of Napoleon, and that he would have to go post haste in order to reach that place

within the time fixed by law for his presence, which would expire at midnight. Partaking of a hasty lunch Mr. Clark started immediately on his return, Mr. Ronalds accompanying him. At Fredonia, where Mr. Clark had left his horse, he exchanged the borrowed one for his own, which had become rested, and with all speed they made haste for their destination, arriving just soon enough for the two commissioners to be sworn in before the clock tolled the hour of midnight.

On his return, so stiff, tired and sore had Mr. Clark become from his fast and continuous ride of seventy miles, that he could not get off his horse without help, and it took several days of rest for him to recover his usual agility.

So anxious were all to have the act consummated within the required time that they did not, like Joshua of old, command the sun and moon to stand still, but they commanded the hands of their watches to turn back, and the hands turned as the shadow on the dial of Ahaz in old bible times "went back ten degrees."

As Mr. Swan and Mr. Ralston were both members of the legislature that passed the law, they knew the day fixed on which to begin the performance of their duties as commissioners, and as newspapers were scarce and the laws not very generally disseminated, Mr. Ronalds was misinformed as to the time, and it was supposed and charged that this misinformation was designed in the interest of Burlington, for the purpose of having the law a failure, as it would have been had both Mr. Ronalds and Mr. Ralston failed to qualify in time, and the capital would have remained in Burlington.

H. W. LATHROP.

LETTERS OF A WAR GOVERNOR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 431, VOL. III., JAN. 1887.)



E continue to select at random from the executive correspondence of Iowa during the war. Here are two letters from Governor Kirkwood showing the dangers which at the beginning of the war threatened the southern and western borders of Iowa from rebels on the one side and Indians on the other, and the difficulty of repelling them, despite the eagerness of the young men to enroll themselves for defense, on account of the lack of arms and money.

Governor Kirkwood to O. C. Treadway:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, April 30th, 1861.

O. C. Treadway, Esq., Sioux City, Iowa:

Dear Sir:—Your letter concerning petition of your citizens has just reached me. My situation is cruelly perplexing. A requisition has been made on me by the Secretary of War for one regiment and the men are ready to march, but for two weeks I have not had a word from Washington. There are but very few arms in this state, and they of poor quality and scattered all over the state. I wrote the Secretary of War two weeks ago urgently for arms for your protection and have no reply. The authorities there have been much embarrassed I suppose for the last two weeks. On the 23d ult., I got Senator Grimes to go to Washington personally on this business, yet have not heard from him. I have written to private manufactories of arms in the east to know if arms can be purchased and expect to hear soon. Having learned on yesterday that a large supply of arms had been had at Washington, D. C., from St. Louis, I have sent an express messenger there to try and get part of them. In short, I am using all means known to me to get arms. In the meantime you can do something. I have some time since given Judge Baldwin large discretionary power for the protection of the western frontier. Please consult with him. I would advise the formation of companies of minute men, each man having his own rifle or double barrel shot gun. Those who have not either borrowing from those have but can not go. Your common ammunition will suit—ball for rifles and buckshot for shot guns. They are better than nothing, and I have not anything better to give. Let the men thus organized go about their usual business, having a complete arrangement by which they can be called together at an hour's notice if needed. In this way organization can be had, and the public mind to some extent put at rest. This is the old "minute men" plan of the frontier in Ohio. I hope soon to have arms for your protection.

I have called an extra session for the 15th of May.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Governor Kirkwood to Hon. John Edwards:

DAVENPORT, IOWA, May 1, 1861.

Hon. John Edwards, Chariton, Iowa:

Dear Sir:—The company at your place is too late for either the first or second regiment.

I am much embarrassed for arms. I am moving every means I can think of to get them and am daily in hopes of succeeding. I inclose an order on Major J. G. Lauman for forty muskets—all I can possibly get. You had better go or send for them a trusty person. Take them to Ottumwa by rail, and thence in a wagon. Your people must bear the expense as I have not any money for the purpose. See to it quietly that reliable men are organized with

what arms they can get of their own for home defense until arms can be had. You had better go down into Wayne county if possible and have them organize a company of reliable men with their own arms as minute men, attending as usual, to their business in a way to act in concert in an emergency. Hunting rifles and double-barrel shot guns, although not good weapons in an army, can be of great service in the hands of determined men in a guerilla warfare. I hope our border will be safe, but it is best to be on guard against surprise. All that can be done until arms can be had and the legislature meets the people must do for and by themselves. They will be as well armed as the border Missourians and are as good men. I wish I could do more for you but I have not the means at my disposal. The Indians are threatening the western border and I must send them some arms.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

REPORT ON INDIANS.*

SAN CARLOS AGENCY, ARIZONA,

February 10, 1883.

Medical Director,

Department of Arizona,

SIR:

Whipple Barracks, A. T.



IN compliance with your direction of the 5th ultimo, to furnish such general statistics as I may be able to obtain, with information as to the number, character, arms, habits, diet, clothing, habitations, occupations, etc, of the Indians residing at the San Carlos Agency; also the relative proportion of males, females and children; the diseases observed among them, and their remedial measures, and all other information that may prove useful in studying the habits and peculiarities of the Indian portion of the population, I have the honor to submit the following:

My service here covers a period of only three months, and my previous opportunities for observing Indian character and customs have been but slight and casual.

The Indians at present residing at this Agency are one tribe of the Yuma and another of the Mohave nations, and the San Carlos, Cayotera, Tonto and White Mountain tribes of the Apaches.

The Yumas and Mohaves are bands detached from their tribes or nations, whose homes are respectively in the valleys of the Colorado and the Verde. It is common for these Indians to be spoken of as Yuma Apaches and Mohave

*This report was made by direction of Major (now Colonel) B. J. D. Irwin, Surgeon U. S. Army, Medical Director of the Department of Arizona, (under the command of Brigadier General George Crook,) by the present editor of the HISTORICAL RECORD, then medical officer at San Carlos, Arizona.

Apaches, but this simply signifies that they are associated with the Apaches at this Agency.

The philologist encounters difficulty in distinguishing names originating with the Indians themselves from those bestowed by Europeans. In translating Indian names into English, the Indian pronunciation seems to have been better preserved than when changed into the languages of Spain or France. There is nothing in the vocalization of the tribal title of the Iowas or the Musquakas to arouse suspicion of their being of derivation foreign to the Indian, while Assiniboin and Ouisconsin betray the French origin, and the Mexico-Spanish derivation is not disguised in such names as those of the tribes I am considering. Cayotera evidently coming from the Mexican word *cayotc*, the jackal, and *Tonto* being Spanish for foolish, this latter term having been applied to the tribe now bearing it, it is said, by visitors who found them talking two languages, the Yuma and Apache, probably a corruption of both. However this may have been, there is no doubt that the Tontos speak both the Apache and Yuma dialects.

The Yumas and Mohaves here are but small fragments of those tribes of the same names who still dwell, the one on the banks of the Colorado, and the other in the Verde Valley, and for purposes of description may be classed together, as they speak the same tongue, intermarry constantly, and differ little in customs and manners. The Yumas here number: adult males, 131; adult females, 69; male children, 49; female children, 34; total, 313. Of Mohaves there are: adult males, 209; adult females, 171; male children, 108; female children, 95; total, 583. These two bands are regarded as reliably peaceful toward the whites. They are more reserved, dignified and industrious than the Apaches, and in the primitive arts, such as making pottery and weaving baskets, are a short step in advance of their neighbors, and exhibit skill and taste in their work. Their customs permit plural marriages, but comparatively few of their men have more than one wife, and none more than two. They cremate their dead, whereas the Apaches bury theirs under the rocks in the mountains, heaping brush above to mark the spot. Like the Apaches, upon the decease of a person, they destroy, by burning, all effects pertaining to the dead—teepee, clothes and cooking utensils. Some of these people present a Jewish cast of countenance, not displeasing in the men, and lending beauty to the women, a fact which may tend to confirm the belief of

those who think the Indians a portion of the lost tribes of Israel. The men are more considerate in the treatment of their squaws than the Apaches, bearing some of the burdens of the day. On the contrary, in the morals of the women, the Apaches are superior.

The Apaches are more athletic, daring and restless than their associates, and their countenances and physiques are more typical of the American aborigines. Their heads are round, their faces broad and their cheek bones high, and in these characteristics the White Mountain Indians are the most pronounced.

The four bands of Apaches here number conjointly: Adult males, 1,090; adult females, 1,247; male children, 673; female children, 668; total, 3,678.

It will be seen from the figures given that the total Indian population here is 4,574, of which number 1,430 are men, 1,517 women, 830 boys, and 797 girls, the children being of all ages, from infancy to adolescence, and that the males in all classes are in excess of the females, except in that of the adult Apaches, in which the women have a majority of 157; also that the proportion of children to adults is not as great as might be expected. This shortage of children does not support the theory of the fruitfulness of polygamous marriages, as the Apaches are a polygamous people, some of the bucks having as many as six squaws, while few of them, in the married state, restrict themselves to one. Notwithstanding the excess in the number of women at present among the Apaches and the liberal customs which obtain on the subject of marriage, rape is an offense quite commonly complained of. The Apache, in accordance with the general Indian custom, buys his wife from her father or people, giving generally one or more ponies, and she is thereafter his chattel property. If there are other younger sisters in the family, he often buys one or all of them also, even though no more than five or six years old, and takes them to his camp, to participate in a forced cohabitation before the approach of pubescence. In these matrimonial bargains, even when the bride has reached years of discretion, her wishes are not consulted. However repugnant to her inclinations, if the cupidity of her family is satisfied, she must submit with the best grace she can.

Of the four bands of Apaches here, the White Mountain Indians are the most warlike, and their women the most virtuous. Their physical proportions seem greater on an aver-

age than the others. They may generally be distinguished by the breadth and prominence of the cheek bones. The symmetrically arched mouths and regular teeth often lend a rude beauty to the females of this savage people. The Apaches are a gay and light-hearted set, full of laughter and hilarity; they exhibit warm affection for comrades and relations, couples of the same sex being often seen walking about with their arms entwined about each other. They are courageous and patient. Although most of their time is spent in idleness, this seems to be more from want of employment than from natural sloth. They seem to be destitute of any feeling of gratitude. They do not appear to be conscious of inferiority, but stand unabashed in the presence of the greatest. Against all the good traits that can be accorded them, they must be accounted as adepts in treachery and cruelty, delighting in torture and blood. When prompted by a morbid desire for the display of prowess, no bonds of consanguinity are strong enough to stay their murderous hands. Brothers and sisters, vainly crying for mercy, go down before the rifle and the club, and children's brains are dashed out against the trees or stones.

The Indians at this agency are said to be well supplied with good arms and plenty of ammunition. If so, they make no display of them, only carrying them when hunting. The bow and arrow seem little to be depended on by them for defense or aggression, and have become the playthings of the boys, who amuse themselves lying in ambush, waiting the approach of the meadow lark, whose body generally receives the steel-pointed arrow. The long lance, once a formidable weapon with them, has fallen into disuse, and is only occasionally to be seen now.

These Indians generally evince a willingness to engage in husbandry, and at this writing a considerable breadth of barley has already been planted by them. Their clean and prepared fields, inclosed with improvised fences of brush and saplings, line the bottoms of the Gila and San Carlos rivers for a number of miles east and west of the agency, and many of them are tilling the soil at greater distances from San Carlos.

The industrious perseverance with which they engaged in cutting, collecting and transporting hay for the use of the military at the agency, is a contradiction of the charge that all Indians are inherently lazy. Within a period of six weeks

these people supplied two hundred tons of hay. To appreciate this statement it must be remembered that every blade of this hay was cut with knives, that most of it was carried on the backs of men, women and children an average distance of four miles, and only an inconsiderable portion on the backs of "burros" (donkeys) and ponies. When the haying season was at its height, the scene around the agency was animated in the extreme. From dawn to sunset, the panorama presented was a plain of moving hay. Bucks and squaws, boys and girls, burros and ponies, were the motive forces, but these for the most part, were invisible, being covered and concealed by bundles of hay tightly bound with thongs made from the leaves of the "soap-weed," a species of the "Spanish Bayonet," and all converging toward a central place where it was stacked.

The chief amusement of the Indians, participated in by both sexes, is dancing. The war dance admits only warriors with arms. The corn dance is a sort of festival. The squaw dance, in which the women join, is purely social. A game similar to that known to American youth as "shinny" is played by the men, and a game called in Yuma *tuderbe*, played by rolling a hoop, on the top of which each of the two competitors engaged throws a pole which knocks down the hoop, is a masculine game very popular. Foot-racing is another pastime much enjoyed by them. Several foot-races have lately been run, graduated prizes ranging from five to two dollars having been awarded by some of the spectators to the best three runners. The Indian has little conception of musical harmony. He often warbles, but his vocal efforts are the merest sing-song. I have never heard a squaw hush her papoose to sleep with a song. Both sexes take the supremest pleasure in gambling. The favorite game is "*monte*," played with Mexican cards. The stakes are generally money, but in its absence cartridges, blankets, ration tickets or the clothes from their backs, are risked to indulge this universal passion. This vice often occasions much suffering to women and children, who are often in this way deprived of their rations.

The Apache is a free dispenser of hospitality. The nature of his dwelling, with doors always open, probably tends to foster this trait. It is not common to find an Indian's meal shared in only by his own family. The wife, though esteemed only in the light of property, maintains her place at the repast, generally replenishing it as it progresses with fresh supplies

which she supervises the cooking of while she herself partakes. Their diet at present consists chiefly of the ration issued by the Indian Agent. This consists, for each week, for each man, woman or child of whatever age, of $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of flour, $10\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of fresh beef (sometimes reduced to 6 lbs.), with 4 lbs. of coffee, 7 lbs. of sugar, 2 lbs. of salt, 2 lbs. of soap, and half a pound of tobacco to each hundred rations. In addition to the above they have the surrounding mountains and valleys, rich in game, from which to draw. Fish is not eaten by them. Venison is their favorite wild meat. The turkey is not absolutely rejected as an article of diet, but his flesh is not a favorite. The feathers of this bird, however, next to those of the hawk, are valued for their uses in the decoration of the war bonnet. In the line of vegetables, they have the wild potato, indigenous to Arizona (and thought by some to be the progenitor of the Irish potato), which the children dig and gather early in the spring when no larger than peas. Its size at maturity is nearly as great as that of the cultivated Irish potato, and seems to be as rich in starch. Mescal is a favorite luxury. It is derived from the pith of a plant growing like a cabbage. The heart, with the outer leaves stripped off, is baked in the earth, and afterwards beaten into shreds with stones, and put away in masses for use. When used it is dipped in water to moisten it. It has a sweet taste and evidently contains sugar. This is a species of the same plant from which the Mexicans distill the mescal liquor. Another delicacy is the preserved fruit of the *saboya* (coming probably from the Spanish word *sabia*, juice,) pronounced *suworra*. This is the fruit of a species of the giant cactus. It ripens in the latter part of June, when the Indians go in flocks into the mountains to gather it. Much of it is converted immediately into wine, and drank on the spot to intoxication, but large quantities are dried and kept in irregularly shaped cakes. It has a deliciously sweet taste. The wild fruits and berries that abound in this semi-tropical country form a considerable portion of the diet of the Indians in summer and autumn. The acorn of the stunted white oak, one of the commonest bushes (for it does not attain the stature of a tree), that adorns the sides of the Arizona mountains, furnishes a nut used as an edible addition to soups. It is also eaten roasted or raw. They reject as food the direct product of the hog, though in the form of bacon, as issued by the Army commissary, it is partaken of with relish.

The Indian, like the people of all races, seems to have an inherent appetite for alcohol. The alcoholic product of Indian corn, subjected to rude processes of fermentation, which is termed *tiswin*, is their almost only source of this supply. It is a comparatively weak beverage, and, to experience its full effect, those intending to partake of it generally precede the indulgence of it by a long fast, experience having taught them that it will more readily affect them through an empty stomach. The manufacture of *tiswin* is strictly forbidden by the Government authorities, and a violation of this inhibition subjects the detected offender to a long imprisonment. Nevertheless the inclination for its use is so strong that the rule is frequently broken. In a word, the manufacture and use of *tiswin* among the Indians, like the over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages by the Whites, are the most frequent sources of an Indian's troubles at this agency.

The use of tobacco is a universal habit with the male Indian from the age of ten years and upwards. Smoking is the favorite manner with them of enjoying it, though it is often chewed as well. I have not noticed that the women generally acquire the habit of using tobacco.

There is considerable variety in dress presented by the Indians at this agency. Since the reception of their annuities, the latter part of December, their appearance in this respect has improved. It is very common to see both men and women dressed entirely in the apparel of the Whites, and it is rare to meet an adult wearing nothing but blanket and breech-clout. Children, however, are constantly to be seen in the camps entirely nude, playing in a winter atmosphere, apparently comfortably unconscious of their immersion in a freezing air. If clothing could be issued to them at shorter intervals, or if they had better facilities in the way of permanent abodes for preserving what they get, these people would soon discard the Indian and adopt the white man's dress. It would perhaps take longer to induce them to leave off painting their faces, as they seem to attach prophylactic virtues to this custom. Red seems to be their favorite color in dress. Red blankets and red calico are flaunted on all sides. As a single grain in the weight of testimony that a taste for colors, like other mental or physical peculiarities, may be inherited, I may state that "Micky Free," of Irish-Mexican parentage, but captured by the Apaches when a child, and to all intents and purposes one of them ever since, selects a *green* blanket.

The habitations of these Indians are not superior to those of the lowest savages. They consist almost universally of teepees, made of boughs and saplings stuck in the ground, so as to inclose a circular space about eight feet in diameter, which has first been excavated to the depth of about a foot. The ends of the boughs are bent together at the top, so as to form a dome. The top and sides are covered with canvas, or thatched with brush or hay to shed the rain, and the loose earth thrown up in excavating the floor is thrown around the base, to make the foundation firm and protect the inmates from the wind. A single opening from one to three feet wide, permits entrance and exit. The height in the inside is sufficient to admit of a man standing upright. The floor is covered with leaves or hay, on which blankets are spread, which serve for beds at night and a lounging place in the day time. In cold weather a small fire near the door warms the interior. The top and sides of the teepee afford supports on which are hung meat and other supplies and spare clothes. No attempt is made to imitate the Whites in supplying the comforts of furniture. The ground forms at once bedstead, table and chairs.

Engaged as they already are in an attempt at agriculture, which they seem generally desirous of adopting as a means of livelihood, if an attachment could be generated in them for a certain limited locality, where their buildings, fences and implements would remain undisturbed till recurring seasons should recall them into requisition, and such other accumulations as they might acquire would be preserved, a great step in their permanent improvement would be reached. It seems to me it would be a forward movement toward civilizing these people, and even an economical one, to supply them with small but substantial dwellings whenever they declared a willingness to occupy as a permanent abode a definite parcel of ground. I am aware that some prejudices and superstitions on the part of the Indians would have to be overcome to make such a plan feasible, but I believe them to be not insurmountable.

In this locality the Indians are subject to malarial fevers, dysentery and diarrhœa. Syphilis is said to be common among the Yumas and Mohaves. Consumption is almost unknown among them, and when occurring can be traced to a syphilitic origin. Their exemption from constitutional pulmonary disease is probably due to climatic influences. It seems probable

that Arizona, when the superb winter climate of its valleys becomes extensively known, will become a popular winter resort for persons threatened with, or suffering from, pulmonary complaints, especially consumption. At present the Territory is generally decried as a summer furnace, and the story of the dead soldier at Yuma and his blanket is rife everywhere, while the truth probably is that, except in a few very low localities, the heat in Arizona in summer is no greater than on corresponding parallels in other sections of the country. This as it may, it is certain that, with a winter climate more equable, in the valleys, and as warm as that of Florida, an atmosphere so dry that no dew is precipitated, and rain infrequent except in the hottest months, leaving out of account the cheerful influences of a constant sunshine and the exhilarating effects of a pure mountain air, Arizona must soon become the favorite winter home of those laboring under chest complaints. Pneumonia, pleurisy and rheumatism are not common, diseases of the digestive tube, due to irregularities in diet, gorging and badly cooked food, in addition to those of malarial origin, are the complaints which affect the Indian here.

The office of the "Medicine man" has not yet come to an end. He seems to be given the first chance generally at the *en-dee*, or patient, and if he does not afford speedy relief, is discarded in favor of the white *za-non-ton*, or doctor. In ministering to the sick, the medicine man sits in the teepee near the patient, and chants in a loud monotonous tone, seemingly repeating the same words over for hours night and day. The Indians attribute their sickness to the power of witches, and women are killed, probably much oftener than is known, as such events are concealed from the whites if possible, under the supposition that they are witches. An instance of this kind has happened here within a few weeks. An Indian who had lost several children through sickness, impressed with the belief that their deaths were caused through the witch-craft of a certain squaw, shot her and attempted to escape, the fact becoming known to the authorities. The woman is recovering and the man is in prison. The medicine man therefore encourages the patient and his friends with such cheering intelligence as that *kan*, the good spirit, will drive away *ilkas*, the witch, sent by *Chetin*, the devil, to disturb his comfort and repose. From time to time he rests his voice, while he applies, if the disease is local, some mysterious medicament, generally in the form of powder.

Although not embraced in the order calling for this report, a subject presenting so many phases may perhaps be allowed a suggestion as supplement. Every political economist has a plan for the melioration of the condition of the Indians and the prevention of Indian outbreaks. The allotment of parcels of cultivable land to Indians in severalty has been authorized and practiced, I believe, whenever the Indians are willing to sever their tribal relations. However, so far as my limited opportunities have enabled me to observe, this plan seems to work well only when the Indians are under the direct supervision of white superintendents. If every Indian novice in agriculture could be surrounded by white farmers, he would soon become a proficient, progressive and permanent tiller of the soil, but clustered with others no better enlightened than himself, he has no one to copy from superior to himself.

A system that would surround every Indian with industrious whites engaged in every calling of civilized life, would soon transform him from a savage to a citizen, and forever end Indian outbreaks, with all their horrible concomitants. I would distribute the Indians among the several states, according to population, exempting the late slave-holding ones, already burdened with a negro population. Each State would then divide its quota of Indians among its several counties according to their population, and the counties in their turn would subdivide their shares among the townships, and these latter would distribute them among families, if necessary. No separation of nations, tribes, bands or families would be required. One or more nations might go to a State, one or more tribes to a county, one or more bands to a township, and families, unbroken, or individuals, would become allied by neighborhood to, or incorporated with, white ones. The Government, at probably no greater expense than it now incurs on their account, could make generous provision for their removal and temporary maintenance, and the proceeds of the sales of the lands now occupied by them might be devoted to the accumulation of a fund for their benefit, certain disconnected sections or portions of sections being held for the occupation of such as desired to return to their homes and own lands in severalty.

To such a scheme there may be constitutional objections, which would make it impracticable, but if not, some such system, in a single generation, would convert the Indians from murderous savages to thrifty citizens, and in a few more gen-

erations the most of them would be consolidated by intermarriage with the bulk of the white population, probably without detriment, but with improvement to the latter.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK LLOYD,

A. A. Surgeon, U. S. Army.

RECENT DEATHS.

SECOND LIEUTENANT CHARLES V. DONALDSON, of the 24th U. S. Infantry, was drowned at McFaddon's Landing, Newport Beach, a pleasure resort nine miles from Santa Ana, California, July 15th, 1890. Lieutenant Donaldson lost his life while gallantly but vainly endeavoring to rescue a lady from drowning. On the tragic occasion a number of ladies and gentlemen were bathing in the surf, and Miss Spurgeon, one of the party, although an expert swimmer, was carried out by the current. Two bathers near her went to her assistance, but were themselves carried out toward the sea. Young Donaldson then swam out and succeeded in rescuing the two latter. He then returned to Miss Spurgeon at once, but just as he reached her they both disappeared under the water. Their bodies were soon afterwards recovered. Lieutenant Donaldson was a native of Sweden, but was appointed from Iowa to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1888. His station at the time of his death was Fort Grant, Arizona. A few days before his death he had taken out a policy in a life insurance company for three thousand dollars.

NOTES.

In a private letter Capt. N. Levering, one of our steadfast and valued contributors, referring to the biography of Gen. Wm. Thompson, published in the July number, says: "When I was a boy I knew Thompson quite well. He frequently came to my father's store to sing with father, who sometimes taught music. Thompson had a peculiar way of marking time, and people used to say that he was turning a grindstone."

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Iowa historical record

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